PSYCHE:

OR

LOVES MYSTERIE,

In XX. CANTO'S:

Displaying the Intercourse betwixt

CHRIST,

AND THE

SOULE.

Ὁ Θεὸς Ἀγάπη ἐστί.

— Οἱ πάλαι σοφῶν ἐμμελεῖς λόγοι,
Τὸ τερπνὸν δίμαι τοῦ καλοῦ ποιούμενοι,
Ὄγμα, ᾠδὴ τοπάζοντες ἐκ μελῶν τρόπους. *S. Greg. Naz. in de Carmi. suis.*

By JOSEPH BEAUMONT, Mr. in Arts, and *Ejected*
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The AUTHOR *to the* READER.



THE Turbulence of theſe Times having deprived mee of my wonted Accommodations of Study; I deliberated, *For the avoyding of meer Idleneſſe*, what Task I might ſafelyeſt preſume upon, without the Society of Books: And concluded upon Compoſing this *Poem*. In which I endeavour to repreſent a *Soule* led by divine *Grace*, and her *Guardian Angel*, (in fervent *Devotion*,) through the difficult Temptations and Aſſaults of *Luſt*, of *Pride*, of *Hereſie*, of *Perſecution*, and of *Spiritual Dereliction*, to a holy and happy *Departure* from *temporal Life*, to heavenly *Felicitie*: Diſplaying by the way, the *Magnalia Chriſti*, his *Incarnation* and *Nativitie*, his *Flight into Ægypt*, his *Faſting* and *Temptation*, his chief *Miracles*, his being *Sold* and *Betrayed*, his *Inſtitution of the Holy Euchariſt*, his *Paſſion*, his *Reſurrection* and *Aſcenſion*; Which were his mighty Teſtimonies of his *Love*, to the *Soule*.

I am not ignorant, that very few Men are competent Readers of *Poems*, the true *Genius* of *Poetrie* being little regarded, or rather not ſubject at all to common Capacities: ſo that a diſcourſe upon this Theam would bee to ſmal purpoſe. I know alſo, how little Prefacing Apologies uſe to be credited: Wherefore, though I had much (very much) to ſay, and juſtly, in this kinde, I will venture

venture to cast my self upon thy Ingenuitie, with this onely Protestation, that *If any thing throughout this whol Poem, happen against my intention to prove Discord to the Concent of Christs Catholicke Church, I here Recant it aforehand.*

My Desireis, That this *Book* may prompt *better Wits* to believe, that a *Divine Theam* is as capable and happy a Subject of *Poetical Ornament*, as any *Pagan* or *Humane Device* whatsoever. Which if I can obtain, and (into the Bargain,) Charm my Readers into any *true degree* of *Devotion*, I shall be bold to hope that I have partly reached my *proposed Mark*, and not continued *meerly Idle*.

T. B.

A Syllable of the CANTO'S.

1. *The Preparative*
2. *Lust Conquered*
3. *The Girdle, or Love-token*
4. *The Rebellion*
5. *The Pacification*
6. *The Humiliation*
7. *The Great Little one*
8. *The Pilgrimage*
9. *The Temptation*
10. *The Marveils*
11. *The Traytor*
12. *The Banquet*
13. *The Death of Love*
14. *The Triumph of Love*
15. *The Poyson*
16. *The Antidote*
17. *The Mortification*
18. *The Persecution*
19. *The Derelittion*
20. *The Consummation.*

PSYCHE:

OR

LOVES MYSTERIE,

In XX. Canto's;

CANTO I.

The Preparative.

ARGUMENT.

INrag'd at Heav'n *and* Psyche, Satan *lay's*
His plots how to beguile the tender Mayd.
Phylax *mean while a contrework doth raise,*
And musters up Joseph's *Legend to her ayde;*
That strengthned by this chaste example, shee
To lusts Assaults impregnable might bee.

1.

ETernal *Love*, of sweetest Poetrie
The sweeter King, before thy gentle throne
Deign to behold my prostrate *Vow*, and mee:
No Muse, no Gods, but thy sweet power alone
I invocate; for both his heads full low
Parnassus to thy *Paradise* doth bow.

2.

Thy *Paradise*, amongst whose Hils of Joy
Those Springs of everlasting Vigour run
Which makes souls drunk with heav'n, clensing away
All earth from *Dust*, and angelizing men.
Great *David* and his Son, drench'd in these streams,
With Poets wreaths did crown their Diadems.

3.

Defiance other *Helicons*! O may
These pretious founts my *Vow* and heart refine!
Deare *Love*, thou art my task: If ever bay
Hereafter court my Muse, it shall be thine.
My soule untun'd, unstrung doth waite on thee
To teach her how to sing thy *MYSTERIE*.

4.

A *MYSTERIE* wrapp'd in so close a cloud
That **Psyches* young and well-acquainted eye
Staggers about it: yet more shades do croud (**the Soul.*
And heap their night upon its sacrifie:
Feirce *Belzebub*, who doth in blackness dwell,
Would fain have all things else as dark as Hell.

5.

For He th' immortall Prince of equall spight
Abhorr's all *Love* in every name and kinde;
But chiefely that which burn's with flames as bright
As his are dark, and which as long shall finde
Their living fuell: These enrage Him so,
That all Hel's *Furies* must to councell go.

6.

For as the wounded Lyon in his Den
Roar's out his griefe; so from his boyling heart
A hideous groan broke forth, which thundering in
His hollow Realm, bellow'd to every Part
The frightfull summons: All the Peers below
Their Kings voice by its soveraign stink did know.

7.

Nor dar'd they ſtay, by kembing to make neat
Their ſnarled Snakes, or draw their Tails huge trains
Into a knot, or trim their cloven feet
With iron ſhoes, or gather up their Chains:
Onely their hands they fill with *Rage*, and bring
That common Subſidie unto their King.

8.

Hel's Court is built deep in a gloomie Vale,
High wall'd with ſtrong *Damnation*, moated round
With flaming Brimſtone: right againſt the Hall
Burn's a black bridge of braſſe; the yards abound
With all invenom'd Herbs and Trees, more rank
And fruitleſſe than on *Aſphaltite's* bank.

9.

The Gate, where fire and ſmoak the Porters be,
Stands alwayes ope to them that be without:
Hither flock'd all the *ſtates of miſerie*,
As younger Snakes, though crawling far about,
When the old Serpent's hiſſes ſummon them,
Into her patent mouth of poyſon ſtream.

10.

The Hall was roof'd with everlaſting *Pride*,
Deep paved with *Diſpaire*, checker'd with *ſpight*.
The Hangings were of *Torments* fair and wide:
The upper end preſented to their ſight
Great *Satans* Arms, drawn in an iron ſheild,
A Crowned Dragon Gules in ſable field.

11.

On his immortall throne of Death they ſee
Their mounted *Lord*, who in one hand did bear
His Globe, (for all the world He take's to bee
By right his own,) and in the other wear
His Mace, on which ten thouſand Serpents knit,
With reſtleſſe madneſſe, gnaw'd themſelves and it.

12.

His awfull Horns above his Crown did riſe,
And made them ſhrink in theirs; his Forehead was
Plated with triple *Impudence*; his Eyes
Were Hell reflected in a double Glaſſe,
Two Comets ſtareing in their bloody ſtream,
Two Beacons boyling with their pitch and flame.

13.

His Mouth well-neer as wide's his Palace Door,
But much more black: his cheeks which never could
Bluſh in their own, had rak'd the world for ſtore,
And deeply dy'd their guilt in humane Blood.
His grizly Beard all ſinged, did confeſſe
What kinde of Breath us'd through his lips to preſſe.

14.

Which as he op'd, the Centre, on whoſe back
His Chair of ever-fretting Pain was ſet,
Frighted beſide it ſelf began to quake:
Throughout all Hell the barking *Hydra's* ſhut
Their awed mouths: The ſilent *Peers* in feat
Hung down their tailes, and to their *Lord* gave eare.

15.

Three times he ſhak'd his Horns; three times his Mace
He brandiſh'd towards Heaven; three times he ſpew'd
Live fulphure upward, which when on his face
It fouſed back, foul Blaſphemy enſu'd,
So big, ſo lewd, that his huge Mouth was ſplit
To make a paſſage to his Rage and it.

16.

I yeild not yet; Defiance *Heaven*, ſaid He,
And though I cannot reach thee with my fire,
Or ſcepter, yet my Brain ſhall able bee
To grapple with thee, nor canſt thou be higher
Than my brave *ſpight*: Know, though below I dwel,
Heaven has no ſtouter Hearts than live in Hell.

17.

For all thy confident Promiſe to the Seed
Of Duſt-begotten Man, my Head is here
Unbroken ſtill: When thy proud foot did tread
Me down from my own ſphears, my Forehead there
Both met and ſcorn'd the Blow; and thou at firſt
(What e'r thou talk'ſt to Man) did'ſt do thy worſt.

18.

Courage my Lords; ye are the ſame who once
Ventur'd upon that high Deſigne with me
Againſt the Tyrant, call'd Heavens righteous Prince,
What though *Chance* ſtole from us the Victory?
'Twas the firſt time we fought; and he being in
His own Dominion might more eaſily win.

19.

How often ſince have we met him midway,
And in th' indifferent World not vainly fought!
Witneſſe thoſe Priſons where our numerous Prey
Lie's chained up, which we from Earth have brought.
Are they not Men of the ſame fleſh and blood,
With that ſame *Chriſt*, who needs would be a God?

20.

A pretty God, whom eaſily, I of late
Caus'd to be fairly hang'd. Indeed he came
By ſtealth, and in the night broke ope Hel's gate:
But ſnatch'd He any Captive hence, that Fame
Might ſpeak him valiant? No, he knew too well
That I was King, and you the Peers of Hell.

But

21.

But yet to ſave his wretched credit, He
Hi'd him beyond that Gulfe to *Abraham*'s Den,
Who for his ready inhumanitie
Was dubb'd *the Father of all faithfull Men*:
How much leſſe, *Pilat*, was thy crime! yet thou
(O righteous Heav'n!) now yelleſt here below.

22.

His willing Captives thence He wun; (but how
Forlorn a Prize, by *Lazarus* you may ſee,
Who the late pittie of vile Dogs, was now
A ſpeciall Saint:) And this vain victorie
Homeward He bore, with Banner proudly ſpred,
As if with his own Blood t' had not been red.

23.

Me think's I could permit him to poſſeſſe
That ſneaking honour, ſo he ſtrove not how
My Subjects from their loyaltie to preſſe,
And mortall Men to his obedience draw.
But, by my wrath I ſwear, I'le make him know
That of the Air I am the ſoveraign too.

24.

Was't not enough, againſt the righteous Law
Of Primogeniture, to throw Us down
From that bright home, which all the world do's know
Was by conſeſt inheritance our own:
But, to our ſhame, Man, that vile worm, muſt dwell
In our fair Orbs, and Heav'n with Vermin fill?

25.

Ten thouſand tricks and charms and myſtick arts,
With all the blandiſhments of his ſweet things,
He doth imploy, to woe theſe ſilly hearts:
Doubtleſſe much like a God his Powers he brings
Into the field to gain his victorie;
Yet who, forſooth, the tempters are, but We?

26.

Pſyche, a ſimple thing, I wot, and one
Whom I as deeply ſcorn, as Him I ſpight,
He ſeek's to make his Prize; *Pſyche* alone
Take's up his amorous thoughts both day and night.
Wer't not our wrong, I could contented be
The King of Heaven had ſuch a Spouſe as She.

27.

But She is ours; I have deſign'd a Place
That muſt be hers, amid'ſt yon brimſtone lake,
Which ſhall revenge whatever in her face
Do's now her luſtie God a wooer make.
He promis'd her that with the Angels ſhee
Should live; and ſo ſhe ſhall, but thoſe are We.

28.

Luſt, thou ſhalt give the Onſet: Quickly dreſſe
Thy ſelf with every bravery that my
Aerial kingdome yeelds, and ſubt'lie preſſe
Our contreplot: Remember but how thy
Sweet powers did once a mighty King ſubvert,
However fam'd to be *After God's heart*.

29.

Then *Philautie* and *Pride*, her breaſt ſhall fill
With ſwelling poyſon, and make her diſdain
Heav'ns narrow gate, whil'ſt *wealth* it ſelf doth ſpill
Into her boſome in a golden rain,
That ſhe may ſeem too rich to match with One
Of a poore Carpenter the poorer Son.

30.

If ſtill demure and godly ſhe will be;
Let *Hereſie* teach her to grow too wiſe
To take up points on truſt, and fooled be
By ſaucy *Faith* plainly againſt her eys.
Then let *deſpaire*, my dear *deſpaire*, not faile
Her Soule with Hell aforehand to aſſaile.

31.

Nor ſhall the ſervice unrewarded be,
Checking my royall bounty, as grown poor;
The *Feind* who captive *Pſyche* bring's to me,
Shall her ſole torturer be, and twenty more
I'l to his juriſdiction add, that yee
May know your Soveraign ſcorn's in debt to be.

32.

Nay, for his greater honor, every night
Seven laſhes he ſhall have at *Cain's* fell heart
And ſeven at *Judas* his; nor from my ſight
Henceforth on any work ſhall he depart,
But here at my right hand ſhall ſeated bee
For ever, and blaſpheam the next to mee.

33.

Go then, in god's name, but that god am I,
And may my bleſſing go along with you:
If we that wench can catch, our ſubtletie
Will torture *Chriſt*, though all Heav'ns joys do flow
About him, and we ſhall revenge this pain
In which the tyrant doth all Us detain.

34.

This ſaid: the Senate with an hideous Roar
Applaud their Prince, and the deſigned *Feinds*
Their ſnakey heads thrice bowing to the floore
Tak's their damn'd leave. With that a tempeſt rends
Hel's wide mouth wider ope, that through the gate
Their curſed Progreſſe they may make in ſtate.

35.

Old *Tellus* wonder'd what the treason was
Which then tore up her bowels; for as from
The monstrous Canons thundring mouth of brass
A sudden cloud of rage, and death doth foam,
So from beneath these hasty *Furies* broke;
Such was the flashing fire, and such the smoak.

36.

But greater was the stink: the flowers, they say,
Frighted from their own sweets, grew faint and di'd;
Stout trees which had endured many a day
The worst of blasts, could not this breath abide;
Only some venomous weeds, whose roots from hell
Suck in their deadly living, lik'd it well.

37.

Lust goes to work the first: a Spirit as foule
As he's ambitious beautifull to seem.
Uncleanesse keep's her Court amid'st his Soul,
And *Poison* at his mouth her breath doth stream.
Black is the fire that burneth in his eye,
Diseases thick in every member lye.

38.

But *Circe's* and *Medea's* arts he knew;
For hee their tutor was. The purest aire
Which on mount *Liban* virgin sweetnes blew
With magick nimblenes hee doth prepare,
And mould's it up so close, that it can take
The shape of any Lye he's pleas'd to make,

39.

And thus the Nimph which was so loose before,
And at the mercy of each busie blast,
Become's a stiff stout man: whose face to store
With beauties purest charm's, unto the East
The spirit flyes, and in *Aurora's* cheeks
The best of orientall sweetnesse seek's.

40.

But knowing that his breath was rank, and spoke
The place from whence he came; he turn's his flight
Into *Arabia's* gardens, whence he took
The flower of every flower, and spice which might
Perfume his words, that from that double bed
Of his soft lips, hee vocall Balm might shed.

41.

The silkworm's wealth, the dainty ermin's skin,
And every thing that makes young Princes fine,
Into one gorgeous suit hee crouds; and in
Each seam and jag doth gold and pearl in twine.
For in his passage, as through earth he broke,
Great store of these hee from her bowels took.

42.

But for the fashion, he was fain to run
To Court, and see how gallants there were drest,
Men of more various transformations, than
In *Proteus* wit and fiction e'r expresst.
Thus at the last accoutred to his minde
He plots where *Psyche* hee may safest finde.

43.

Shee all the morning was retir'd at home
Close in the sweets of his dear companie
Who from her *Lord*, the King of Soules, was come
His restlesse but delicious suit to pl'e,
And, with exact attendance see the maid
Might to no sudden danger be betray'd.

44.

In his al-ravishing looks you might descry
More reall sweets than *Lust* in his had fain'd;
Heav'n clearly looked out at either ey,
And in his cheeks ten thousand graces reign'd;
As many little loves their nests had made
In the curl'd amber of his daintie head.

45.

He from the Rainbow, as he came that way,
Borrow'd the best of all that gorgeous store
Which after gloomines'e doth make heav'n gay,
And it about his mantles border wore:
A mantle spun of milkie down which from
The Birds of his own Paradise did come.

46.

Upon his lovely shoulders dwel't a pair
Of correspondent wings; the driven snow
On *Scythian* mountains doth in vain compare
Its virgin plum's with these, which feare no thaw;
Lesse white, lesse soft are they, and will at last
In melting tears confesse they are surpast.

47.

High is his great extraction, full as high
As is the loftiest and the purest sphear:
There dwels his father Prince of Majesty;
And millions of his Bretheren are there,
Who all are Princes too: that land alone
Numberlesse Kingdoms doth contain in one.

48.

When *Psyche* first was born, his wing he spred
With ready tendernes her to imbrace,
That she might rest in that delicious Bed,
To which all other Feathers must give place:
Great was the Mother's care and love, but yet
The Infant was to *Phylax* more in debt.

* *The guardian Angell.*

That

49.

That was his Name; and ſure he made it good:
No tutor ever ſpent more learned care,
The ſtouteſt Champion never bravelier ſtood
For thoſe who under his protection were,
Than *Phylax* did for *Pſyche*, being able
To prove himſelf as ſtrong, as ſhe was feeble.

50.

No Danger ever drew its forces neer,
But he was neerer ſtill, and did withſtand
All plots of miſcheif that incounter'd her,
Arming her feebler Arm with his ſtrong hand:
While ſhe was weak and knew not how to goe,
He flew about, her buſineſſe to doe.

51.

As ſhe grew greater, ſo his care did grow:
Her weaning time being come, he ſpends his art
To make her quite diſrelliſh things below,
Which likelier were to cheat and choak the heart,
Then make it live its proper life; for ſhe
Was born to live unto eternitie.

52.

When ſhe had learn'd to build a word aright,
He taught her heav'ns high language, and the ſong
Which lately in the quire of ſoveraign light
Inceſſantly dwelt upon his own tongue;
Deſiring virtue might be her firſt growth,
And *Halalujah* broach her holy mouth.

53.

But when ſhe well could goe, and well diſcern
The way ſhe went; he ſpred before her eye
Ten goodly *Paths*; and theſe you needs muſt learn
Say's he, to trace, as leading to the high
Gate of beatitude; God's own hand did
Draw all theſe tracts upon mount *Sina's* head.

54.

Lo here is room enough: the King's high-way
Leſſe kingly is then this; All *Hero's* who
Have climb'd above the world, wiſh'd not to ſtray
Beyond theſe bounds: Be but content to go
Where Saints, and where thy *Lord* before hath gone,
That thou mayeſt overtake him at his throne.

55.

Thus did he gently grave upon her heart
The Characters of bliſſe; thus every day
He reads ſome lecture, leaſt the tempters art
Her young and pliant Soule ſhould make his prey:
But they this morning being all alone,
She beg'd a ſtory, and he told her one.

56.

My Dear, ſaid hee, there was a youth of old
Almoſt as young, and no leſſe faire than thou;
Upon his head ſmil'd a ſoft grove of gold,
Two ſmall half-heav'ns were bent in either Brow;
Nor were thoſe Hemiſphears ſham'd by his eys
Which the beſt ſtars above dar'd not deſpiſe.

57.

All Roſes bluſh'd when neer his lips they came,
Whoſe purer crimſon, and whoſe ſweeter breath
They thought (and well they might) their double ſhame:
No Lily ever met him in his path,
But if his hand did touch it, ſtraight in ſpight
'Twas pale to ſee it ſelf out-vi'd in white.

58.

Faire was his ſtock, his ſire great *Jacob* was,
Not by the wife whoſe blear and waterie eye
Did its dim ſelf bewaile, and was the glaſſe
In which the world read her deformitie;
But by that Queen of Sweets, whoſe price ſeven yeer
Doubled in ſervice, was, yet ſeem'd not dear.

59.

He *Rachel's* ſon, and her beſt beauties heire,
For her dear ſake, and no leſſe for his own,
Sate pretious next his Fathers ſoule; whoſe Care
Was bent his own Delights in Him to crown.
He lov'd his children all, yet far above
The reſt, his *Joſeph* he did love to love.

60.

He hunts about the proudeſt world to buy
The choiſe of pureſt and of brighteſt cloth
Brisk in the *Tyrian* and *Sidonian* die,
With which he cloth's his darling, being loth
That fewer colours ſhould adorn his coat
Than all the world in him did beauties note.

61.

As when the gallant Peacock doth diſplay
His ſtarry Train, the winged People all
In ſhame and diſcontent do ſneak away
Letting their plumes (now all out-ſparkled) fall:
So *Joſeph's* Roab by which himſelf did ſeem
So fair, his Brethren cloth's with wrath and ſhame.

62.

'Tis true, ſaid they, our Father, though hee were
The puny Brother, yet he ſliely did
Incroach upon the Bleſſing which the Heir
Was doubtleſſe borne unto: But yet He ſped
Onely by Craft: had *Iſaac* had his eys
As *Jacob* now, hee would have been more wiſe,

63.

But though the old Man lov's his luckie Cheat
So well, that hee upon his younger Son
Throw's all his Heart: We hope, no want of meat
Shall force Us willingly to be undone.
Nor any Pottage that this Boy can make
From the least He of Us our Birthright take.

64.

Thus they repin'd; (not knowing there was writ
Upon Heav'ns adamantine leaves a Law
By which this scorned *Youth* at length should sit
In *Reuben's* seniority, and grow
Like an Imperiall Branch, whose teeming Root
Set's in a living Fount its blessed Foot.)

65.

Yet, in the sweetnesse of Simplicity,
Ingenuous hee relates to them his Dream:
From of my bed light *Fancy* carried mee
Into the field, where I with you did seem
To fall a reaping, and our sheaves binde up;
When loe, says he, to mine all yours did stoop.

66.

Proud Brat, cry they, know'st thou what stooping is?
How dares thy upstart Insolence but dream
That wee thy Elders must bow down and kisse
Thy boyish foot, and tremble at thy Name?
Beleeve it Childe, tis not thy gewgaw Coat
(Though too too princely for thy back,) can doe't.

67.

But hee, not knowing what their Anger ment,
Whose Breast was calme as is the upper Air,
His second Vision thus doth represent:
Last night, when all the face of heav'n was fair
And trimm'd with every Star, on his soft wings
A softer Dream mee thither gently brings.

68.

Quite through the storehouse of the Air I past,
Where choise of every kinde of Weather lies;
Here Rains are bottled up, there Hail is cast
In mighty Heaps; here Banks of Snow do rise,
There furnaces of Lightning burn, and those
Long-bearded Stars which light Us to our Woes.

69.

Hence came I to a dainty World: the Air
Was sweet and calme, much like my Mothers Ey,
Whom if I might, I would have fought for there:
No more of *Chaunis* now could I descry;
The Earth was shrunk so small, me thought I read
By that due prospect, what it was indeed.

70.

But then approaching to an Orb whose flames
Like to a boundlesse Ocean flow'd about,
Foole as I was, I quak'd, untill its beams
Gave me an harmlesse kisse: I little thought
Fire could have been so milde; but surely heer
It rageth 'cause wee keep it from its sphear.

71.

It flamed, reverend Sire, but with as sweet
An ardency as in your noble Heart
That heav'nly Zeale doth burn, whose sacred heat
Make's you Heav'ns living Holocaust; no part
Of my Dream's tender Wing felt any harme,
Our journey, not the fire, did keep Us warm.

72.

But here my Guide, before I was aware,
On the Moon's lower Horne clapp'd her right hand,
And pull'd me up into a place as fair
Above this World in Worth, as it doth stand
In situation: liquid Christall here
Is the tralucid matter of of each sphear.

73.

The Moon was kinde, and as wee passed by
Shew'd Us the Deed whereby the great Creator
Instated her in that large Monarchie
Shee holdeth over all the Ocean's Water;
To which a schedule was annex'd, which all
Moist Bodies too under her power doth call.

74.

Now complementall *Mercurie* was come
As far as to the margin of his spheare,
And bid Us eloquent welcome to his Home:
Scarce could We passe, so great a crowd was there
Of Points and Lines; and nimble *Wit* beside
Upon the backs of thousand shapes did ride.

75.

Next, matchlesse *Venus* her sweet face did shew,
(Bringing again my Mother to my minde,)
Which Us into her Region quickly drew:
This strew'd with youth, and smiles, and love we find;
And those all chast: 'tis this foule world below
Adulterates what from thence doth spotlesse flow.

76.

Then into *Phebus* Orb all pav'd with gold,
The rich reflection of his own fair Eye,
I was advanc'd; and faine I would have told
How many Crowns and Scepters there did lie,
What Life, what Verdure, what Heroik Might,
What perly Spirits, what sonnes of active Light:

But

77.

But I was hurried into *Mars* his ſpheare,
Where *Envy* (ô how curſed was its face !)
And *Jealouſie*, and *Feare*, and *Wrath*, and *War*,
Could ſcarcely well agree about their place :
Yea, Engins there to vomit Fire I ſaw,
Whoſe flame & thunder Earth at length muſt know.

78.

Welcome was *Jupiter's* Dominion, where
Illuſtrious *Mildneſſe* round about did flow ;
Religion had built her Temple there,
And *Sacred Honours* on its Walks did grow ;
No Dignity Prieſts Heads ſhall ever crown
Which in thoſe myſtick Gardens was not ſown.

79.

At length wee found old *Saturn* in his Bed ;
And much I wonder'd how an He ſo dull
Could climbe thus high : His houſe was built of Lead,
Of dark and ſolitarie corners full ;
Where *Diſcontent*, and *Sickneſſe* dwellers be,
Grim *Melancholie*, and dead *Lethargie*.

80.

Paſſing from hence into a boundleſſe field,
Innumerable ſtarrs wee Marſhall'd found
In faire array : This earth did never yeild
Such choice of flowrie Pride, when ſhe had crown'd
The Plains of *Shechem*, though the gaudy *Spring*
Did all its ſmiling Beauties thither bring.

81.

A knot of Lights conſtellated into
A radiant Throne, on which my ſelfe was ſet.
When loe the Sun and Moon themſelves did throw
Into ſubmiſs obeiſance at my feet ;
And then eleven great Starrs thought it no ſhame
To come before me, and to do like them.

82.

But ſure I thought it ſhame for mee to take
Homage of them, who was but Duſt and Clay ;
Big with excuſe I grew, and 'gan to ſpeak,
But then my *Dream* took wing and fled away.
And fly thou after it, bold Dreamer cri'd
His Brethren, who in Dreams do'ſt mask thy Pride.

83.

Old *Jacob*, though he ponder'd every word
In's own prophetick Heart, and judg'd the Dream
Was not by *Joſeph* fram'd, but by his *Lord* ;
Thought it expedient ſomething wroth to ſeem,
Having no other way that Rage to ſmother
He ſaw ſmoke from his Sons againſt their Brother.

84.

But Childe, ſaid hee, where is that Bluſh of thine
Which us'd to paint meek Virtue on thy face ?
How dar'ſt thou tell a Dream which doth deſigne
Unto thy punie ſelfe ſuch Soveraign place ?
Think'ſt thou thy Brethren and thy Parents too
Unto the younger ſon muſt homage do ?

85.

Or dream no more, or elſe thy dream conceale
If any fancy riſe which may offend :
On this condition I thy pardon ſeal,
And theſe thy Brethren ſhall their quarrell end.
Goe you my ſons, be carefull of my ſheep ;
This Boy at home as meek as them I'le keep.

86.

And ſo hee did : though with as bad ſucceſſe,
As his intention was ſincere and good ;
Take heed how thou thy Brethrens wrath do'ſt preſſe
Said he, leaſt it do ſqueaze out thine own blood.
I know their furies, and from whence they move :
O that their ground of Hate ſhould be my Love !

87.

Haſt thou not mark'd how if a Flint we lay
Soft on a downie Bed, and gently ſmite,
Forthwith its conquer'd ſtubborneſſe gives away ;
But if wee uſe it harſhly, it will fight
Again, and ſpit its rage in fire, nor ſhall
The ſtouteſt Hammer cool its Wrath at all.

88.

Surely thy Brethrens boſoms cannot be
More hard then *Hardneſſe*, and the Flints ſtiff heart :
Or if my Charity deceiveth mee,
Thy Mildneſſe muſt be temper'd with ſuch art
As may the ſoftneſſe of that Down exceed
Which on the Cygnet's daintie neck doth breed.

89.

When they begin to bluſter, give them way ;
'T has often coſt the boldeſt Cedar dear
To grapple with a ſtorm ; whilſt Flowrs which lay
Themſelves full low in trembling and in fear,
Waiting the leiſure of the Winde, again
Riſe up unbruiſed, and in peace remain.

90.

Thus I of late thy furious *Unkle* met,
One who had vow'd to tear his Birthright back,
And my poor life with it : I Preſents ſet
Thick in his way, gently to him I ſpake,
And by ſubmiſſion grew ſuperior ſo
That from the jaws of *Wrath* in peace I goe.

And

91.

And now becauſe thy Brethren have been gone
Abroad theſe many dayes, leaſt they ſurmiſe
I take no pleaſure but in thee alone;
Feaſting mine own on thy all-lovely eyes,
To morrow thou unto their folds ſhalt goe,
And in their Fathers name ſee how they doe.

92.

Long e'r the *Morn* her ey-lids had with-drawn
And op'd the Eaſt into its hopes of Day,
Joſeph was up and dreſt, and by his own
Fair eyes being lighted, well on in his way.
A thouſand gentle phraſes, as he went,
He ſtudied how his Brethren to content.

93.

But by the various beauties of his Coat
Diſcerning him from farre, behold ſaid they
The ſaucie Dreamer comes; now we have got
So faire an opportunity to ſlay
Our foe, tis wiſdome to prevent in time
That tyranny to which his Pride doth climbe.

94.

O no, cryes *Ruben*, one within whoſe heart
More genuine drops of *Jacob's* blood did thrill,
He is a Childe, and acts but his own part:
Dreams are but flitting toies, but if wee ſpill
His harmleſſe blood, the ſpot upon our head
Will be no Dream, beleeve't, but Guilt indeed.

95.

O rather caſt him into yonder pit
That hee from you may onely have his grave;
Let any other wrath that think's it fit
Give him his Death, and bury in that Cave
Your leſſe offence: doubtleſſe no ſtars will bow
To him whom from the ſight of heav'n you throw.

96.

As hungry Wolves upon the helpleſſe Lamb,
So they on *Joſeph* fall: in vain had hee
Studied the ſweeteſt Blandiſhments to frame
Of genteleſt words, and meekeſt modeſtie:
With loud revilings all his prayers they drown
And ſtripp'd into the deep Pit throw him down.

97.

When loe, a troop of Merchants paſſing by,
They money of their richer Brother make;
The thrifty *Iſmaelites* admired why
For ſuch rich ware they would ſo little take:
No new-dug Pearl ſo fair did ever look
As he, when him up from the Pit they took.

98.

Yet twenty ſilver pieces was the price,
Which ſoon they paid; and now were ſure they bore
To *Memphi's* Mart more pretious Merchandiſe
Than all their ſwelling Packs of *Midian* ſtore.
And thus a Slave to ſtrangers *Joſeph* is,
As were his Brethren unto Avarice.

99.

But yet his Coat they kept: with this, ſaid they
Jacob vex'd us, and wee'l vex him again.
A Kid they take, as innocent a prey
As *Joſeph* was; and with its Blood they ſtain
The Roab; which they unto their Father ſent
Bluſhing for them whoſe own ſhame all was ſpent.

100.

And well he knew't. O me the good Man cryes,
It is my *Joſeph's* Coat, all torn and rent,
And bloody too: Be free my weeping eyes,
Y'have nothing now to doe but to lament.
That onely day which joy'd and bleſt your ſight,
My darlings face, lyes buried in night.

101.

Dear Coat, behold I rend mine own with thee,
Which is leſſe worthy to be whole than thou.
Sure ſome wilde Beaſt thy Maſter tore, and me
Together with him, though I felt not how.
(It did indeed, for it was *ſpight*, a Beaſt
Of all inhumane things the ſalvageſt.)

102.

Sweet Childe, I hop'd to have prevented thee
In ſeeing *Rachel* thy departed Mother:
But ſurely long behinde I will not bee,
Thy death brings grief enough my life to ſmother;
I'l come as faſt as an old Man can doe,
And ſee you Both: Peace friends, it muſt be ſo.

103.

But *Joſeph* now was into *Egypt* brought
And ſet to ſale: One *Potiphar*, by place
Captain of *Pharaoh's* guard, the ſtrippling bought;
And reading plain in his ingenuous face
Pure characters of worth, hee doubted not
Some more than common truſt in him to put.

104.

Nor did the iſſue ever flag below
His expectation; for fidelitie,
For care, for prudence, his example now
The onely Rule unto the reſt muſt bee:
No task was ſet, but every ſervant bid
To minde his ſeverall Charge as *Joſeph* did.

105.

But how could they keep pace with him who was
Both led and haſtned on by Heavn's high hand,
And made through all *Succeſſe's* Paths to paſſe;
Which when his Maſter 'gan to underſtand
With pious wisdome, thus concluded hee:
My ſervant has ſome greater Lord than me.

106.

Wherefore contented only with the name
Of Maſter, him he truſt's with every Key
Of higheſt care and charge, and bids him frame
As he thought beſt all his Oeconomy.
Thus did this unknown ſlave the Lord become
Though not of his owne Lord, yet, of his Home.

107.

But whil'ſt this honoured Steward doth allure
All other eys to reverentiall Love;
His Miſtreſſe's grew ſick of an impure
And black diſeaſe; which did it ſelf improve
Unto that ſtrength, that now abroad it fly's
Like Baſilisk's beams, to poyſon neighbour eys.

108.

At firſt it ſlept in that invenom'd lake
Which in Hell's bottome ſtink's; from whence a feind
It in a red hot viall up did take,
And flying thither, by ſoft degrees did blend
It with *Potipher's* blood, whoſe tainted veins
Were ſtrait made Chanels of *Luſt's* boyling pains.

109.

Though *Ioſeph's* Virtue might aforehand be
Aſſurance of deniall, yet her flame
With ſuch impatient fury burnt, that ſhe
All amorous enchantments tries, to tame
His rigid heart. (and *Luſt* too oft we ſee
In point of wit's too hard for *Chaſtity*.)

110.

What ever Word is ſpoke to *Ioſeph's* praiſe
Her echo doubles it, and doth ſupply
Some more pathetike and tranſcendent phraſe
To raiſe his merit to a pitch ſo high,
That He oblig'd in modeſtie might ſeem
To render back that honour done to him.

111.

If any Bit were choiſe, ſhe thought it due
To *Ioſeph's* palate more than to her owne;
The rareſt flow'r which in her garden grew
Muſt be cull'd out, and wreath'd into a Crown;
Or ſome quaint poſie which her ſelf invents,
And every Morning unto him preſents.

112.

If he be well, ſhe dares not but be ſo;
If he be ſick, ſhe ſcorneth to be well,
And yet about him will be buſie too
To hold his head, or hand, his cup to fill,
His meat to dreſſe, yea and his bed to warm,
And watch all night that *Ioſeph* takes no harm.

113.

Whate'r ſhe ſees or ſweet, or rich, or rare,
She ſomething in his Body findeth ſtill
To which thoſe pretious things ſhe may compare;
With his own praiſes ſhe his ears doth fil,
And often cries, How bleſſed ſhould I be,
If *Potiphar* were ſuch an one as Thee.

114.

He kend that craftie Language for a while
No more than doe's the Lark the fowlers Pipe;
But when he 'gan to ſmell her dangerous Wile,
Whoſe own ſtink did betray't; He ſtrove to wipe
Away thoſe praiſes ſhe ſo thick did ſtrow,
And by his own Bluſh teach her what to doe.

115.

Oft would he take occaſion to proclaim
How ſweet, how brave a man his Maſter was;
And never fail to bleſſe *Potiphera's* Name
And praiſe her fortunes, who for husband has
Virtue's own Spouſe: But moſt he lov'd to tell
How for his Chaſtity he did excell.

116.

This Word of all the reſt, moſt deeply ſtung
Her unchaſt heart: She now reſolv's no more
To rack her ſelf within, but plainly bring
To light her darkſome torment, and before
Ioſeph's own face her wounded boſome ope
That ſo the wound in pitty he might ſtop.

117.

Sweet Sir, ſaid ſhe, (when both alone they were,)
In our *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks* You
Seem to be little ſtudied; wherefore here
I'm come to be your Tutoreſſe, and beſtow
My deareſt skill, being greived much to ſee
You in the beſt of Arts unlearn'd ſhould bee.

118.

The language of that Love, and of that praiſe
I ſhowred thick upon you day by day,
You underſtood not, though ten thouſand ways
I tri'd to write it plain: And what I pray,
Meant all that ſweet adoe, but onely this,
Potiphera in love with *Ioſeph* is?

119.

Nay ſtart not at the Word, but hear how I
With ſolid arguments can make it good:
'Tis ſacriledge to let Divinity
Paſſe by unlov'd: yon' banks of *Nile's* flood
Nee'r ſaw *Serapis* half ſo God-like, as
Thou in this garden up and down do'ſt paſſe.

120.

Thou paſſeſt up and down, and in thy way
The choiſeſt flow'rs inſtructeſt with thine eye
How to look brisk and brave, how to diſplay
Some pritty beam of amorous Majeſty.
Thou paſſeſt up and down, and with thy feet
Teacheſt the beds of Spices to grow ſweet.

121.

When on yon' chriſtall fountain thou do'ſt look
The Nimph cannot but ſmile to think that ſhe
Is by thy ſelf each Evening made the book
Where thy ſweet face thou printeſt. Wo is me
Why was I not a fountain too, that thou
Thy dear impreſſion might'ſt on me beſtow!

122.

The *Moon* betimes repaireth to thine eye
And asks what weather Heav'n ſhall have that day:
In vaine the Clouds combine to damp the skie
If thou thy beams with freedom doſt diſplay:
If thou but lowr'ſt, in vain the fooliſh Aire
Forceth her ſelf to ſmile and to look faire.

123.

What fooles are our *Egyptians* to ſpend
Their time and brains upon the ſtars above,
To finde what kinde of ſeaſons they will ſend?
'Tis Hereſie, ſay I, but to remove
Above the Orb of thine illuſtrious eye.
The faireſt book of beſt *Aſtronomie*.

124.

As from *Arabia* windes this way doe blow,
From thy fair mouth they ſnatch thy balmie breath
Into their own; and as they forward flie
With gallant odours they perfume their path: (flie,
The world admires whence ſuch rich blaſts ſhould
But none the ſweet Originall know but I.

125.

For ſtrange unto thy ſelf thou need's wilt be,
And take no notice of all *excellence*
Which in thy heart doth hold its Monarchie.
I tell thee ſweet, 'tis but a fond pretence
Which thou call'ſt *modeſtie*, and might undoe thee
If Providence had not ſent me unto thee.

126.

Can'ſt thou imagin nature ever meant
To plant the beſt of all her ſtore in thee
There to lie hid and die, and not be ſpent
In the free courſe of naturall charitie?
Let thoſe be chaſte who can no love invite,
'Twere ſin in thee, who art made for delight.

127.

Indeed the other Phœnix having none
Of his own feathered kinde, is fain to ſpend
His virgin love upon himſelf alone,
And 'gin his life again by its ſtrange end:
His amorous flames kill and revive him ſo
That to himſelf he's Son and Father too.

128.

But thou, as rich and faire a thing as hee,
Haſt other fuell for thy fire: loe here
I ready dryed am with thirſt to be
Its Sacrifice: I will thy bed prepare
With ſuch abundant ſweets as ſhall conteſt
With all the ſpices of the Phœnix neſt.

129.

Why ſtay wee then? The good man's now from home
As he is from my heart; which both are thine.
No matter for this Day, I'l make Night come,
(If thou wilt go,) and cloud up our deſign.
Cloſe are my curtains, and no tales they tell:
Come then my dearer ſelfe, all ſhall be well.

130.

No haſte, cryes he; but if thou lov'ſt me ſo,
Hear me a little as I thee have done;
Haſte very ſeldome with *ſucceſſe* doth go,
But doth all fortune but the bad out-run.
How then can headlong *Luſt* a good end finde
When both it ſelf and its fond God are blinde?

131.

Were they not ſo, how could'ſt thou me invite
To thoſe ſtrange joyes which muſt lie ſneaking in
Thy guilty curtains, and avoid the light
As one too faire a witneſſe for a ſin
So foule and black! By this, aforehand thou
Aſhamed art of what thou fain would'ſt doe.

132.

I was a Slave unto my Maſter brought,
And unto you, in him; but not to *Luſt*:
Yet my deſert, or his miſtake hath wrought
So great a change, that hee puts mee in truſt
With all the care of his large familie,
Whereof he Father, I muſt Ruler be.

Thus

133.

Thus did He give me fredome from the bands
Of servitude, but not of Virtue too:
O no, this obligation stricter stands,
And *Joseph* must more hearty homage doe
To *Potiphar*, than those who still doe ly
Bound in the bottom of their slavery.

134.

Himself He never gave into my hand,
Therefore not Thee, who art all one with Him:
Nor could He doe it: for so close a Band
Does cement you together, that no lim
Of his own body Natur's hand did joyn
Neerer unto himself, than is all thine.

135.

And though He be not here, *God*'s round about
And in the mid'st between ev'n Me and Thee;
His eye needs make no search to finde Us out,
Which Us, before we were at all, did see.
I would not wrong my Master, but much lesse
Offend that *God*, who is my *Lord* and his.

136.

A *Lord* so pure that wee may safelier gaze
Upon the burnish'd sun's meridian beams,
Than hee can fix his eye upon God's face;
A face whence such excesse of Lustre streams,
That hee in mercy casts on us below
A veil, which, though wee cannot, he look's through.

137.

He look's through that, and through all Curtains too
Which we our selves upon our sins would draw.
Far be that fondnes then, that wee should goe
And seek some secret place to break his law;
Exposing to his most refined eye
The foulest of all spotts, Adultery.

138.

A spot which would make mee so black, that thou
Who now both lov'st me and admirst me so,
For meer deformity would'st never know
Me more, but scorn'd and hated let me goe:
So would I do my self, and never stay
With *Joseph*, knew I how to run away.

139.

Ask or command me any thing beside:
If you will send me to the fartheſt Sea
To fetch you pearls, the Sun shall not out-ride
My restlesse course, nor any Jewels bee
Treasur'd so deep in the profoundest Main,
But I will dig them thence, and come again.

140.

Or if you please I will revenge your Wrong
Upon these sweets of my inchanting face,
Which have abus'd and tempted you so long:
These nailes of mine shall all those Charms erase
And cut such ghastly wounds as soon shall cure
Those which my beautie made your heart endure.

141.

I will transform my self into a State
Which more your Pittie, than your love, shall crave;
Or if this love of mine must reap your hate,
Somewhere or other I shall finde a grave,
And there with greater comfort rest my head,
Than if I slept on your delicious bed.

142.

As when a mighty torrent hasting on,
Is by some sturdy bank forc'd back again,
The waters roar and foam and swell upon
Themselves for spight to see their strength was vain;
So did *Potiphera's* heart, whose lustfull course
Unshaken *Joseph* back again did force.

143.

A thousand Passions boiling in her breast
Raise up a tempest of impatient flames.
Still night, which to all others sealeth rest,
Waken her cares; Her bed with torments streams
'Cause *Joseph* is not there. (O where may we
With heav'nly love a Soule thus wounded see!)

144.

She has no relliſh of the daintiest meat,
But onely on distracted thoughts she feeds;
The spiced wine to other palates sweet
Mocks hers alone, and odious loathing breeds:
Thick sighs and tears from her own mouth and eys
Echo the storm which in her heart did rise.

145.

Oft she renewed her suit, but su'd in vain:
At last grown faint and sick, she ask's him how
He would her Murder answer? Such a stain
Will ill become, said she, thy dainty brow;
In the unnaturall furrows of whose frown
The seeds of my unhappy death are sown.

146.

But when this mov'd him not, who like a Rock
Stood firm upon his solid Chastitie:
Her finall resolution she awoke,
And all her strength with it, that she might be
Provided to correct her loves mishap
By valiant managing her plotted Rape.

147.

Watching her time she takes him all alone,
And harpy-like, one Tallon clapping fast
Upon his Clothes, least hee away should run,
Her other Arm about his neck she cast:
Loose was her Coat, and shewed her more full
Then he desir'd to see, or I to tell.

148.

Thou art my prisoner now, said she; as I
Have long bin thine, though thou did'st scorn thy prize;
But I'm resolv'd of thy Captivitie
To make some use: Thou shalt no more despise
My prayers, for I command thee now to be
Whither thou wilt or no, happy with Mee.

149.

Perhaps thy needles Maiden modesty
Stay'd, by thy Lover to be ravished:
Then be it so; But if thou still deny
My loyall Love; I swear by thine own Head
(Which yet I onely worship,) that no blood (good.
But from thy Heart shall these my Wrongs make

150.

I will exclaim, and tell the household how
With lustfull force thou here surpriséd'st Me:
This monstrous Crime will cost thy life: for know
My Ly can soon out-face thy Veritie.
Had'st thou not better take thy pleasure here
Than be for nothing thought a Ravisher?

151.

Whil'st thus Her lust foam'd: *Joseph* makes all haste
How to escape; and loosning secretly
His upper garment, which she grasp'd so fast,
Leaves that to Her, and out himself doth flye.
Wise Serpents thus their Ears against the Charm
Do stop, and cast their skins to scape the harm.

152.

Potiphera an hideous out-cry make;
Her Handmaid first, then the whole familie
Scar'd with the noise, into her Chamber breaks;
Where on her Bed, hearing a wofull sigh,
Behold, said she, this garment: Which of you
Would think the *Hebrew slave* so bold should grow?

153.

He thought, because his Master was from home,
My faith had been so too: He thought that he
Might as his Lords Vice-gerent, freely come
And challenge right unto my chastitie.
'Twas time to cry: which I no sooner did,
But hee, the guilty Hypocrite, was fled.

154.

He fled, but left for fearfull haste, behinde,
That Pledge of his unfort'nate impudence:
For, confident he me should willing finde,
He gun to doff his Cloths: Come bear me hence
From this curs'd place; but bring the Cloak with me
That *Potiphar* his Darlings Badge may see.

155.

When he came home she met him with this Lye
And threw the garment to Him for her proof.
He took no time the businesse to try,
But judg'd that argument more than enough.
Joseph's to Prison sent, a place lesse warm
To him, but sweeter than his Mistresse arm.

156.

He lay not long oppressed with his Chain,
But ev'n the Jaylor He his Prisoner takes:
Such pow'rfull sweetnes doth in Virtue reign
That all Spectators she her subjects makes.
Heav'n would not suffer other Bonds to hold (fold.
Him whom Lust's Chains and Charms could not in-

157.

The *Keeper* now keeps nothing but his name,
The Keys at *Joseph's* girdle hang, and He
Is in this closer Stewardship the same
He was in *Potiphar's* large familie:
Yet has no Mistresse which might make him be
As ill in Prison, as when He was free.

158.

At length the guerdon of his worth drew neer,
And dreams which had occasion'd his low state
Help him to climbe up into glories sphear:
The great designs which uncontrolled *Fate*
Was into *Egypt* ready now to bring
Are in a mystick vision shew'd the King.

159.

Their curious brains the old Magitians beat
About the Riddle, but were all too weak
To peirce that mighty cloud wherein the great
Secret inshrined lay: The King must seek
Some wiser Head; and who d'yee think was hee
But this young *Hebrew*? this the Man must be.

160.

He teacheth *Pharaoh* what the *Kine* did mean
Heav'n shew'd him feeding upon *Nile's* shore;
Why *sev'n* were wonderous *fat*, and *sev'n* as *Lean*,
Which did portend the *famine*, which the *store*,
What both the kindes of *Corn* foretold, what cares
Were requisite against the following years.

First,

161.

First, thanks to Heav'n cryes *Pharaoh*, then to thee
In whom its *Spirit* I so plain descrie:
And who can better my assistant be,
Then he who holds all wisdom's Monarchy?
The throne and scepter shall continue mine,
But all the rest of *Egypt* shall be thine.

162.

Then his own Ring, his royall Love to seale,
On *Joseph's* hand he puts, and him invest's
With purest Linnen: on his neck, which steel
Had lately gall'd, a golden chain he cast's;
And his own second Chariot to him gave,
Who lately into *Egypt* trudg'd a slave.

163.

Thus what hee was to *Potiphar* before,
What to the *Jaylor*, now hee's to the King;
The soveraign Steward and the Governour
(Set but his Prince aside,) of every thing.
And here at length, to justifie his dream,
His Father and his Bretheren reverenc'd him.

164.

Thus *Chastitie's pure King* his *Champion* sees
Amply repaid, who having got Command
Of his own flesh and blood, can rule with ease
A Kingdoms reins in his unspotted Hand.
Take notice *Psyche*, and remember this:
The Case may once be thine, which here was His.

PSYCHE:

OR

LOVES MYSTERIE.

Canto II.

Lust Conquered.

Argument.

Lust, who in ambush lay, the On-set gives
To careless Psyche, *as she gad's abroad:*
Charis *the over-powred Maid relievs;*
Phylax *unmask's the Feind: Her penitent flood*
Psyche *pour's out, and is encourag'd by*
An heav'nly Dream to honour Chastity.

1.

NO foolish Tinder ever yet did catch
In its soft amorous Arms the straggling spark,
And with such desperate zeale make haste to
Its own destruction; as fond Man doth mark (hatch
And treasure up those fair-fac'd Counsels which
With fatall Charms his heedlesse heart bewitch.

2.

No wretched Adder ever sealed up
His wary eare with trustier Cement; that
With wretchlesse obstinacy He doth stop
His memories unhappy Portalls, when
Wholesome *Advise* with sweetnes woo's it, and
Long knocking for admission doth stand.

3.

Or, if at length a wicket ope he ſets,
His ſleighted gueſt in ſome out-roome he lay's:
But when vain *fancie* or *ſeduction* beats
Summons upon his gates, He them diſplay's,
And let's theſe ſtrangers thruſt quite out of doot
The former, who were ſcarcely in before.

4.

For as the Honey of Heav'ns dainty Hives,
The ſummer Clouds, ſnugging in laps of flow'rs,
That correſpondent Dwelling quickly leaves
To churliſh drops of leſſe deſerving ſhow'rs,
Or rankling Mil-dew, which ſuch venome ſhed's
As ſoon deflow'reth all thoſe Virgin Beds:

5.

So far'd it now with *Pſyche's* careleſſe Breaſt
On which more dainties drop'd from *Phylax* tongue
Than on *Hyblean* hils e'r made it's neſt.
Abroad ſhe will, and pleaſe her ſelfe among
The fields wide ſweets, forgeting that ſome winde
Might ſteale upon, and blaſt her honyed minde.

6.

The ſportfull *Twins of heav'n* now 'gan to reign,
And brought a ſeaſon fitting for their play;
Thick did they ſcatter upon every Plain
A flowry verdure, and diſhevell *May*
Round about *Tellu's* face, who now beguiles
Her Winters ſadneſſe with this moneth of ſmiles.

7.

Pſyche would fain have wander'd out alone,
But that **Syneideſis* her truſtie Maid **Conſcience.*
Hunted out every ſtep where ſhe had gone;
And ‖ *Charis* an old friend of hers, afrayd
What might befall the Virgin, follow'd too,
Yet in her company forbore to goe. ‖ *divine grace.*

8.

As pleaſures paths ſhe in the fields did trace,
It joy'd her much the tender Lambs to ſee
Skipping in harmleſſe ſport from place to place;
And who would be ſo ſad and dull, ſaid ſhe
To ſtay at home, when thus abroad we may
Behold how ſweetly Innocence doth play.

9.

No ſmiling flow'r could meet her as ſhe went,
But gathering it, ſhe with a kiſſe would pay
The courteous price of that delicious ſcent
It had ſo freely pow'red in her way:
And ſtill cryes out, how poore a place is home
Which for ſuch pleaſure, can afford no room!

10.

Thus looſely tripping on, ſhe came at laſt
Through pathleſſe Paths unto a pleaſant Grove;
The gentle Windes through the faire Trees made haſte,
And in her face a gale of Odours drove.
Needs would ſhe enter, and ſee whither this
Were not the Copy of old *Paradiſe*.

11.

The courteous boughs laden with generous ſpice
Stoop'd to ſalute her as ſhe enter'd in,
And bid her pluck what Fruit beſt pleas'd her eys:
But there was none but did amazement win:
Shee looks about, yet know's not which to chooſe,
And in thoſe ſweets her ſweeter ſelf doth looſe.

12.

When on the ſudden from a neighbour tree
Her ears were captiv'd, as before her eyes:
The myſtick Chains of pureſt Harmonie
Did with a ſoft inchantment her ſurpriſe:
A winged Quire having new tun'd their throats,
Were running over their exacteſt notes.

13.

Divided thus with Pleaſures, ſhe does look
Where ſhe may ſit her ſelf to recollect:
Cloſe by, ſhe gliding ſpies a ſilver Brook
Whoſe gorgeous bank with golden flow'rs was deckt.
There ſitting down, once more, adieu, ſaid ſhe,
Dull home, which no ſuch ſeat could'ſt ſpread for me.

14.

Syneideſis, her Miſtreſſe being ſet,
Pitch'd down behinde her, and fell faſt aſleep.
Old* *Charis* kept aloof, reſolv'd to let
The venturous Virgin ſome experience reap
Of her fond confidence, who needs would ſtray
Like ſome vain Childe, ſo far from home, to play.

15.

When loe into the Grove a monſtrous Boar
Wilder than was that place, did roaring come,
And brought more *terrour* thither, than before
Appear'd *delight*. Never did whiter foam
Smoke on the Oceans ſtormy face, than now
This hideous Beaſt about his own did throw.

16.

As are the *Comet's*, feirce with ominous light,
Such were his eyes compos'd of fire and blood:
His dreadfull tusks, the engins of his ſpight,
Held forth their greedy heads, and ready ſtood
To tear their Prey; ſtern briſtles hedg'd up high
His back, which did all wrath of thorns defie.

Straic

17.

Straight ſtartled out of her unfortunate pleaſure
Away flies *Pſyche* on the wings of fear;
Whoſe ſteps the hungry Beaſt as faſt did meaſure,
And ſwallow'd up the way, to tear down her.
Loud were his roars, yet her ſhreeks did tranſcend,
Which heav'n and earth and her own throat did rend.

18.

Phylax her ever truſtie friend was neer,
Flying from tree to tree ſtill as ſhe ran,
But was by heav'n forbidden to appear
And reskew her who needs would be undone.
He was forbid to reskew her till ſhee
Had deeper felt her dangerous vanitie.

19.

Her long flight having now ſhortned her breath,
Which 'twixt her trembling lips lay ſtrugling, ſhe
Cryes out, dear *Phylax* from theſe jaws of death
The monſter opes ſo wide, deliver mee.
Where is thy *God* and mine, which loves me ſo,
Where is he now? O what ſhall *Pſyche* doe!

20.

Here helpleſſe *feare* and *fainting* threw her down
Unto the ready Beaſt an eaſie prey,
Whoſe haſty tusk had through her dainty gown
Unto her ſofter body tore its way:
When loe a ſudden ſpeare flew through his neck,
And frighted on the ground return'd him back.

21.

A luſty gallant,* *Aphrodiſius* hight, *the Spirit of Luſt.
Who in that luckie inſtant thither came,
Directed it; and ſtraight, with equall might
Drew out his glittering blade; whoſe dreadfull flame
Aforehand ſtrook the dazeled monſter dead,
Whoſe edge took from him both his prey and head.

22.

This done, he gently takes the *virgin* up;
Then with a courtly kiſſe he give's her joy
That ſhe was ſafe. She ſcarce had power to ope
Her eyes, ſeal'd cloſe with deſperate diſmay;
But when ſhe ſaw the ſlaughter'd Boar, and him
As ſweet and faire, as that was foule and grim;

23.

I ſee there are more *Phylaxes* than one
Cryes ſhe: This life, dear ſir, which heretofore
Was mine, your love hath now made yours alone:
For my part, I had left it to that Boar,
And laid me down to meaſure out my grave;
Whence you to me this reſurrection gave.

24.

Yet truſt me ſir, a life you have not given
To one who can forget by whom ſhe lives:
Whether you come from earth, or rather heav'n,
(For ſeldome earth ſuch ſtrange ſalvation gives,)
My ſoule, big with juſt thanks, would learn and ſee
Whether my debt divine or humane bee.

25.

Lady, ſay's *Aphrodiſius*, firſt repoſe
Your ſelfe a while; a little way from hence,
(For well I know this place) a Current goes
Between two flowrie banks: there will I rinſe
My bloody hands; there ſhall you ſit and hear
A wounderous ſtory, and due to your ear.

26.

It was the place where ſhe before had been:
Thither they go; and thither *Phylax* flyes,
Perching upon a neighbour tree unſeen:
The *gallant* waſh'd his hands; and ſhe her eyes,
But in her own ſoft tears of joy, to think
How ſhe had com from death's to that brook's brink.

27.

Then on the flowry Couch by her he ſits,
And uſhers in his talk with cunning ſighs,
His feigned cheeks with lying tears he wets,
Three times he ſtrikes his breaſt, three times his eyes
He caſts up towards heav'n, three times he ſmiles,
And ſigh's again, and her as oft beguiles.

28.

At length: I am ſaid he, a man who by
My birth as deep ingag'd to fortune ſtand
As any hee that lives, if Majeſtie
Crown not his head, and Scepter load his hand.
My ſtock's the nobleſt in this land but one,
Nor bears it any branch but me alone.

29.

This made my loving Lord and Father ſpare
No pains or coſt which might his Son adorn:
From learned *Athens* tutors hired were
Whom firſt the wings of *fame* had hither born:
Athens they left, but brought with them to me
From thence the truer Univerſitie.

30.

Thus did the curious wit of *Greece* become
A member of our private family,
And I with all the world convers'd at home;
Yea in their dialects too, as faſt as I
Could my young breath tranſform: nor was it long
E'r many fate upon my ſingle tongue.

59.

These are my Fortunes, Madam, yet unknown
Ev'n by the sweeter Half unto my Self:
And sure your hand would help to thrust me down
Into the bottom of all torments gulph,
Should Wantonnesse invite Me to despise
A Blessing higher than my Pride could rise.

60.

Then happy She, the Lady crie's, who e'r
She be, that must hugg Happines in you.
And yet permit mine Eye one other Teare:
'Tis not of Envy; No: Deare Sir, Adieu.
It pittied me to see this gentle fashion
Of her sincere, but unsuccesfull Passion,

61.

We parting thus; I hasted to this Grove,
Amongst whose spicy trees I knew would grow
My sweeter Hopes. But Heav'n it seems, would prove
The valour of my Patience, and throw
Procrastinations in my way, that I
Might earne its favour by my Constancy.

62.

How often came I, and with bended knee
On every flowrie Cushion of the Grove
Implor'd the speed of my Felicity!
How oft in this sweet Temple has great *Love*
Receiv'd mine Heart an Offring all on Fire
With flames of soft but vehement desire!

63.

At length my Prayers were heard, and this deare day
Did in that blessed Moment send mee hither,
Which shew'd mee that my long expected Joy
Was now full grown and ripe enough to gather.
Had I not pluck'd it streight, the Monster had
Of all its Sweetnes his foule Booty made.

64.

First then to *Heav'n* my full-tide thanks I pay:
And next, to Thee my noble *Guardian*, who
Before my hopes no forged Bait did'st lay:
Each smallest Circumstance agreeth so,
That this the *Lady* is, and none but She
Design'd by *Heav'n* to crown my joys, and Me.

65.

All Blessings on thy head my *Psyche*: that
I know for certain needs must be thy Name;
That *Angell* told me it, whose counsell put
Me on this blest'd adventure, when I came
To save thy life both for thy self and mee,
And make of thine my joynt Felicity.

66.

Heer then my Heart I give thee, and I seal
The Deed with this true Kisse: May Curses rain
Thick on my head, if ever I repeal
What I have done, or challenge back again
This gift of mine, whose fault is onely this,
Of thy Desert it to unworthy is.

67.

The Seaman by some furious Tempest thrown
Into the seeming Depth of roaring Death,
If he by suddaine Fortune back be blowne
Into the gentle Harbour; wondereth
At his strange safety, and scarce trusts his eys;
But doubts a long time whither he live's or die's:

68.

So *Psyche* snatch'd from Dangers desperate jaws
Into the Arms of this illustrious Lover,
The truth of her condition hardly knows,
But in suspensive thoughts awhile doth hover.
Deceive me not, saith she, a frighted Mayd,
To poore, great Sir, by you to be betray'd.

69.

If still I live, and all this be no Dream,
(For sure your story's such an heavn'ly thing,
That simple I, alas, unworthy seeme
To be concern'd in it.) Be pleas'd to bring
Some further proof: Where Miracles are done,
Faith must have open Helps to bring her on.

70.

Then be the first proof, *Aphrodisius* cries,
This Diamond Ring, in which thy self mayst see
The radiant Copy of thine owne fair eys:
The next this Jewell; what thou art to Me
Let that attest: yet pardon me, that I
Gave it that pretious Name, now thou art by.

71.

The third that delicate Imbrace shall be
For which all Loves are kindled: that which will
The sweetest of Assurance give to thee,
And my great *Guardians* Prophesie fulfill.
Come, I can give thee leave to blush; a Maid
Of what she loves most, must be most afraid.

72.

Were not our Case *Divine*, awhile I'd stay,
And by our Humane Ceremonies marry:
But we did Wed above; and what can they
Add to Heavn's Rites? O no: 'tis sinne to tarrie:
My *Angell* would have told me, (never feare,)
Had it been otherwise; Come then my Deare.

Forgetfull

73.

Forgetfull *Psyche* now enchanted quite
By these his glorious Wiles, set ope her Breast
Unto the Fancies of unclean Delight;
Forthwith a Knot of unseen Serpents prest
Into her heart, and set it so on fire,
That straight it flamed out with foul Desire.

74.

But *Phylax* instantly descry'd the flame,
And wakeing up *Syneidesis*, He cries,
Run run, and help to save your dying Dame:
Look how her funerall flames already rise.
Up gets the Mayd, and instantly thrusts in
Between the Lovers and their ready sin.

75.

Psyche starts back, whil'st shame so heavy sate
Upon her Eyes, that down it pressed them.
Impudent Wretch, cries *Aphrodisius*, what
Has made thy Life so vile, that thou dost come
To forfeit it to me? I prithee goe,
Die somewhere else; I'd be no Womans Foe.

76.

O then, says she, Forbear to stain my pure
And spotlesse Mistris. Fie, cries *Psyche*, fie,
I know her not: My Lord, will you indure
I should such saucie Servants own, as she?
Be it another proof of your strong Love,
From Me this troublesome Creature to remove.

77.

He, having sleeping in a Box of Jett
A blacker Liquor drawn from *Leithe* lake,
Upon *Syneidesis* straight emptied it.
She rubb'd her eyes: but found her selfe too weak
To grapple with that stupor which did creep
Upon her Brow, and down she fell asleep.

78.

As when the Childe first venturing on his feet,
Carelesly stumbles to some Precipice:
His tender Nurse, more griev'd, than hee, to see't,
Makes on amain, with most intentive Eyes
Not on her way, but Him, who now she knows
Is stepping into Deaths wide open Jaws:

79.

So watchfull *Charis*, who did distance keep,
Till her Assistants might most usefull be,
Now put on speed, and rowsing from her sleep
Syneidesis,, Be not dismay'd, said she,
Come, you and I will trie what We can doe
To stop Her who so faine to Hell would goe.

80.

With that, as *Phebus* steals his subtile Ray
Through Virgin Chrystall; so through *Psyche*'s breast
She thrusts her hand, and strives to take away
That poysnous Brood which there had made its Nest.
Yet she flings back, and casts disloyall scorn
On Her who griev'd to finde her so forlorn.

81.

But *Aphrodisius* amazed now
To see a Beauty which straight damp'd his eyes;
A Beauty which on *Psyche's* face did throw
Unlovely blacknesse, and monopolize
All Heav'n within it selfe: recoyled back
Some Counsell in his troubled Brain to take.

82.

Mean while *Syneidesis* aloud does cry
In *Psyche's* ear: Mistris, beleeve it now
I am awake, and see your Misery:
But ô how foule a sleep possesses you!
What monstrous Apparitions are these
Which your enchanted dreaming soul do please!

83.

Home, home, I pray: This Grove grows thick with Charms;
And will bewitch you from your self, untill
All Help proves tardie for your ripened Harms
Home soon will cure you, and your Bosome fill
With better Flames than these, which onely be
Kindled to make an end of You and Me.

84.

Why stay We here! See see, your Lover's gone;
Perhaps to fetch more Poyson for your Heart,
And double on you your Destruction.
This unexpected News made *Psyche* start:
She turn'd her head, and saw 'twas so indeed,
Charis had forc'd Him back, and He was fled.

85.

Yet after Him a heavy sigh she sent,
And more would have dispatch'd: But tugged by
Syneidesis, at last she homeward went
Her feet went homeward, but her Heart did fly
Much faster back, which *Charis*, as she came
Behinde, did meet with, and brought safely home.

86.

But *Aphrodisius* could not make such haste
As to outrun the Angels nimbler hand;
Half-way the curst Grove he had not past,
But *Phylax* lighted down, and bid Him stand.
Stand Fiend, says He; Thy punishment shall be
Upon this sceen of thine own Treacherie.

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Ev'n by the sweeter Half unto my Self:
And sure your hand would help to thrust me down
Into the bottom of all torments gulph,
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That straight it flamed out with foul Desire.

74.

But *Phylax* instantly descry'd the flame,
And wakeing up *Syneidesis*, He cries,
Run run, and help to save your dying Dame:
Look how her funerall flames already rise.
Up gets the Mayd, and instantly thrusts in
Between the Lovers and their ready sin.

75.

Psyche starts back, whil'st shame so heavy sate
Upon her Eyes, that down it pressed them.
Impudent Wretch, cries *Aphrodisius*, what
Has made thy Life so vile, that thou dost come
To forfeit it to me? I prithee goe,
Die somewhere else; I'd be no Womans Foe.

76.

O then, says she, Forbear to stain my pure
And spotlesse Mistris. Fie, cries *Psyche*, fie,
I know her not: My Lord, will you indure
I should such sancie Servants own, as she?
Be it another proof of your strong Love,
From Me this troublesome Creature to remove.

77.

He, having sleeping in a Box of Jett
A blacker Liquor drawn from *Lethe* lake,
Upon *Syneidesis* straight emptied it.
She rubb'd her eyes: but found her selfe too weak
To grapple with that stupor which did creep
Upon her Brow, and down she fell asleep.

78.

As when the Childe first venturing on his feet,
Carelesly stumbles to some Precipice.
His tender Nurse, more griev'd, than hee, to see't,
Makes on amain, with most intentive Eyes
Not on her way, but Him, who now she knows
Is stepping into Deaths wide open Jaws:

79.

So watchfull *Charis*, who did distance keep,
Till her Assistants might most usefull be,
Now put on speed, and rowsing from her sleep
Syneidesis,, Be not dismay'd, said she,
Come, you and I will trie what We can doe
To stop Her who so faine to Hell would goe.

80.

With that, as *Phebus* steals his subtile Ray
Through Virgin Chrystall; so through *Psyche*'s breast
She thrusts her hand, and strives to take away
That poysnous Brood which there had made its Nest.
Yet she flings back, and casts disloyall scorn
On Her who griev'd to finde her so forlorn.

81.

But *Aphrodisius* amazed now
To see a Beauty which straight damp'd his eyes;
A Beauty which on *Psyche's* face did throw
Unlovely blackness, and monopolize
All Heav'n within it selfe: recoyled back
Some Counsell in his troubled Brain to take.

82.

Mean while *Syneidesis* aloud does cry
In *Psyche's* ear: Mistris, beleeve it now
I am awake, and see your Misery:
But ô how foule a sleep possesses you!
What monstrous Apparitions are these
Which your enchanted dreaming soul do please!

83.

Home, home, I pray: This Grove grows thick with Charms,
And will bewitch you from your self, untill
All Help proves tardie for your ripened Harms
Home soon will cure you, and your Bosome fill
With better Flames than these, which onely be
Kindled to make an end of You and Me.

84.

Why stay We here! See see, your Lover's gone;
Perhaps to fetch more Poyson for your Heart,
And double on you your Destruction.
This unexpected News made *Psyche* start:
She turn'd her head, and saw 'twas so indeed,
Charis had forc'd Him back, and He was fled.

85.

Yet after Him a heavy sigh she sent,
And more would have dispatch'd: But tugged by
Syneidesis, at last she homeward went
Her feet went homeward, but her Heart did fly
Much faster back, which *Charis*, as she came
Behinde, did meet with, and brought safely home.

86.

But *Aphrodisius* could not make such haste
As to outrun the Angels nimbler hand;
Half-way the curs'd Grove he had not past,
But *Phylax* lighted down, and bid Him stand.
Stand Fiend, says He; Thy punishment shall be
Upon this sceen of thine own Treacherie.

87.

Faire hideous ſir, how has your wretched ſpight
Clouded your memory? Do you not know
How mine and my illuſtrious Brethrens Might
You and your fellow fiends to Hell did throw?
Did that fall bruiſe your Heart ſo little, that
It, and our Victory you have forgot?

88.

Was't not enough, that in your burning Home
Hot Blaſphemies you day by day did ſpit
At Heav'n and *God:* but you to Earth muſt come
And all your trains and ſlie deluſions ſet
To raviſh his own Spouſe, for whoſe deare ſake
I here his Leiger lie the Match to make?

89.

Poore harmeleſſe *Pſyche*, how did Shee offend!
Did Shee incroach upon your Realmes below?
Did Shee e'r envie Hell to any Fiend,
Or ſtrive to ſnatch Damnation from You?
Sure you have injur'd Her, yea *Phylax* too;
For She's my Charge, and you ſhall finde it ſo.

90.

With that, He from his holy Boſome drew
A golden Banner, in whoſe ſilken Lap
His *Lords allmighty Name* wide open flew,
Of hell-confounding Majeſtie made up:
The Fiend no ſooner *Ieſus* there did read,
But *Shame* pull'd down his Eys, and *Fear* his Head.

91.

For as the Lightning darts on Mortall Sight
Dazeling confuſion: So the flaſhing Rays
Of this bright *Name* the Furie did affright:
When *Phylax* on his throat his left hand lays,
And draws him to the Tree whoſe ſhade did cover
The green ſtage where juſt now he play'd the Lover.

92.

So have I ſeen a leeting Curr brought back
Unto the feild where He did hunt the Lambs,
With guiltie ears thrown flat upon his neck,
With woefull Tail ſneaking between his hamms;
With grinning Chapps, whoſe whineing Dialect
Speaks both what He hath done, and doth expect.

93.

In vain He ſtruggls: For the neareſt Bough
Phylax with potent Art twines round about
Its own tough ſelf, and teaches how to grow
Into a Band more obſtinate and ſtout
Than was his Priſ'ner; whom forthwith He ties
Faſt to the Tree; and home to *Pſyche* Flies.

94.

Poor *Pſyche*; who no ſooner was come home
But *Charis* haſts her to her Cloſet, where
The holy Furniture which trimm'd the Room
Wide open Prayer-books, and Bibles were.
But ſhe ſo ſtrange, an Eye now caſteth on them
As if her ſoul had never dwelt upon them.

95.

Her tainted ſoul grown ſqueamiſh now, no more
Such ſerious Acquaintance would imbrace:
But loving *Charis* found a private door
Into her Heart, and from th' uſurped place
Caſt out that knot of Serpents on the ground
Which round about her ſoul themſelves had wound.

96.

And ſee, ſays ſhe, the token that your Love
Hath hung about your Heart, and judge, I pray,
What kinde of Favours His were like to prove
Which by inchanting Poyſon ope their way.
If *Heav'n* with fouler things than theſe doth fill
Your boſome, then love *Aphrodiſius* ſtill.

97.

The hiſſing Serpents roll'd about the floore
Which, and their ſhamed ſelves, they gnaw'd for ſpight,
Amazed *Pſyche* ſtarts back to the doore,
Afraid of what but now was her Delight:
Till *Charis* with her valiant hand did throw
Them, whence they came, home to their Hell below.

98.

And now the *Virgin* falling on her face
With lamentable Cry: Forbear, ſaid ſhe,
My ſhamefull preſence maketh any place
Unworthy for ſuch noble Company;
Forbear dear *Charis*, let me bluſh alone,
Left fouler here, than thoſe Snakes which are gone.

99.

And you, my reverend Books, your leavs ſhut up,
Where my Confuſion frowns in every line.
When holy Eys draw neer, then freely ope,
But ô, you are too pure and chaſte for mine:
Mine, which let out my ſoul, and in its place
Receiv'd all Hell, which cloſe I did imbrace.

100.

They nothing elſe can doe but blurr you now
with thoſe perpetuall ſtreams of bounden Teares
Which for my wilfull Miſerie I owe.
O Eys, if ever your ſalt ſpring forbears,
May you fail too: ſuch is my ſtate, that I
Unleſſe you drown me, cannot chuſe but dy.

Shine

101.

Shine not on Me fair *Sun*, although thy Ray
With safety can the fouleſt Dunghills kiſſe:
I am a filthier thing than thoſe, and may
Taint thy ſweet Luſtre by my ouglineſſe.
Black *Night* will tell no tales; O may ſhe roul
Up in her veil my correſpondent ſoul!

102.

What have vile I to do with noble *Day*
Which ſhews Us Heavens fair face? that face which I
Wantonly ſcorn'd, and caſt my love away
Upon impoſtur'd Luſts foule Myſtery,
O Me! was ever Heart ſo mad as mine,
Which would be dveliſh rather than divine.

103.

Surely I will revenge my ſelf on Her:
I will a Tempeſt raiſe of Sighs and Groans,
To ſcourge that Gale which blew ſo ſoft and fair
To ſteal a ſhipwrack on Me: With rude ſtones
I'le make this harder Breaſt without appear
As black as 'twas within when Hell dwelt there

104.

I with my Howlings will theſe Ears torment
Which were intentive to the Cheaters Charms:
Theſe Lipps which lov'd his Kiſſes, ſhall be ſpent
In courting naſty Duſt: theſe luſtfull Arms
Which hugg'd His Body, ſhall mine own chaſtiſe,
Which now I hate, more than I loved His.

105.

O all ye *Griefs* which ever fix'd your ſting
Upon a guilty treacherous Boſome, hear
Unhappie *Pſyche's* earneſt Prayers, and bring
Your ſtouteſt Powers: my Heart has room to ſpare
For your full Train; (Adieu all *Loves*,) I now
Muſt onely ſtudy to wooe *Hate*, and You.

106.

Why was I born! (may Darkneſſe choke that Day
Which lighted Me into the World.) Or why
When, in the *Boars*, my Death its mouth did lay
Upon my throat, had I not leave to dy!
Why did I ſcape that *Monſter*, to be thrown
To fouler ones, Hells Treaſon, and mine own.

107.

Why dwelt ſuch flaming Beauties in mine Eye
As might allure, and ſhew to *Luſt* its way!
Why ſmil'd my face with ſuch ſweet Majeſty
As bade falſe Love, be bold Me to betray.
Why rather was I not ſo vile, that in
Safe ſcorn I might have ſcap'd the Gallant's ſin.

108.

The univerſall Worlds Contempt could not
Have wrong'd or wounded Me ſo deep, nor thrown
Upon my Beauties ſuch a fatall Blot,
As they upon themſelves and Me have drawn.
I had not now been Heir to all Heav'ns ſcorn,
If in Earths Eye, I Had but been forlorn.

109.

O righteous *Profit*, of unrighteous *Pleaſure*,
Whoſe Totall ſumm's made up of deſperate Loſſe,
How juſtly, when We trade away our Treaſure,
Requit'ſt thou Us with ruſty frettfull Droſſe!
For all the Gains that Wantonneſſe brings in,
Prove but a Bank of Veng'ance on the ſin.

110.

Still ſtill I burn, my Fire but changed is,
And though my Luſt be cool'd my Guilt is hot,
And belks, and boils: for wrath *Syneideſis*
Blows up its more incenſed Coals. O what
Can help my enigmatick ſorrows, who
Thus on my ſelfe my execution do?

111.

As thus ſhe lay lamenting on the floor,
Which with her Tears was ſlubber'd: *Charis* who
Had all this while but ſtepp'd behinde the door,
Comes cheerly in, and cries, Break off thy Woe,
Dear *Pſyche*, tis enough, thy hearty cry
Has pierc'd already, and appeas'd the skie.

112.

The Copies of thy Tears which there ly ſhed
Upon the ground, reflected high, and are
Already in Heav'ns Casket botteled.
Thy griefes now ſmile above, and have made cleer
Gods lowring face: look up and ſee how Day
Shines friendly on thee, and does bid thee Joy.

113.

With that, ſhe breath'd into her Breaſt the Powers
Of unconceived Sweets; the thirſty ground
Ne'r look'd ſo cheerfully when Summer ſhowers
The deep Pains of its gaſping Drought had drown'd;
As over-joyed *Pſyche*, now ſhe feeles
Warm in her boſome *Grace's* gentle *Gales*.

114.

Gales, on whoſe dainty Wings Heav'ns *Influence* rides;
An Influence of ſuch ſpeedy Operation,
That though all *Oppoſition's* higheſt Tides
Roar in its way, through their proud Conjuration
With inſtant Might it flies, and every where
Findes *Victory* attending its Carreer.

115.

To *Heav'n*, to *Charis*, to *Syneideſis*
Her thanks ſhe muſtereth; but all array'd
In ſcarlet from her cheeks: For ſtill ſhe is
Aſham'd to have been lately ſo betray'd;
When *Phylax* flutters in, and, Come, ſaid He
You to the Grove muſt back again with Me.

116.

As when the place of Robberie you name
The Thiefe in White or Red betrays his fear:
So conſcious *Pſyche's* Heart ſhot through with ſhame
At that unlook'd for Word, makes it appear
In her apalled looks. Alas, ſaid ſhe
And com'ſt Thou to renue my Miſerie!

117.

Bid Me goe finde ſome deſperate Rock from whence
I may plunge down into the deepeſt Maine:
Bid me poſt headlong to th' *Infernall Prince*
And covenant with him for eternall Paine:
Nay bid me do't; Or bid me not do this,
Which is, to goe where my far worſe Hell is.

118.

I like thine Anger well, ſays *Phylax*; but
The Grove is not the ſame 'twas yeſterday:
Another Viſage I on it have put,
Both chaſte and ſate, and ſo thy ſelfe wilt ſay.
No *Boar*, no *Lover's* there: come let Us goe,
Both *Charis* and thy *Maid* will with Us too.

119.

This high Aſſurance cheer'd her timorous Heart
Which ſtood in reverentiall awe of Him:
Beſides, her faithfull Conforts bore their Part
In this incouragement. Yet did there ſwim
About her breſt ſome tender trembling Doubts
Which ſpred like Miſt upon her cleerer Thoughts.

120.

Along they went, but comming neer the Grove
Pſyche began to quake, and cloſer cling
To *Phylax*, who reach'd out his ſhield of love,
The downie ſhelter of his heav'nly Wing,
Under whoſe cheerly ſhaddow her He led
Into the gloomy ſhades the Wood had ſpred.

121.

For now thoſe flattering Beauties which of late
Had made that Place a Temple to Delight,
Were all unmask'd; and *Melancholy* late
Shrowding her hideous ſelfe in mid-day night.
The heavy nodding Trees all languiſhed,
And every ſleepy Bough hung down its Head.

122.

There *Aphrodiſius* his beſt Teeth had tri'd
(And foure of them lay broken on the ground,)
With ſpightfull reſtleſſe gnawing to divide
The Withe by which He to his ſhame was bound
More than unto the Tree: which He ſo ſhook,
That all its frighted Leaves their Boughs forſook.

123.

But ſeeing that new Company, He bit
His Lipps and Tongue, and ſpit them in their face:
See, *Pſyche*, *Phylax* cries, the *Gallant's* Wit,
Who hopes to ſcape confeſſing his Diſgrace:
But by and by, I'le make him finde a tongue
To ſpeak out his impoſture and thy wrong.

124.

With that he ſnatch'd from Him all He had ſtoln
From Earth from Water or from Aire before,
The beauteous Veil no ſooner off was faln
But *Aphrodiſius* appears no more:
It proves an hideous Fiend, and *Pſyche* cries,
Running behinde the Tree, *God* bleſſe mine Eyes.

125.

Forthwith a poyſnous ſtink ſeiz'd on the Aire;
But *Phylax* quickly blew it down to Hell:
And, Come, ſays He, come *Pſyche*, ther's no fear,
Behold the *Monſter*, and obſerve him well:
There hung his curſed Periwig, but now
Two coal-black Horns is all his Head can ſhow.

126.

The reſt is Bald, or with ſoars over-grown,
With which his Forehead too rough-caſted is;
Though over it He poliſh'd Fleſh had drawn,
Too fair a Plaſter for ſuch Ouglineſſe.
See how the Boils run down into his eye
To finde him fitting Tears when He would crie.

127.

Like to ſome Ovens black Arch, ſo hang his Brows
Over the furnace of his Eyes, wherein
Delitious Flames did lately take up houſe,
But now the Fire's as dark as his own ſin,
And being fed with ſulphure, doth confeſſe
What is its work, and where it kindled was.

128.

A double Alablaſter Conduit hung
Down from his Forehead, where is nothing now
But thoſe two rotten Pipes, not to be wrung
Leaſt with the Moiſture down the Noſe do flow:
That baneſull Moiſture, which 'tis hard to ſay
Whether it be more Poyſon than its Way.

Two

129.

Two Rows of Roſes on thoſe Lipps did grow,
To ſweeten every word that paſſed by:
But now ſcorch'd black as Hel's own mouth, they ſhow
What kind of Breath is wont through them to flie;
A Breath like that which from the Chimneys topp
Speaks it owne ſtink by what it vomits up.

130.

His Cheeks which lifted up but yeſterday
Two Hills of Spices, now are ſunk ſo low
That like two hollow untill'd valleys, they
With nothing elſe but *Deſolation* grow.
Now grizly Haire has ſpoil'd his poliſh'd skin,
Shewing what He to *Satyrs* is of kin.

131.

His lovely Hands are now two monſtrous Paws
Whoſe Nail's much longer than their Fingers be.
Sure his Imbrace is daintie, when he throws
Thoſe Arms about his Love. But prithe ſee
What now behind the *Gallants* back doth trail,
His courtly Sword's turn'd to a dangling Tail.

132.

Behold his goodly Feet, where one great Cleft
Divides two Toes, pointed with iron Claws.
The reſt of his fine Body muſt be left,
Sealed up cloſe by *Modeſties* chaſt Laws:
Yet mayſt thou ſafely look into his Breaſt,
And ſee what Treaſures there have made their Neſt.

133.

Look where ten thouſand Charmes and kiſſes lie,
And Complements of every garbe and kind,
With which He doth on heedleſſe Virgins flie,
And Correſpondent Entertainment find:
Look where upon the Topp thoſe Courtſhips be
By which He wooed and inchanted Thee.

134.

In that ſlie corner (and obſerve it well)
Lie various Shapes which alway changing be,
Shapes trim and ſmooth, and faire without, but full
Of inward Poyſon, which induſtrious He
Subtlie improv'd and dayly did deviſe
Handſome Impoſtures and well-favoured lies.

135.

See'ſt thou not there the model of the Beaſt,
That hideous Witchery which chaſed Thee;
With all the amorous Story fairely dreſt
To Court and cheat thy credulous Chaſtity!
Never did *Cozenage* with more lovely Art
Or Face more honeſt, act its diveliſh Part.

136.

But there is ſomething ſtranger yet behind:
See'ſt thou that Scroll? It is a full Commiſſion
By which he made this Voyage, ready ſign'd,
And ſtrengthned by the broad Seal of Perdition.
Come, I'l untwine the knot of Snakes which tie
It up, and lay it open to thine Eye.

137.

Loe here a ſcheem of ſuch confounding Letters,
And ſcrambling Lines, as never Conjurer writt:
His Forks, Hooks, Prongs, Racks, Gibbets, Gridirons,
And other Tools of his infernall ſpight (Fetters,
Are *Belzebub's* mad Alphabet; But hear
How well I ken his myſtick Character:

138.

Satan the great, by mine owne Power alone
God of Hell Earth and Aire: Immortall Foe
To Men, to Angels, to *Heav'n*, and Heavn's Son;
Monarch of Pride, Rage, Blaſphemy, and Woe:
Out of our royall grace, to our right vicious
And truſtie friend and Coſen *Aphrodiſius*:

139.

By theſe our Letters Patents We doe give
Thee full Authoritie the Soule to ſeize
Of hated *Pſyche*, that ſhe may receive
What ſhare of Pangs our royall Self ſhall pleaſe
Given at our flaming Court of Deſperation
This ſixt Age of our Soveraigne Damnation.

140.

This being read: He folds it up againe,
And thruſting it into the *Furies* breaſt;
Goe home, ſays He, and ask thy Soveraigne
A larger Patent: See thou art releas'd.
But here I hang the Withe; if ever thou
Returnſt this Way, thou mayſt this token know,

141.

The looſned *Fiend* fetching a deep drawn Sigh,
And tearing his owne breaſt with helpleſſe wrath,
Flung downe his Patent, and away did flie.
The Grove ſmoak'd as He went: in all his Path
No Tree did meet him, (though the place were full)
But downe He tore it, and made haſt to Hell.

142.

This Spectacle ſo wrought on *Pſyche's* Heart,
That fill'd brimme full of holy Shame and Ioy,
Her equall thanks and bluſhes ſhe doth part
Between her carefull friends. Never may Day
Shine on this face, if I forget, ſays ſhe,
Your Loves, and mine own reskew'd Chaſtity.

Farewe

143.

Farewell fond *Passions*. Heav'n above, I'm sure,
Is full as faire within, as 'tis without:
No *Aphrodisium* there; but all as pure
As is the spotlesse Chrystall, or your thought
Deare *Phylax*, which from thence its pattern takes,
And a new Heav'n in your sweet Bosome makes.

144.

There will I fix my Heart: there dwells my *Love*,
My Life, my Lord, much purer than his Home:
Whose *Paradise* shall be the onely Grove
Henceforth, to which my soul shall strive to come.
Forbid it *Jesu*, any thing below
Be master of this Soule, whose Lord art thou.

145.

Thus sweetly breathing out her holy Passion,
To ease her high-swolln heart she homeward goes
With her dear Consorts: yet at every station
Renews her thanks, and her pathetike Vows.
At length got home, She to her Closet hasts
Where all her Soul at her *Loves* feet she casts.

146.

What praiers were there, what thanks, what sighs, what teares,
What Languishments, what amorous extasies,
What confidence, what shame, what hopes, what fears,
What pains, what joys, what thoughts, what words! she dies
And yet she lives, and yet she dies againe,
And would for ever live so to be slain.

147.

But fainting Nature (for 'twas midnight now,
And farr sh' had travell'd and wrought hard that day,)
Permitted sleep to grow upon her brow;
And, though unwilling, downe at last she lay.
Sweet was that rest; but yet much sweeter was
The Dream which now before her Soul did passe.

148.

Imagination swiftlie carried Her
Into a Garden where more Beauties smil'd
Than did in *Aphrodisius*'s Grove appeare,
And gentler Gales the aire with odours fill'd.
Lillies alone on every bed did grow
Which scornd comparison with Northerne Snow.

149.

The goodly Walks with Alablaster were
Pav'd all along, whose smooth and spotlesse face
Layd fairlie op: unto the silver sphear
Which roll'd above, a comely looking glasse.
Whither upward she or downward turnd her Eye,
Still she beheld the same Heaven's Majesty.

150.

No Fountaine bubled there, but fed with springs
Of purest Milk; upon whose dainty shoare
Unspotted Pidgeons sate and wash'd their wings,
Though full as white and pure as it, before.
But thus one Candor powr'd upon another,
Does kindely kisse and sport it with his brother.

151.

High in the midst a princelie Castle stands
Invincible for strength, and for delight,
Built all of Virgin-christall, and by Hands
As pure as the Materials were bright.
A cleerer Court was ne'r by Poets braine
Built for Queen *Thetis* in her watery Main.

152.

Ten thousand *Blushes* stood before the Gate,
With *Magnanimities* all hand in hand:
As many *Purities* behind them sate;
And after those as many *Beauties*, and
Young smiling *Graces*: whose sweet task it was
To be the Guard of that delicious Place.

153.

As *Psyche* wonder'd at the stately sight,
She turns, and spies her *Phylax* standing by.
What Place is this, sayes she, so fair, so bright?
He smiling cries, My Dear, for *Chastity*
It was erected: Look and thou shalt see
What kinde of Princes here the Dwellers be.

154.

Loe there comes One: Observe his royall Gate;
Majestick, yet not proud; about his brows
A glittering Coronet wreaths his princely state,
As in his Hand a Palm his triumph shows.
Large is his Roabe, and after him below
A Train imperiall on the ground doth flow.

155.

This Pavement is lesse white, lesse sweet are those
Perfumed Lillies, than that roab of His
Th' *Eternall Lamb* from his owne fleece did choose
The richest Wooll where with to cloath and dresse
His spotlesse friends, and fellow-lambs; for they
Goe all invested with this bright Array.

156.

Those gracefull Eyes in which Love's throne is set,
Are they which did *Potiphera* desie
(Thou know'st the story since I told thee it.)
This is that *Joseph*, though advanced high
In *Pharaohs* Realm, yet now more glorious grown,
And can a fairer Kingdome call his owne.

The

157.

The next's a Female, in the ſame Array:
For Sexes here no outward difference ſhow,
But all like Angells live, ſince noble they
Strove to forget their *He* and *She* below,
And (though then earthly Pilgrims,) overtake
That Purity which Us doth equall make.

158.

Suſanna is her Name: That radiant Face
Which none but chaſte and holy beams did ſhed,
Two luſtfull *Elders* made their daily Glaſſe,
And with the Antidote invenomed
Their ſhameleſſe Hearts. So bold is *Luſt* that ſhe
Dares hope to finde a Blot in *Purity*.

159.

Cancer then ſcorch'd the World, when tender ſhe
Into her Garden went, there in a ſpring
Almoſt as clear as her own Chaſtity
To coole her ſelfe: But they ſtraight iſſuing
Out of their ambuſh, in their Clothes expreſſe.
More ſhame than did *Suſanna*'s Nakedneſſe.

160.

We too are hot, cry they; but none but thou
Can quench the furie of our mighty Flames:
Thou art the Fountain where all Sweets do flow,
And We muſt bathe and coole Us in thy ſtreams:
Yeild, as thou lov'ſt thy Life; elſe We will ſwear
That in Adulterie We caught thee heer.

161.

Then welcome Death ſaid ſhe, thy face will be
Fairer than is the Count'nance of this ſin:
Here ſhe cri'd out aloud; and inſtantly
Her ſtartled Hand-mayds all ruſh'd ſhreeking in,
Whom both the full-mouth'd *Elders* haſtened
To catch th' Adulterer, who, ſaid they, was fled.

162.

Then haling her unto the Barre, their own
Guilt upon her they throw, and ſhe muſt die:
But ſtraight a Miracle crowds in to crown
The truth of her unconquer'd Chaſtity;
And turn the Sentence on the *Elders*, who
Whil'ſt ſhe to Triumph, muſt to Stoning go.

163.

There comes the ſecond *Joſeph*, but as farre
Before in honour as in time behind:
Little thought Men what kinde of *Carpenter*
Was this, whoſe noble Art a way could finde
To frame a life (and raiſe the building high,)
Both of *Heroik Worth*, and *Poverty*.

164.

Mine and my Brethrens Office (though it be
Both ſweet and glorious, yet) muſt ſtoope to His,
Who was the Guardian of *Divinity*,
And of the *Mother* of all ſweetneſſes.
And yet no Angell envy'd him his place
Who ever look'd upon his wonderous face.

165.

What Gravity ſits there, and what Delight,
What Tenderneſſe, and what Auſterity!
How high and humble are his looks, how bright
And modeſt are his eyes! how ſweetly He
Ev'n in this Glory ſeems not to forget
That Cloud which upon Him in earth did ſit!

166.

But look, and ſee thou ſtart not at the ſight,
Thoſe Rays, though more than Sun-like, lovely be;
Here comes of Heav'n and Earth the choiſe Delight,
The *Queen of Softneſſe*, and of *Purity*.
Millions of *Loves* come tripping in Her way,
Flown from her Eye in a fore-running Ray.

167.

Behold Her face, and read all Paradiſe,
And more, in Fleſh and Blood: In vain we ſeek
For flow'rs, for Gemms, for Starrs, to equalize
The gallantry of Her illuſtrious Cheek,
At whoſe ſweet Compoſition, every *Grace*
Came running in, for fear to looſe its place.

168.

All *Cherubs*, and all *Seraphs* have I ſeen
In their high beauties on Heav'ns Holy-dayes,
But yet the gratious Glories of this Queen
Sweetly out-glitters their beſt tire of Rayes.
What ſtudied ſcorn would *Pagan Wits* have thrown
Upon their *Venus*, if they this had known,

169.

This *Mother* of *Divineſt Love*, as pure
As is that other putid! Nobleſt Tongues
When they triumphant are, and would be ſure
With life and bliſſe and joy to grace their Songs,
Firſt chant the *Son*, and then the *Mother*, He
Begins, and ſhe makes up the Harmony.

170.

Her Crown is full Imperiall, yet not deckt
With orientall Diamonds, but thick ſet
With purer Jewells: for the moſt ſelect
Virtues (becauſe her own) doe garniſh it:
And yet all thoſe but the faint *Copies* be
Of her rich Hearts *Originall* Treaſurie.

171.

I need not tell thee *Mary* is her Name,
Who teacheth Majesty to be so milde:
This cold dead Pavement lively doth proclaim
Whose feet with new-born Lillies it have fill'd:
Whose but the *Virgin-Mothers* steps could blesse
A Soil so barren with such Fertilnesse?

172.

Turn *Psyche*, and behold; Here comes the *King*
The *King* himselfe, of Royall *Chastitie*.
She turn'd: But as He forth was issuing,
Intolerable Beams from His did fly
Upon her face: she started at the stroke,
And rubb'd her dazeled eyes, and so awoke.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO III.

The Girdle, or Love-Token.

ARGUMENT.

HEr Spouse *in* Token *of His royall Love*
A Girdle *unto* Psyche *sends: wherein*
The accurate Works Historik Beauty strove
The radiant Materialls to out-shine.
The Rich Embroiderie Phylax *doth expound,*
And with the Token *then the Mayd surround.*

1.

♣ ♣ ♣ *Hort Taste of Pleasures*, how dost thou torment
♣ *S* ♣ A liquorish Soul when once inflam'd by Thee!
♣ ♣ ♣ The edge of all *Desire* would soon be spent,
Did'st Thou not whett it to that keen degree
That nothing but compleat *Fruition* will
The longing of its wakened stomack fill.

2.

The pined Man, on whom a thinner *She*
Insatiable *Famine*, long hath fed;
Desires no Heav'n or Paradise to see
But onely what lies moulded up in *Bread*.
One glimpse of this, bids *Hope* return, and light
Life in those Eyes which were bequeath'd to *Night*.

3.

But if that Morn of Comfort damped be,
And his young Joys snatch'd from his Eyes again:
The fugitive Blessing mocks his Miserie,
And by rebound exalts it to a strain
Of higher Punishment; his *Fancie* more
Does gnaw him now, than *Hunger* did before.

4.

So *Psyche* famished with strong Desire
Of her dear *Spouse*, no sooner fed her eyes
On his first Lustre, but that mystick Fire
Turn'd all her Heart into *Joyes Sacrifice*.
She 'gan to scorn all other Dayes but this (Blisse.
Whose Dawn had broach'd such golden Floods of

Bur

5.

But when immenſitie of Beams had caſt
That cloud of Weakneſſe on her Mortall Eye,
And ſhe the long'd-for light it ſelfe had loſt
In too much light; her *Longing* ſwell'd ſo high;
That did not ſighs unload her Heart, and it,
Th' impatient Tumor would her boſome ſplit.

6.

She ſighs, and thinks; and then ſhe ſighs again:
For every thought which labour'd to compriſe
What ſhe had but half-ſeen, makes her complain
Her thoughts were dazeled, as before her Eyes.
Yet ſtill ſhe thinks, and ſtill ſhe loves to be
Puzled in that delicious Miſerie.

7.

And, happy Yee, ſtout Eagles, happy Yee,
Cries ſhe, whoſe genuine Eyes are tempered
To that brave pitch, that the full Majeſtie
Of your beloved *Sun* can never ſhed
Such bright *extremities of Heav'n*, but you
Can drink them in, as faſt as they can flow.

8.

You perch'd on ſome ſafe Rock, can ſit and ſee
When the young Eaſt unlocks his rubie gate,
How from the Mornings bed of Roſes hee
Sweeter than it, doth riſe: what Robe of ſtate
That Day He chooſeth, and what Tire of light
He on his Temples bindes, there to grow bright.

9.

Into his Chariot of flaming Gold
You ſee him mount, and give his purple Steeds
Leave to draw out the Day: You ſee him roll'd
Upon his diamond Wheels, whoſe Bounty breeds
That populous *Family of Pearls* which dwells
On eaſtern ſhoares cloſe in their *Mother-ſhells*.

10.

You ſee him climbe up to Heav'ns ſilver Hill,
And through *croſſe Cancer* make the *Houres* run *right*.
There with his wideſt Looks your own you fill,
And ryot in that royall Feaſt of light,
Whil'ſt to your eyes your ſouls flie up and gaze
On every beauty of his high-noon Face.

11.

You ſee him when into the ſteep-down Weſt
He throws his courſe, and in th' *Atlantick Deep*
Waſhes the ſweat from his fair Brow and Breaſt,
And cools his ſmoking Steeds, and goes to ſleep
Among the waterie *Nymphs*, who in his reſt
Waft him through by-paths back into his Eaſt.

12.

Thus the kinde *Day* makes all her houres attend
Your undiſturbed *Joys*; But fainting Me
With one poor minute ſhe will not befriend
That I my fairer, ſweeter *Sun* may ſee.
Yet why blame I the *Day*? She's clear and fair:
But you, adulterate *Eyes*, too cloudy are.

13.

Had you been conſtant, ſuch had been my *Bliſſe*:
But you with faithleſſe cowardize gave in.
Surely I'le be reveng'd on you for this,
Till you repent your Treachery in Brine.
Perhaps when Tears have waſh'd you clean, the pure
And free face of my *Spouſe* you may endure.

14.

Theſe querulous ſighs, by their tempeſtuous Blaſt
Drove on the Cloud, and now the Rain began;
Dropps great and numerous down her Cheeks made haſte
For more and greater ſtill came crowding on;
Whil'ſt either eye-lid ſprinkled in the Crowd,
A living Rainbow on its margin ſhow'd.

15.

But as the Storm ſwell'd high, in *Phylax* flies,
And much adoe his yearning ſweetneſſe had
To bridle in his ſympathetick eyes
Seeing how great a flood *Pſyche*'s had made:
Were not eternall Joyes deep Printed on
Angelick Spirits, ſure now his ſprings had run.

16.

But with his *Wing* he wip'd her blubber'd face,
And fann'd freſh comfort on her fainting Minde:
Quarrell not with thine *Eyes*, thy *Viſion* was
Too viſible, ſaid hee, and they, though blinde,
Perform'd their duty, being clogg'd as yet
With lazie *Duſt*, for ſprightfull ſights unfit.

17.

Have patience, till that *Duſt* be put to bed
And mixed with the grave; then ſhall thine Eye
With ample vigorous Beams imbelliſhed,
Open into a full capacity
Of viewing *Him*, whoſe lovely Princely look
Shall be thy ſafe and everlaſting Book.

18.

Mean while, this Token *He* by me doth ſend
Hoping Thou'lt wear't for his ſake next thine heart:
No *Lover* e'r woo'd his adored *Friend*
With richer Preſent; That thou ne'r may'ſt ſtart
From his affection; with this *Girdle* hee
Deſires to binde thee to *Felicity*.

19.

The *Ground's* a texture all of Turtles down
Which dares call Virgin-Snow both harsh and black:
For he himself deep dy'd it in his own
River of *Whitenesse*, which its Spring doth take
From under His great throne, where once when He
But dipp'd his hand, the Fount proov'd *Puritie*.

20.

Unto a *Grace* to spin He put it out,
That the fine thread might answer her neat hand:
Then in the Jewell-house of Heav'n he sought
What Gems to Honour with this *ground*: The Strand
Of pretious *India* no such Treasure shows;
Above, the *Ocean of true Jewells* flows.

21.

Ten thousand glittering things he turned o're,
And wish'd Thee every one. Yet if, said He
I on my Darling throw this massie store,
'Twill to a Burden swell my Courtesie:
She's tender, and I cannot but be so;
I wish her all, but these for all shall goe.

22.

And those were Jaspers, Diamonds, Onyxes,
Topazes, Berylls, Rubies, Amethysts;
All ready fitted for imbroyderies,
But richer farr than ever flam'd on Priests
Or Princes Crown: which as he sending was
To set on work another curious *Grace*,

23.

His *Snowie Mother*, waiting all that while
At his right hand, melted down on her knee,
And sweetly begg'd that Office. In a smile,
(His usuall visage toward her and Thee,)
He grants her kind request. Yet stay, says He,
And let thy *Needle* of my choosing be.

24.

A Twist of Glories o'r his shoulders thrown
About his back a sportfull Quiver roll'd,
Of metall in this grosser World unknown,
The *thrice-refined Quintessence of Gold*.
Yet was the splendid *House* lesse pure and fine
Than were the sweet *Inhabitants* within.

25.

No sooner He unlock'd the glorious Lid,
But a pure Cloud of living *Joys* and *Smiles*
Which in that merry Region had been bred,
Breaths out it self, and the Spectators fills
With vigorous *Pleasures*, and with fresh *Desires*
To view that Fountain whence such Bliss expires

26.

Innumerable arrows there doe lie
Keeping each other warm with mutuall flames;
For *mystick Ardor* is the metall they
Are made of, metall purer than those Beams
Which play about the starrs, or those which flow
From *Phœbus* eys, when they in *High-noone* glow.

27.

The fineſt Rays which darted pureſt light,
From his owne crown great *Love* himself did cull
And these said He, shall be my Arms in fight;
With this Artillery I'l my Quiver fill:
The Heavn's already bent from East to West,
And that's the Bow by which my darts I'l cast.

28.

Ther's no such thing, beleeve it *Psyche*, there,
As *leaden Arrows*, steep't in Scorn and Hate:
Each *Dart's a sonn of Splendor*, and does wear
A rich remembrance of its *Masters* fate,
For in his blood, the blood of *Love*, dy'd deep,
Its tincture and its virtue it doth keep.

29.

With these he wounds his best beloved Hearts,
And by the wound sets ope to *Life* its way:
Life is the point of these mysterious Darts
Which with pure *Joy* and dainty *Vigor* slay.
They slay indeed, yet still reviving be;
They nothing murther but *Mortality*.

30.

The Hairs of softest Flax grow grosse and course
When these draw neer, so delicate are they:
Yet cruell steel strikes with lesse boysterous force,
And with lesse fatall certainty doth slay.
Immortall Eys alone can see them, but
Not fence the Blow, if they at them beshot.

31.

Love choosing one of these from its bright Nest,
Applies it towards his all-peircing eye,
From whose acute intention there prest
A *Ray* so potent, that immediately
The yeelding *Dart* does answer it, and now
Becomes a *Needle*, and its *Eye* can show.

32.

Then from his golden Locks, that curled Grove
Where thousand little *Loves* for ever play,
He pluck'd an Haire: and this, said He will prove
Sufficient Thred to finish all thy gay
Imbroyderie; 'twill stretch and alwaies be
Longer and longer to Eternity.

Her

33.

Heer take thy Tools, and let th' Invention be
Thine owne Conceit: for who can better fitt
The *Emblematick gift of Chastitie*,
Than thou the Mother both of Me and it:
She bowing low, her thanks and Dutie throws
Before his feet, and to her work she goes.

34.

Millions of *Graces* tripped after her,
The fair attendants on her Lillie train,
Unto that *Tower of living Chrystall* where
Thy *Vision* lately Thee did entertaine: (flows
That *Milkie Way* which downe Heavn's Mountain
Its beauteous smoothnes to her footsteps ows.

35.

Oft had she trac'd it; (for you see the Way
Is broad, and Heavn's faire amplitude doth suit.)
Yet ne'r with cheerlier Countenance than that Day,
Whilst the decorum she did well compute,
Rejoycing that this *Virgin-work* should be
Childe to the *Mother of Virginity*.

36.

The Castle Gates did in a smile stand ope
To see their *Queen*, and bid her wellcome in.
She looks about her in that curious shop
Of *Purities*, uncertain where to 'gin.
Nothing dislikes Her, but she spends her care
Among so many *Bests*, which to preferre.

37.

The lofty Roofe of the illustrious Hall
With *Sighs* and amorous *Languishment* was seel'd,
From whence upon the princely floor did fall
Full many an hearty *Teare*, which there did yeeld
A Pearlie Pavement, which the cool Grounds Kisse
Into *chast firmitude* did chrystallize.

38.

The Twilights teares shed in the Laps of flowers
Reflected not so faire Heavn's rising Eye,
When *Phebus* let in the diurnall Howres,
And trimm'd his face upon the Morning skie,
As these reverberated that fair Look
Which from the *Virgins* entring face they took.

39.

The Walls impeopled were with all the stories
Of those whom *Chastity* had cloth'd in *White*,
From antient *Abels* most unspotted Glories,
Unto the latest Beames of *Virgin-light*:
That *Abel*, who first to his *Lillies* tied
Martyrdomes *Roses*, in whose Bed he died.

40.

But at the upper end a Table hung
All of one sparkling Diamond, faire and high,
Whose brighter lines can by no *Angells* tongue
Be fully read. It was the History
Of *Love* himself, grav'd by art so divine
That every Word the Table did out-shine.

41.

Long look'd shee on this pourtract, and forgot
By looking long, almost for what shee came:
The Sight so stole her eys that shee had not
Her wonted power to be Queen of them.
At length shee calls them home, and bids withall
Her heart come back, which out with them had stole.

42.

Then, ô, cries shee, that this unworthy Hand
Could draw those lines of Bliss, of Life, of Love!
A thousand yeares I'd be content to stand
And practise heer, so I at length might prove
Artist enough to forme one Copy; which
With more than all Heav'n would the Earth inrich.

43.

But my *Almighty Lord and Sonne* who did
React his stories on this diamond sceen
By his owne finger, can be copied
Onely by it: Though He would make a *Queen*
Of worthlesse Me, yet He was pleased still
In his poor *Handmaid* some defect should dwell.

44.

This Word straight summoned into the Cheek
Of all the *Graces* which about her preet
An universall Blush, to see how meek
Their *Empresse* was: And give us leave at least
Say they, to copy this *Humility*
More due to Us, than unto royall Thee.

45.

But, turning to the next her studious eye,
And reading in that Table fairely drawn
The sweet Exploits of her *Virginitie*,
She blushed more than they, and of their owne
Blush made them all asham'd, to see how fast
It was out-blushed and out-grain'd by her.

46.

What help, cries she, for *He is Lord and King*,
What help if he be pleas'd to have it so!
If He my Memorie next his owne will bring,
And print it in a Book of Diamond too!
'Tis not the picture of what I did merit,
But what his love hath made me to inherit.

47.

With that the *Graces* all upon their knees
In a conſpiracy of reverend Love
Aſſault her thus: Seek no more ſtories; theſe
Of thine, the beſt imbroyderie will prove.
Degrade not what thy *Son* preferres, nor be
Becauſe he loves thee, thine owne Enemie.

48.

Nay gentle *Siſters*, ſweetly ſhe replies,
I, love my ſelfe too well to be ſo proud:
Let other Hands applaud my Victories,
But to mine own it muſt not be allow'd,
Were that my Work, this *Needle* at each letter
Would prick my Heart, becauſe I was no better.

49.

Loe in that Rubie Table there I ſee
A heav'nly Storie: well the *Man* I know,
A pretious Friend both to my *Lord* and Me
When We with Him were Sojourners below.
Pure was his Life, pure was his Office too,
Cleanſing the Way where *Pureneſſe* was to goe.

50.

Whil'ſt on the noble *Baptiſt* thus her Eye
And Praiſes dwelt: a *Grace* had fill'd in haſte
Her lappe with Lilies, and the mayden prize
Into a Chair of Alablaſter caſt.
The gentle *Virgin* ſmil'd at firſt to ſee't,
Then down ſhe ſate, and made her Cuſhion ſweet.

51.

Her diligent Maydens compaſſe Her about,
And with a Jewell each one ready ſtands.
To her pure Work ſhe falls; and as ſhe wrought
A ſweet Creation followed her Hands:
Upon her Knee apace the Table grew,
And every Figure to the Texture flew.

52.

As active *Fancy* in a Midnights Dream
With ſtrange extemporall dexterity
What Sceens, what Throngs, what Worlds ſhe liſts,
Making the moſt divided things agree, (doth frame,
And moſt united quatrell; though one Cell
Be all the room for this vaſt ſpectacle:

53.

So wrought the nimble Artiſt, and admired
Her ſelfe, to ſee the Work go on ſo faſt.
Sure the ambitious *Hiſtorie* deſired
To this its own new honour to make haſte,
And purchaſe to its ſingle Rubie Beams
The various Luſtres of ten thouſand gems.

54.

The forward *Figures* crowded cloſe, for all
Would needs come in, and rather choſe to be
Juſtled and throng'd, and nipp'd into a ſmall
(Yet a well ordered) Epitomie,
Than in that little Dwelling looſe their ſeat, (*great*
Where ſweet *Contraction* would make them *more*

55.

And now the *Girdle* proves a *Multitude*
Of ſundry things made friends and tied in one:
But eminent among the reſt is ſhew'd
The lovely Maſter of the buſineſſe *John*,
One-different John, who, as the *Work* doth riſe,
Lives, preaches, waſhes, ſuffers priſon, dies.

56.

Th' Imbroyderie finiſh'd thus: that with more ſpeed
She might preſent it to her mighty *Sonne*,
She gives command her Birds be harneſſed:
Quick as the Word her ready Maydens run,
And from the milkie ſhore of the next ſpring
Five Paire of her immortall *Pidgeons* bring.

57.

Her Coach was double gilt with that pure Light
Whoſe groſſer part fills *Phebus*'s face with glory:
Not glaring like his Eyes, but *Milde* and *White*,
Shining much like its *Owners Virgin-ſtorie*.
Her Courſers take their place, and ſhe the Reins
Almoſt as ſoft's the Hand which them contains.

58.

As through the whirling Orbs ſhe faſter flies,
The new Imbroyderie to the *Starrs* ſhe ſhows:
They twinckled all, aſham'd of their own Eyes;
So was the ſplendid *Zodiak* which throws
His ſpangled Girdle round about the Sphears
To keep in order and gird up the years.

59.

Orions Bluſh confeſs'd how much this ſight
Outvied all the glories hee could ſhow:
His yeilding Count'nance fell, and to the bright
Triumphant Apparition did bow;
Three times hee tri'd, and faine hee would have ſtaid
How to unbuckle his out-ſhined *Belt*.

60.

But comming to the Soveraign Palace, ſhe
Haſts in to her expecting *Lord* and layes
Her Face, and *Work* upon his Footſtool; He
Her dainty pains with high Approoſe repayes;
Yet, On this Ground had thine own Storie grown,
The *Girdle* would, ſaid hee, have fairer ſhown.

With

61.

With that, unto his *Cabinet* hee goes,
Where Spirits of pureſt Gemms extracted lie:
Out of which *Heart of Richneſſe* hee did chooſe
The ſofteſt *Dropps*, and in one *Jewell* tie
Such Rarities as my Tongue cannot tell:
But thy dear Soul their raviſhments ſhall feel.

62.

For to the *Girdle* having linked it,
He deign'd to grace Me who ſtood wondering by;
Take this, ſaid he, and ſee how it will fit
Thy *Pſyche*, but more mine: Be ſure to tie
It cloſe and ſtraight, that by this *Token* ſhe
May underſtand how *neer* ſhe is to Me.

63.

The ſecond Houre's ſcarce entring ſince I took
It, and my leave: and heer the *Preſent* is.
Come wipe thine Eyes, a purified Look
Is but a due Debt where the ſight is *Bliſſe*.
Heer *Phylax* op'd the *Girdle*, whence ſuch beams
Broke looſe, as drowned *Pſyche* in their ſtreams.

64.

For as the rurall *Swain*, whoſe courſer Eyes
Ne'r ſtar'd on other beauteous things than what
Begay the ſimple Fields: when firſt hee ſpies
A Princes Wardrobe open, ſtraight is ſhot
Quite through with *Wonder*, and in fear doth deem
The light is too too glorious for Him:

65.

So mortall *Pſyche* was at firſt diſmayd
At the immortall Spectacle: When hee
Cries out, What Error makes thee thus afraid:
This *Zon*'s not torrid, though it flaming be;
Nor ſent thy *Spouſe* this *Token* to deſtroy
Thine Eyes, but diet them with ſparkling Joy.

66.

See'ſt thou that *Building* there, which lifteth high
Its ſhining Head, and ſcorns to pay the Sun
Homage for any beams, (for ſanctity
Glitters about it, and 'twixt every ſtone
Lies thicker than the Cement,) know that this
Illuſtrious Pile, the *Jewiſh Temple is*.

67.

Many long years had run their Round, and ſpent
Their own upon Heav'ns laſting Orbs, before
This Fabrick firſt grew to its Complement:
But here a moment raiſd it, and to more
Magnificence than it at firſt could ſhew;
Such potent Art from *Maries* fingers flew.

68.

That reverend *Senior* whoſe high-mitered Head
Points out his princely Office, is the *Prieſt*.
You in his awfull Countenance might have read
What his Attire proclaims? Were he undreſt,
He ſtill with Virtues would arrayed be,
Who now clothes *holy Robes* with *Sanctity*.

69.

His left Hand on his *Sealed Mouth* he lays,
Back to the Altar hee his right doth ſtretch:
His Eyes are full of talke, and trie alwayes
How they without a Tongue his Minde may preach.
At length that Throng of People there began
To gueſſe the *Senſe*, and what befell the *Man*.

70.

Whil'ſt hee did on the Incenſe Altar place
Its aromatick Fuell, and ſupply
What Heat or ſweetneſſe there deficient was
By many a fervent Vow, and pretious Sigh:
His Clowd flew higheſt, for the Incenſe ſmoke
Soon fainted, but his ſighs through all Heav'n broke.

71.

And being there, upon their odorous Back
An *Angell* gets: whence poſting down to Earth
Unto the Temple hee his way doth take:
Where ſtanding by the Altar, hee breaths forth
A ſweet repayment unto *Zachary*
Of what his Soul had panted out ſo high.

72.

Behold, ſayes he, thy *Vows* and *Prayers* are
Come back to fill thy boſome with *Succeſſe*:
I am no *Meſſenger*, great *Saint*, of Fear,
Truſt Me, and truſt thy priviledged Bliſſe:
Thine Heart ſo fruitfull in ſublime Affection
Hath for thy Body earn'd an high *production*.

73.

Thy dear *Eliza*, whom thy Piety
As neer in Virtue as in Wedlock ties,
Shall have a ſon in whom thine Eyes ſhall ſee
The fruit of both thoſe Knots; whom Heav'n doth
So high, that I aforehand muſt with thee (prize
Bargain about his Name, *John* it muſt be.

74.

A Son of Smiles and Gladneſſe hee ſhall prove,
And make thine aged Heart young with Delight.
The Morning he is born, ſhall *Joy* and *Love*
Together ſpring, and take their bleſſed flight
To thouſand Soules, where they ſhall ſit and tell
What Hopes, what Wonders in thy *John* do dwell.

Never

75.

Never did friendly Starrs conſpire to frame
So Fortunate a Birth for Nobleſt Kings:
In *Gods* own Eye, wherein the World doth ſeem
Leſſe than theſe Atoms on the Airs light wings,
Great ſhall thy Sonne appear: Let Doubting go,
Immenſitie reſolves to make him ſo.

76.

For whil'ſt hee neſtls in the narrow Cell
Of thine *Eliza*'s Womb, the *Spirit of Heav'n*
(O how much vaſter than all it!) ſhall fill
His breeding Heart: which, when it once is thriven
Unto a pitch mature, ſhall nobly prove
To *Earth*, how it by *Heav'n* alone doth move.

77.

No boiſt'rous roaring Wine, or rampant Drink
Shall his ſweet Lipp defloure: His cup muſt be
Fill'd at ſome Virgin-Fountains Chryſtall brink,
And teach his Palate too *Virginitie*:
For in his ſacred Veins no fire muſt flow
But what *Heav'ns Spirit* pleaſeth there to blow.

78.

And with that fire He *Iſrael* muſt refine,
Iſrael o'r-grown with ruſt and filth; that ſo
He may make clean the Way where his divine
Redeemer means cloſe after Him to go.
For braver Flames ne'r warm'd *Elia*'s breaſt
Than in thy *Sons* ſhall make their gallant Neſt.

79.

Alas, the *Prieſt* replies, decayed I
Want Blood enough to paint a Bluſh at this
Too worthy News: Can fifty Summers fly
Back, and with Youth my withered Spirits bleſſe!
Froſt in my Veins, and Snow upon my Head
Bid me already write *More than halfe dead.*

80.

Nor in *Eliza* doth leſs *deadneſſe Live*:
How then in two ſuch *Winters* can there grow
A *Spring* whoſe ſudden Vigorouſneſſe may give
New Lives to Us, and make them over-flow
Into a third? Sweet Angell thy ſtrange Word
May well ſome ſign unto my Faith afford.

81.

Sure then thou know'ſt me not, the *Angell* cries:
For had'ſt thou known that *Gabriel* I am,
Who in the Preſence-Chamber of the skies
Give high attendance to *God* and the *Lamb*,
Thou might'ſt have well preſum'd no fraud could come
From pureſt *Veritie*s eternall Home.

82.

Yet ſhalt thou have a ſign, and I will faſt
Seal't on thy faithleſſe Tongue which asked it.
Henceforth thou ſhalt be *Mute*; untill thou haſt
Seen what thou would'ſt not credit: Then I'le let
Thy Tongue be looſe again, that it may ſing
A *Benedictus* to thy gratious King.

83.

The *Angells Word* full in the *Prieſts* face flew,
And faſtned *myſtick Chains* upon his *Tongue*.
He ſoon perceiv'd how ſtrong it was and true:
And with his Eyes and Heart fore-ſtall'd his *Song*.
He thinks and Looks his earneſt Hymn, and pays
For his kinde Cenſure correſpondent Praiſe.

84.

This put Him in that poſture there. But now
Behold that ſober Matron in whoſe Eye
Sage *Chaſtitie* her reverend looks doth ſhow.
Loe how the *Promiſe* in her Womb grows *high*,
And by its *Silent ſwelling* doth confeſſe
The ſame her Husbands *manneſſe* doth expreſſe.

85.

Obſerve that gentle *Stranger* hither come
To ſee her pregnant *Coſen*: Her array
Is plain and poor; her Looks ſtill ſeem at Home
Though ſhe be ſtepp'd abroad, ſo cloſely they
Are throwded in this Veil; and Modeſt ſhe
Ev'n in this *Girdle* would not veiwed be.

86.

'Tis ſhe whoſe Handy-work the *Girdle* is,
And who upon her ſelf leaſt coſt beſtows,
Whoſe ſweet Salute, with raviſhment did ſeize
Eliza's Heart. See how her Arms ſhe throws
In wide amazement; See how fain would thoſe
Perls which have ope'd her mouth, her words diſcloſe.

87.

All Glories which our *Female Tribe* have crownd
Cri'd ſhe, ſhrink in their da'zled Eyes to ſee
Thoſe brighter Bleſſings which in thee abound
Thou Wonder of *pregnant Virginity*:
All happineſſe dwells in thy *God*, yet He
Hath now his Manſion taken up in thee.

88.

For when thy *Salutation* through mine Eare
Stroke Heav'n into my Heart: the *Childe* which lay
Liſtning within me, prov'd that He did hear
And ken the Language too; nor would he ſtay
To act his triumph in ſome larger room,
But For his dancing houſe leap'd in my Womb.

He

89.

He by thy sound knew what within thee was,
And understanding that his *Lord* was near,
Thought it high time to be at work, and as
He might, begin his active office heer:
A true *Fore-runner*, who doth leap unborn;
Unto his *Lords strange Day, a wonderous Morn.*

90.

But mark that Knot of *buisie Jewells* there;
Whose cheerly Looks doe some good News proclaim:
The *Infant's* born, and those his Kinsfolks are,
At's Circumcision. But about his *Name*
A kinde dispute arose what it should be:
All these will have it none but *Zachary.*

91.

His holy *Fathers Name* will sit most fair
Upon the *Son*, say they, who now doth rise
The long expected and miraculous Heir,
From whom may flow a Brood of *Zacharies.*
Whence should a princely Eaglets title be
Drawn, but from his own noble Family.

92.

O no, the *Mother* cries, mis-call him not,
His *Name*, before himselfe, conceived was:
Surely wise *Heav'n* best understandeth what
Title will fit its Gifts: For mee, alas,
So much my Spouses Name I love, that none
I would preferre, But *Heav'n* hath chosen *John.*

93.

So hot the loving quarrell grew, that now
To *Zacharies* decision they runne.
See where he writes: that golden leaf doth show
The Oracles Resolve, *His Name is John.*
In what faire equipage those Letters stand!
For *Maries* fingers here did guide his hand.

94.

No sooner had his Pen dropp'd that sweet *Name*
But his long-froazen Tongue again was thawn:
For *Gabriel* (though undiscerned) came
And loos'd the chain which hee on it had thrown.
The Pris'ner glad of this Release, does dance,
And with inspired Lays his Joyes advance.

95.

Behold his Friends in that admiring Throng,
Whose Eyes and Hands *Amazement* lifts so high,
To see at length his dead and buried Tongue
Revive, and yeild a vocall Progenie
Of holy Praise: thus strangely answering
That Birth which did from his drie Body spring.

96.

That fethered, and parti-coloured Thing
Who at her big-swolln Mouth a Trump doth hold,
And hastens hence with ready stretched Wing,
Is noble *Fame*, which posteth to unfold
These Miracles in such commanding sound
As may both through all ears and hearts rebound.

97.

Look where she's perch'd now upon yonder Hill,
And from that lofcie Pulpit round about
Doth all the Quarters of *Judea* fill
With stranger News than thither e'r was brought.
Thus *John*, who came to be a *Voice*, speaks high
First in his *Fathers Tongue*, then in *Flames Crie.*

98.

But there the scene is chang'd, where *Désolation*
The sole Inhabitant is, except that one
Poor Ermite, who chose his tame Habitation
Amid'st its Wildnesse: that plain thing is *John.*
'Tis strange how *Mary* Jewells taught to seem
So vile a Garb, as she hath put on him.

99.

That Cincture stands but for a lethern Thong,
That Vestment for a Coat of Camells hair:
No other Wardrobe did to Him belong
But what upon his simple selfe he bare.
No other riches will I own, said hee,
But onely to be rich in Poverty.

100.

I'le rob no Ermyn of its dainty skin
To make mine own grow proud: No Cloth of gold
To me shall dangerous emulation win;
I live to live, I live not to be sold,
And therefore shall be fine enough if I
Be drest but in the robes of *Modesty.*

101.

Let scarlets Blush the guilty Court array,
Let wanton silke smile on the Gallants back;
Let linnen soft and pure as snow, go lay
Its own on those who *other Whitnesse* lack;
My Bravery must be, an *Eye* to please
Which sees no beauty in such things as these.

102.

Let gaudy *Fashion-mongers* every day
Mis-shape themselves, and vexe their giddy Brain
To see some novell Cut or Garb which they
Were never yet disfigured with: in vain
Striving to catch the *Fashion*, which is still
Like *Phebe's* face, but one day at the full.

103.

My Fashion constant as my Nature is,
Which taught me it: Nor is the Sun mid-way
His Race, e'r I have travell'd through my Dresse,
That East does ope mine Eyes, which opes the Day,
And I arrayed am as soon's the Sun
Who have none but my Bed-cloaths to put on.

104.

This hairie Covering is my onely Bed,
My shirt, my cloake, my gown, my every-thing.
When over it these severall Names I read,
His furniture I well can spare the King,
The tumult of whose store doth scarce supply
All things so fit as my Epitomy.

105.

See'st thou that bubling Chrystall *Psyche*, there?
That spring's the living Cellar of the *Saint*,
Thence daily does he draw his Virgin-beer,
And makes his Blood with those coole streams acquaint.
Coole streames indeed, yet such as best agree
With the most fervent Flames of Piety.

106.

His common Diet those poor Locusts are;
And when hee feasts, his Mouth hee lifts but up
And straight those courteous Trees, to mend his Fare,
Sincerest Honey into it doe drop:
And dining thus, he holds not down his face,
Till hee to Heav'n has paid his sweeter Grace.

107.

Here *with himselfe He did converse*: a rare
And painfull thing when Men in Crowds doe dwell,
Where upon those who crowd them still they stare
Having no space to see themselves, untill,
Well skill'd in all their Neighbour-company,
But unacquainted with themselves, they die.

108.

The rest of his Acquaintance all were high,
Beyond his Eyes reach, but within his Hearts:
For with what speed the Lightning down doth flie
Through every stage of Heav'n this upward darts
Nor will its sprightfull journey bounded be
By any Rampart but *Immensitie*.

109.

At *God* it aims, nor ever failes to hit
Its blessed Marke, whither on *Prayers* Wings
Or *Contemplation's* it takes its flight:
And there with busie Angels rank'd, it sings,
Admires, adores, and studies to forget
There is a *Breast* below which look's for it.

110.

How often has his fainting *Body* made
Complaint of his injurious *Piety*!
How often has it cri'd, I am betrayd,
My life and spirits all away do flie,
And smile in Heav'n, whilst I below am left
To live this Death, of death and life bereft.

111.

That Cave his Palace was, both safe and strong
Because not kept by jealous Door nor Barr:
Those Groves his Gardens, where hee walk'd among
The *Family of Dread*, yet knew no feare.
Fear's proper Region and Dominion is
A guilty Breast, more than a Wilderneſſe.

112.

Those Bears, those Boars, those Wolves, whose ireſull face
Strikes Terror into other Mortall Eyes,
With friendly Mildneſſe upon him did gaze,
As on old *Adam* in calme Paradise.
They slandered are with Salvageneſſe; No spleen
They owe to *Man*, but onely unto *Sinne*.

113.

So wilde, so black, and so mis-shap'd a Beast
Is *Sinne*, that other *Monsters* it doe hate
As a more monstrous thing then they, and cast
About how to revenge it: But the Gate
And Looks of *Purity* so reverend are,
That dreadfull Beasts wait upon it with feares.

114.

The beams of this Angelick Life at last
Broke out and summon'd in the Admiration
Of all the Countrey: *Man*, *that ruder Beast*,
Convinc'd by these Examples, learn'd their fashion.
Behold that thronging Rout which hither flies;
See how they stare, and scarce beleeve their Eyes.

115.

These Deserts nothing leſſe than such do seeme,
Being crowded from themselves, and now become
Judea's Towns, and fair *Jerusalem*
Which hither have remov'd their populous Home.
What now has *John* lost by his private Cell,
To which whole Towns and Cities flock to dwell?

116.

And having now so fair an Auditory,
The noble *Ermite* is resolv'd to Preach
Behold, sayes hee, the *Dawn* of that great *Glory*
Which to behold, the *Patriarks* did reach
Their Necks and Eyes through many a *shady thing*
In your Horizon, now begins to spring.

O

117.

O faile ye not to meet his spotlesse Beams
With undefiled Hearts, for such is He,
And will *Baptize* you with refined streams
Of searching Fire. Then first be Wash'd by Me;
My Water for His Fire will you prepare,
As must your Tears for this my Water here.

118.

Observ'st thou *Psyche*, how that silver stream
Its limpid selfe doth through the *Girdle* winde:
This *Jordan* is, looke how the People seem
At strife who first should enter in, to finde
A better *Baptism* in those floods, which may
Their fruitlesse *Legall Washings* wash away.

119.

But mark Who standeth there: how sweet his Eye,
How delicate and how divine his Face
Embellish'd with heart-conquering Majesty!
Wert thou to choose thy *Spouse*, would'st thou not
Thy soul on Him? 'Tis He: ô no, it is (place
As much of him as Jewells can expresse.

120.

To be Baptiz'd, but not made clean, comes He
Who is more spotlesse than that living Light
Which gilds the Crest of Heav'ns Sublimity:
He comes to be Baptized, and wash white
Baptism it selfe, that it henceforth from Him
And his pure Touch, with *Puritie* may swim.

121.

As when amongst a grosse ignoble Croud
Of Flints and Pebles, and such earth-bred Stones,
An heav'n-descended Diamond doth shroud
Its Lustres brave ejaculations,
Although it scapes the test of Vulgar Eyes,
Yet a wise Jeweller the Gem descries:

122.

So *John* his *Master* straight discovered;
And Heav'n forbid that worthless I, cries He,
Should wash a thing more bright then it, and shed
These lesse clean Waters upon mighty *Thee*.
Dear *Lord*, my great Pollutions bid Me fall
Prostrate, and unto thee for Baptism call.

123.

If I be *Lord* thy gentle *Spouse* replies,
Pay then thy Duty to my first Injunction,
It must be so. This Mandate did suffice
The *Saint*, and He submits to his high Function:
Cast but thine Eye a little up the stream,
Wading in Chrystall there thou seest them.

124.

Old *Jordan* smil'd receiving such high Pay
For those small Pains obedient hee had spent
Making his pliant Waves ope a drie Way
When numerous *Israel* into *Canaan* went.
Nor does he envy now *Pactolus*'s streams, (Gems.
Nor Eastern Floods, whose Paths are pav'd with

125.

The Waves came crowding one upon another
Unto their *Lord* their chaste Salute to give:
Each one did chide and justle back his Brother,
And with contentious foaming murmur strive
To kisse its *Maker*, and more spotless grow
Than from its Virgin spring it first did flow.

126.

But those most happy Drops the *Baptist* cast
Upon his *Saviours* head, return'd with Joy,
And to the Wealthy Ocean making haste,
Amaz'd the Treasures which there heaped lay.
The *Deeps* look'd up, and op'd their richest Breast
To make these Guests a correspondent Nest.

127.

See there thy *Spouse* is on the Bank, and more
Than Heav'n come down, and pitch'd upon his Head:
That snowie *Dove* which perched heretofore
High on the all-illustrious Throne of *God*,
Hath chose this seat, nor thinks it a Descent
Upon such tearms to leave the Firmament.

128.

And *Heav'n* well witness'd this strange truth, which at
That wonderous instant op'd its mouth, and cri'd,
This is my Darling *Son*, in whom are set
All my Joyes Jewells. O how farre and wide
That Voice did flie, on which each Wind caught hold
And round about the World the Wonder told.

129.

This businesse done, to Court the *Baptist* goes,
Where lusty *Sinnes*, as well as *Herod* reign:
Long Sanctity had made him fit with those
Proud Enemies a Combat to maintain.
He who does nothing but his Maker fear,
Against all Monsters may proclaim a War.

130.

Behold how Pomp besots great *Herod* there:
O what impostumes of fond Majesty
Pride puffs into his face! Dares there appeare
A Censor now a just Truth to apply
Home to the King, and tell him that his Eyes
Should rather swell with Tears, his Breast with sighs?

131.

Yes: there the Heav'n-embraved *Baptist* is,
Who feareth not, but pittieth to see
A Prince made subject to vile Wickedneſſe.
Great Sir, the *Match* unlawfull is, cries He:
O farre be it from Kings to break the Law
For whoſe Defence ſo ſtrong their Scepters grow.

132.

Since to thine own Commands juſt duty Thou
Expect'ſt from theſe thy ſubjects; Let thy Neck
Not ſcorn to thine own *Makers* yoak to bow.
The Precedent may dangerous prove, and wrack
Thy Throne and Kingdome, if thy People read
Such flat and high Rebellion in their Head.

133.

Thy Brothers Wife to Him as neer is ti'd,
As He himſelfe: O teare Him not in ſunder:
You murder Him alive if you divide
His Heart, all one with Hers: The worſt of Plunder
Is Mercy if compar'd with this, which doth
By tearing off one Halfe, unravell both.

134.

God, who has this Encloſure made, and Her
To *Philip* given, ſtill hath left to thee
And thy free choiſe, an open Champain, where
Millions of ſweet and Virgin Beauties be.
Adorn thy Bed with any one beſide,
Onely *thy Brothers muſt not be thy Bride.*

135.

Muſt not! th' *Adultereſſe* cri'd (for ſhe was by)
Whither is *Herod*, or that *Youngling* King!
And ſhall the Acts of awfull Majeſty
Be flouted by this upſtart pratling Thing?
O that my bodkin had his Tongue to bore!
I'd make it ſure for preaching me a Whore.

136.

Be thou content, my Dear, the *King* replies,
I will reveng thy Wrong, for 'tis mine own.
Rebellions fiery Boils may likelier riſe
From his envenomed Words, againſt my Crown,
Then from our ſpotleſſe *Match*; which Heav'n long
Hale him to priſon, he ſhall ſmart for this. (bleſſe!

137.

(Unhappy *Truth*, how comes vain *Flattery*
To be more gratious at Court then thou,
Who might'ſt ſecure and proſper Majeſty,
Whil'ſt that doth Lies, and Trapps, and Poyſons ſtrow!
Is it becauſe ſometimes thou rubb'ſt the ſore,
Or, that thou naked art, and meek, and Poor?)

138.

Deep in the Cities Bottome ſunk there was
A Goale where *Darkneſſe* dwelt, and *Deſolation*:
Through all the Towns proud Taunts enforc'd to paſſe
The *Saint* is thruſt into this Habitation:
Where ſtrait the noiſome Mire doth him begirt,
Much like a Gem, by Swine trode in the Dirt.

139.

Yet theſe dead Walls, with ſtones almoſt as hard
As that which for a Heart did ſerve the *King*,
Him onely in a ſtraiter *Deſert* barr'd,
For his high Contemplation ſtill did bring
Heav'ns latitude into thoſe ſtraits, and ſwell
With *Angells* and with *God*, that *leſſer Hell*.

140.

This is his noble Companie, and He
In his ſtrict Goale more freedome doth enjoy
Than fooliſh *Herod*, though his *Tetrarchie*
To all his looſe Deſires wide opes a Way.
Sin is the fouleſt Priſon, and in this
Not *John*, but *Herod* the *cloſe Priſ'ner* is.

141.

Yet *Herod* thinks not ſo: (what pitty 'tis
That *Thought* and *Fancy* thus the ſcale ſhould ſway,
And ponderous *Reaſons* ſober ſolidneſſe
Caſt as a light and frothie thing away!)
For rid of this ſame galling *Preacher*, He
Judges himſelfe and all his Pleaſures free.

142.

And in that freedom means to celebrate
That Day which Him releas'd from Mothers Womb;
To crown the Meeting with majeſtick State,
His gliſtering *Nobles* all to Court muſt come,
That Men might in the ſplendor of each Gueſt
Read his magnificence who makes the Feaſt.

143.

Luxurious choiſe of every kinde of Beaſt
Was hither brought: No Bird ſo dear and rare,
But it was fetched from its higheſt Neſt,
To build in ſome quaint Pie or Platter here.
To *Noahs* Ark ſcarce came a thicker Crowd
For life, then to be ſlain there hither flow'd.

144.

With Earth and Aire, the Sea muſt help to trimme
A more than Spring-tide ſuperfluity:
Large ſhoals of wanton Fiſhes here muſt ſwimme
In aromatick Ponds of Spicerie;
That *Herods* ominous *Birth-day* forth may bring
Death unto almoſt every kinde of Thing.

Ambition

145.

Ambition was the Steward of the Feast,
The Cook and Cater both, was *Luxurie*:
Luſt tempered the gallant Sauce, and dreſt
The choiſe inflaming Dainties of the Sea.
Loe there the King is with his Nobles ſet,
And all the crowded Table ſmokes with meat.

146.

Intemperance attended on the Bord,
And crown'd with ſparkling Wine the foaming Cup.
The *Kings Health* firſt went round, which every *Lord*
Drowning his own in it, haſts to drink up;
And prayes, He may behold as many years,
As Diſhes on the Bord, or in Heav'n Starrs.

147

The next's the *Queens*. But then Bowle after Bowle
They to their ſemall Idolls poured down,
So monſtrous were thoſe Draughts, that the *Wines*
Had now all *theirs* ſubdued, and was grown (*Soule*
King of them and their *Prince*: who, belching, cries,
Enough of this: Come now lets *feaſt our Eyes*.

148.

For hee the young *Herodias* had ſpi'd;
Whoſe face no ſooner dawned in the Hall,
But an enchanting meretricious Tide
Of *Sweets* and *Graces* overflow'd them all.
Her beauteous Looks and Dreſſe redoubled be,
Becauſe her fond Spectators *double ſee*.

149.

No *Syren* ever on the waterie Stage
Did act ſo *true a falſe* but lovely part
The gazeing careleſſe Sea-man to ingage
In the delicious ſhipwrack of his heart:
Nor e're was Sea ſo dangerous and deep
As in this *Damſells* treacherous Breaſt did ſleep.

150.

Behold *her* there: What ſtudied Neglect
Upon her ſhoulders pours her Treſſes down:
How is her Breaſt with Gems allurements deckt,
Yet winns more eyes and wiſhes by its own:
That ſpeaking Nakedneſſe, if ſelfe commends,
And luſtfull *Fancies* ſomething further ſends.

151.

The reſt of her Attire, ſo thin and light,
With gorgeous hypocriſie doth lay
More open what it would deny the ſight,
And whilſt it ſtopps, invites into, the way.
About ſhe ſwimms; and by a courtly Dance,
Her other beauties price ſhe doth enhance.

152.

All eyes and hearts tripp'd after Her, as ſhe
About the Hall her gracefull motions meaſures.
No nimble Turn could in the Galiard be
But *Herods* brains turn'd too: who by theſe pleaſures
Again grown *drunk*, unto his ſurfet doth
Give eaſe, by vomiting a full-mouth'd oath.

153.

By Heav'n, and my own Majeſty, he cries,
This Dance, ſweet Daughter muſt not want reward:
For never *Venus* traverſed the skies
With a more ſoule-commanding Galiard.
Let thy Demand be high; for though it be
Half of my throne, I hold it due to thee.

154.

But then the *Queen*, whoſe thirſt not all the Wine
At that great Feaſt could quench, unleſſe it were
Brew'd with the Blood of *John*, did ſoon incline
Her Daughter to requeſt this Boon for her.
I ne'r ſhall think, ſaid ſhe, that *Herod* is
Mine, or his Kingdoms Head, whilſt *John* wears his.

155.

Thou know'ſt my Wrongs, and with what pain I wear
The name of *Whore*, which He hath on me pinn'd:
Help then my righteous Vengance on, and tear
Away this Griefe which gnaws thy Mothers minde.
This was enough: backflies the *Damſell*, and
Thus ſweetens o'r her barbarous Demand.

156.

O may the King for ever live, and reign,
And bleſſed be this undeſerved Day
Wherein thine Handmaid doth ſuch favour gain,
That halfe thy Kingdom ſhall not ſay me nay;
For reall is thy royall Word: But why
Should a poor Maids ambition towre ſo high?

157.

Indeed that Promiſe did become the King,
That like thy ſelfe thy Bountie might appear.
But Heav'n forbid that I, ſo vile a thing,
Thy ſcepters Glories ſhould in ſunder tear,
And break mine Arm with halfe of that Command
Whoſe Totall is too little for thy Hand.

158.

A ſlender Gift more equall Pay will be
To my Deſert: Let me but have my Will
Over one wretched *Worm*, which gnaweth thee
And thy whole *Stock*: So let the King fulfill
His royall Word, by giving Me that *Head*
Whoſe Tongue deflour'd yours and my Mothers Bed.

159.

Alas, the King replies, what have I done!
O that my Kingdome might my Word recall!
How ſhall I help thee now, unhappy *John*,
Who in my *Promiſe* preach'd thy *Funerall*!
Thy careleſſe *Tongue* at firſt thee Priſ'ner made,
And my raſh *lipps* have thee to death betrayd.

160.

O that to day my *Lords* had not been here
The ſolemne Witneſſes of my great Vow!
Muſt *Death* intrude, and its ſad Warrant bear
Date upon this my joyous *Birth-day*! How
Shall I un-ſnarle my Promiſe, and contrive
That both mine *Honor* and the *Saint* may live!

161.

Both cannot live, I ſee; O that I were
Some *private Man*, that ſo I might be free
Of my repute! but *Princes Honors are*
The Peoples too, and by Community
I ſhould make all the *Body* perjured
If I my ſelfe prove ſo, who am their *Head*.

162.

And muſt *John* die? Bear witneſſe All how loth
This Word doth fall from my conſtrained Lip,
To recompence the too too haſty Oath
Which from *Imprudence*, not from *Me*, did ſlip.
Then take his *Head*: Yet never ſay that I
Iſſu'd this Warrant, but *Neceſſitie*.

163.

Thus ſtrove the Tyrant by a comely Lie
To veile the Viſage of his hideous Hate,
For fear the Damſell by his privity
Might ſeeme to have contriv'd the *Baptiſts* fate:
Whil'ſt dreading his unlawfull Vow to break,
Adultery He doth with *Murder* back.

164.

Was it not plain that his outragious Vow
Did proſtitute but *halfe his Realm*? and why
Muſt the blood thirſtie Hypocrite beſtow
More than the Whole? What Prodigalitie
Is this, mad *Herod*? For *Johns Head* alone
Is worth more than thy Kingdome, or thine own.

165.

Loe there the laſt Diſh of great *Herods* Feaſt,
The *Martyrs Head* in a faire Charger laid:
He ſmiles within, though clouds his face o'r-caſt,
And feeds his ſoul on it. But the proud *Maid*
Knowing her *Mother* by this Death would live,
In triumph takes the Diſh, and takes her leave.

166.

The *Royall Beldame* in ſuſpence did wait
To reape her ſpightfull Stratagems event.
But when ſhe ſaw the bloody Preſent, ſtraight
Grown young with Salvage Joy, hir high Content
She to her dancing Daughter does diſplay
In her own tripping and laſcivious way.

167.

Then much like ſome ſhe-Bear, whoſe long-wiſh'd Prey
Is ſtaln at laſt into her hungry Paws:
She tears the ſacred Lips, and rends a Way
Unto the reverend Tongue; which out ſhe draws,
And then with peeviſh Wounds and ſcornfull Jeſts
Her *Womaniſh Revenge* on it ſhe Feaſts.

168.

But mark that Convoy of illuſtrious Light
Which ſeems from this low World to make ſuch haſte:
The *better part of John* there takes its flight
Unto a greater *Kings* than *Herod's* Feaſt:
That *Goale*, his *Body*, and this *World*, were three
Priſons to Him, who now from all is free.

169.

The *Patriarks* and *Prophets* all gave way
When they this greater *Saint* approaching ſaw,
Who now his bleſſed *Harbour* doth enjoy
For thoſe fierce *Storms* he grappled with below;
And ſweetlier reſts in *Abrahams* boſome, then
In the adulterous *Kings* the luſtfull *Queen*.

170.

This is the *Story* which the *Virgin Mother*
Hath round about thy Girdle made to live.
But mark this well, my *Pſyche*, 'tis that other
Selected *Jewell* which thy *Spouſe* did give
To crown the reſt, and tie up all the ſtory
In one divine *Epitomie of glory*.

171.

Divided 'twixt amazement and delight,
The *Virgin* read the ſtrange Embroyderie:
But when on that laſt *Gem* ſhe fix'd her ſight,
Immortall Joyes ſo ſwell'd her ſoul, that ſhe
Runs over with delicious Teares, and cries,
Come *Phylax* come, *gird me with Paradiſe*.

172.

Content, ſaid He, but then be ſure to ſhrink
And hugg your ſelf alone within your ſelfe:
The *Girdle's* wonderous ſtrait, nor muſt you think
That any ſupernumerary Pelf
Can finde a room in this rich manſion, where
The outward Walls of ſolid Jewells are.

This

173.

This said: before her self was well aware,
He closely buckled it about her Heart.
Straight she complains: Oh, spare me *Phylax* spare
My squeased soul, least from her self she start.
O loose the Buckle! if the time be come
That I must die, at least afford me roome.

174.

Must I be girt to death, and not have space
To fetch one parting sigh before I die?
O me, whose sins have made my *Spouse* imbrace
Me with *imbroidered Tortures*, so that I
The riddle of unhappy Maids, must goe
In travell with more than a Mothers Woe.

175.

And so shee did indeede: Such matchlesse Throws
And Pangs did sting her in her straitned Heart;
Till at the length she bringeth forth, and shows
Her wondering selfe the reason of her smart,
Whil'st from her labouring Breast she pressed sees
A shapelesse Lump of foule Deformities.

176.

Imperfect Embryo's, unformed *Lust*,
Pin-fethered *Fancies*, and halfe-shap'd *Desires*,
Dim Dawns of *Fondnesse*, doubtfull seeds of *Rust*,
Glimmering Embers of corruptive Fires,
Scarce something, and yet *more than Nothing*, was
That mystick *Chaos*, that dead-living *Masse*.

177.

O how tormenting is the Parturition
Of tender souls, when they unload themselves
Of their blinde night-conceiv'd Bratts of perdition!
How doe the peevish and reluctant Elves
(Mad with their own birth,) viperously contend
The labouring bowells of the Heart to rend!

178.

This makes *Faint-hearted Mortalls* oft preferre
The *sad Reversion* of eternall Pain
Before this Conflicts Pangs: So they may hear
A quiet Truce with all their sinnes maintain,
They are content, though Hell must with their Grave
Set ope its Mouth, and Them as sure receive.

179.

Psyche deliver'd of that monstrous Birth
Now findes her *Girdle* fit and easie grown,
Affording roome for all the Train of *Mirth*,
With which her Bosome now was over-flown.
She view'd the *Newborn Thing*, and viewing smil'd
Not out of love, but hate unto the *Childe*.

180.

As one from blinde *Cimmeria* newly come,
Beyond his own ambition, into
Arabia's blessed Fields, and finding room
Both for his eyes and joyes, doth wondering goe
Over those spicely Paths, and thinks that hee
Doth now no lesse begin to *live*, then *see*.

181.

So overjoyed she admired now
The glorious Day new risen in her Breast,
Where carnall Clowds before would not allow
A constant beam to dwell; but over-cast
Her so, that labouring she had much adoe
To spie her Heav'n, and see which way to goe.

182.

For now her soul was clearer than the face
Of faire *Aurora* wash'd in Eastern streams:
Unspotted Thoughts flock'd in to take their place
In her pure Heart, which now a Garden seemes
Of Lilies planted on warm Bedds of Snow, (blow,
Through which *Gods Spirit* doth gales of Odours

183.

All *Sublunary Sweets* she has forgot,
Nor thinks this *bitter World* can breed such things.
All *Beauties* to her Eye are but one *Blot*:
The Bees to her are nothing else but stings:
All *Loves* are *Hate*; all *Dalliance*, *Vexation*;
All *Blandishments*, but *Poyson in the Fashion*.

184.

For by this *Girdle* she his Pris'ner is
In whose alone she reads the Name of *Love*;
And in the Languishments of softest Blisse,
By dainty Torments doth her patience prove,
Crying at every sigh, O *Jesu* when
Shall I have liv'd this Death, and Life begin!

185.

What further businesse have I here below
With flesh and Blood, whose joyes I relish not!
Who is the Conquerour of my Heart, but thou?
And since thy love this Victory hath got,
Why must thy Captive not permitted be
To wait on thy triumphant Coach, and thee?

186.

Though for thy *Royall Scorn* I fitting be,
Yet why wilt thou thine own Choise disallow?
If I had still neglected been by thee,
This Body had not seem'd my Dungeon now:
But why's this taste of Heav'n unto me deign'd,
If still to this dull Earth I must be chain'd?

187.

O that some courteous *Dove* to me would lend
Its fethered oars, that I my soul might row
Unto the *Port of my Desires*, and blend
It with the *Tide of Blisse* which there doth flow!
I never thought that Earth so low did lie,
Or that the Heav'ns till now were halfe so high.

188.

O why art thou so lovely, if poore I
Must still live Exile from thy dearest sight!
This *Token, Jesu*, makes me lowder crie
For thee thy selfe, who art more sweet and bright:
O what will thy *Supreams Imbraces* be,
If this *small Cincture* thus has ravish'd me.

189.

I yeild, I yeild, great *Lord*: Why must thy Dart
Be alwayes killing Me, yet never slay
My ever-dying still-surviving Heart!
Why must thy Flames which on my Bosome prey,
Still burn, but not consume; O why must I
Too, be no *Mortall* here, but with them vie?

190.

O *Absence*, never was there *Present Hell*
So true as thou unto its dismall Name!
O cruell *Hope*, which onely do'st reveal
A tempting glimpse of light, but hid'st the Fame;
That so the sweedy-mocked Eye may be
Assur'd by that short sight, she does not see.

191.

Intolerable Joys why smart you so,
Pricking on my impatient Desires!
O *Sighs*, what means your Breath my Flames to blow!
O *Tears*, why must your Waters quench my Fires!
Dear *Girdle* help Me: If thou should'st be slack,
Soon would my over-burdned Heart-strings crack.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO IV.

The Rebellion.

ARGUMENT.

GAll'd with severe Devotions constant Yoak
The Senses, *and the* Passions *rebell:*
Having the Spirit of Pride *for Generall took,*
By fair-tongu'd Treason they with Psyche *deal.*
Reason's *surpris'd and into Prison thrown.*
The Will *revolts, and* Psyche's *left alone.*

1.

PRosperity, how false art thou unto
Thy blessed Name, who with a comely Cheat
Unwary Hearts so potently do'st wooe
That thine all-rotten Bottome they forget,
And thinke thy Foot sure on a Rock doth stand,
Whil'st thy Foundation is the fruitlesse sand.

2.

The Day which smil'd so briskly in the Morn
And left no frown in all the face of Heav'n,
E'r night hath oft been made the Prey and Scorn
Of swarthy Clouds, so furiously driven,
That *Phebus*'s stoutest help was all in vain
When he the gaudie skie strove to maintain.

3.

The Sea, in looks demure, and pleasant dress,
Hath often bid the Mariner been bold:
When straight an unsuspected storm doth press
Through the lamenting Aire, till having roll'd
Into a foaming Mount the monstrous Deep,
In brine it buries the presumptious ship.

4.

Eternall *Change* doth wheel all Heav'n about:
What Patent then can seal Security
To things below? How doth proud *Fortune* flout
The gayest Confidence which foolish We
Are not afraid to build: but vainly trust
Our Hopes are firm, whil'st we our selves are Dust.

5.

Weak Duſt, on which the leaſt Winde domineers
Which through this Clime of mortall Life doth blow:
A life, which if not fortifi'd by Fears
And wiſe ſuſpitions, to all ſtorms doth bowe:
A life ſo treacherous in its friendlieſt Hue,
That Saints themſelves have found its falſeneſſe true.

6.

Whil'ſt *Pſyche* feaſteth her luxuriant Heart
With amorous Tortures, and does day by day
Riot and ſurfet in delicious ſmart,
Which reliſh ſweeter to her ſoule than they,
Who both their late and early ſtudies ſpent
To cherriſh Her with Naturall Content.

7.

A knot of Friends with Her together born,
And under one ſoft Roof of the ſame skin
Tenderly nouriſh'd, ſtomack'd much the ſcorn
She heap'd on them, who thought their onely ſin
Was too much love to her; a Crime which might
More pardon challenge than Revenge invite.

8.

'Tis true, ſaid they, that we her ſervants be:
And yet as truely are her ſiſters too:
Had our originall Seniorite
Its native priviledge, We all ſhould go
Before, and ſhe the Youngling, come behinde:
Sure ſhe ſhould not have found Us ſo unkinde.

9.

But now ſh' has chanc'd to get the upper Hand,
She makes Us feele it in her Tyrannie.
So Upſtarts uſe to doe where they command,
Being to weak to weild their Royaltie.
Like paltrie Currents, which ſwoll'n high, do poure
More Rage than ſober ſtreams about the ſhore.

10.

We muſt not eat, nor drink, nor ſleep, nor play,
But when ſhe liſts: and ô how ſeldom's that!
Great buſ'neſſe ſhe pretends both night and day,
Imploy'd about nor We nor She knows what.
It tickles Her, but hard on Us doth grate,
She calls it *Love*, but wee all finde it *Hate*.

11.

Yet be it what it will, what's that to Us
Who are not bound Her humors to fulfill
With our own Ruine? Since Her ſtomack thus
Is wild and rampant, why ſhould wee ſit ſtill
With deſperate Patience, till wee be undone?
What need wee fear Her? We are *Five* to *One*.

12.

As when th' impriſon'd Fire in earth below
Vex'd with thoſe ſtraits, begins to move and ſwell,
Its dungeon firſt it ſhakes, then forth doth blow
Its full-mouth'd indignation, and fill
The World with Tumult, tearing down the Trees,
Diſmounting Mountains, plowing up the Seas:

13.

So did their ſullen murmur gather ſtrength
Still day by day, by mutinous degrees,
Boyling to ſuch impatience, that at length
By flat Rebellion they reſolve to eaſe
Their over-charged ſtomacks; and one day
All met at Councell, thus their Griefs diſplay:

14.

'Twas in an upper Chamber, dark and cloſe,
Arch'd with thin Ivorie: For their common ſeat
A white and ſoft and living Couch they choſe,
And there the * *Maſter of the Houſe* intreat * *The Common*
To hear their publike Caſe. Content, ſaid he, (*Senſe.*
'Tis juſt I to my Friends ſhould friendly be.

15.

The large Supplies of all my ſtore I owe
To your unwearied Care and Pains, which bring
Plenty of all Varieties that grow
In Heav'n, or Earth, or Sea: the welthieſt King
Could not out-vie that furniture which You
To crown my Table daily did allow.

16.

But now, alas, I ſee my Tribut's thin:
Some Lazie ſullen melancholick things
Doe now and then come hither ſneaking in;
But all your briſk and cheerly Offerings
Are intercepted; and 'tis well that you
Begin, elſe I had been the Plantiff now.

17.

They all were glad to hear their *Cenſor* ſpeak
In their own diſcontented Dialect:
But ſtraight their fond Ambitions did awake
A ſtrife who ſhould begin: In high neglect
Of all her Siſters, * *Opſis* knits her brows * *The Senſe*
And darts of indignation on them throws. (*of Seeing.*

18.

Who is your Queen but I, who ſit, ſaid ſhe,
Exalted high upon my double Throne,
Whilſt all your Motions regulated be
By my Imperiall Direction:
Blinde Fools, what could you do, wer't not for Me,
In ſetting on our brave Conſpiracie?

That

19.

That proud Word from her Mouth no sooner flew,
But * *Osphresis* in scorn did snuff it up: * *Of Smelling.*
Inraged † *Geusis* bit her lips, which grew † *Of Tasting*
So big with boiling wrath, she scarce could stop
Her Tongue from railing Vengance: * *Acoe* * *Of*
Prick'd up her ears, and look'd as big as she. (*Hearing.*

20.

But irefull † *Haphe* less could rule her pride, † *Of Touching*
Imperious Dame, cri'd she, how darest thou
Who in two little tender Cells are ti'd,
Such saucie scorn on all thy Sisters throw?
Dost thou not plainly see my Empire spred
Through all the Body, ev'n from Foot to Head?

21.

Doe I not domineer in and about
Thy totall selfe? would not this single Naile
Sufficient be to tear your Queenship out
From both your Thrones? Alas, should I assaile
Thee with two wretched Motes, they would suffice
To damp that Day in which thou prid'st thine Eyes.

22.

Thus is Rebellion alwaies Quarrelsome
Ev'n with it selfe. Had not their Judge made haste
To stifle their Contention in the womb,
Flat Warre had been brought forth: But in hee cast
His peremptory Sentence: Hold, said He,
I in my House must have you all agree.

23.

This is the Main, how small so e'r it seems,
Whether all your severall winding Courses tend:
Here doe you poure in your concurrent streams,
And in this *Sea of Sense* your Rivers blend:
A Sea where never storm arose as yet,
Farre be it then, I now should suffer it.

24.

I love you All, and if it could but be,
Would wish that every One might be supream:
'Tis true what noble *Haphe* sayes, and she
Most like my selfe doth Universall seem:
Yet she is of a courser mixture, and
As well as highest, does the lowest stand.

25.

But gallant *Opsis* sprightfull is, and bright,
The glass or Heav'n above, and Heav'n below.
Her seat's compleatly highest, and the Right
Of her Precedency her Beams do show.
She's all your Candle, and before must goe:
Ev'n your own Interest requires it so.

26.

Condemned *Haphe* to this Sentence paid
Scornfull obedience, vowing not to speak
At all, or be the last. But straight array'd
In joyous Aspect, *Opsis* did awak
Her richest sweets, to let her sisters see
What cause she had to scorn their Poverty.

27.

Yet what means Joy to smile in these mine Eyes
Said she, so long as *Psyche* Domineers
And makes them worse than Blinde? Could it suffice
Her now and then to set abroach my Teares,
'Twere tolerable: but alas poor I
Must in my sorrows alway steeping lie.

28.

The Ocean with lesse Constancie doth throw
Its Tide of Salt upon the troubled shore,
Than from my Springs the streames are forc'd to flow?
And down my scalded Cheeks their Billows poure.
O why must here be everlasting Brine,
Whil'st all Tides else doe know an Ebb but mine!

29.

Yet were these Floods found needfull to make clean
Mine Eyes and mee, I would not think them dear:
But what Crime stains Us? Is't that we have seene
All Beauties round about the Hemispheer?
What were We made for else? Alas that we
For our Creations End must guilty be.

30.

More justly *Psyche* Articles might draw
Against that *God* on whom she fawneth so.
Is't not by His irrefragable Law,
That through all *Visibility* wee goe?
Bold Hypocrite who her own faults doth thus
Reveng upon her *God* by torturing Us.

31.

Are not the Eyes those universall Glasses
In which the World doth fairly copied lie?
Man for a Microcosme by favour passes,
But in a blinde and duskie Mystery:
I am the onely faithfull Mirrour, where
All things in their true colours painted are.

32.

Nay *Psyche* too, although her mixture be
Pure and spirituall, knows not how to hide
Her subtile self from my Discovery:
She by these Windows eas'ly is descri'd,
Whether she wakes or sleeps, or rests or moves,
Whether she sighs or smiles, or hates or loves.

33.

Sure would proud ſhe deign to obſerve how I
Am fram'd and ſeated, ſhe could not deſpiſe
The manifeſt and ſecret Majeſty
Which doth both compaſſe, and compoſe mine Eyes.
But ſhe is angry, and doth plainly prove
That *Hate* is alſo blind, as well as *Love*.

34.

Were it not ſo, ſhe might diſcern this Brow,
The princely Arch which roofs my Habitation:
In which as reſolute *Diſdain* doth grow
As ſhe can dart at it: This is the faſhion
Of the fair world above, whoſe radiant Eye
The upper Orbs have arch'd with Majeſty.

35.

Thoſe double Doors, whoſe hinges are my Will,
Both ſhut and open without pain and noiſe:
Elſe could they not catch tender *Sleep*, which ſtill
Is coy and ſhie, and flies from every Voice.
Theſe are my Eaſt and Weſt; My Day by theſe
Doth riſe and ſet, as often as I pleaſe.

36.

At either Gate a double Guard of Pikes
With preſt attendance ſtands both night and day,
Which gives admiſſion unto thoſe it likes,
But to injurious Gueſts ſhuts up the way.
Right truſty *Hairs*; whoſe faithfull Fear, to Me
Breeds no Diſhonour, but Security.

37.

Full is my Houſe of nimble Servants, who
Their diligent ſelves in all my Buſineſſe ſtretch,
Which way ſoever I deſire to goe
With ſweet activity they thither reach.
No Princes ſteeds with greater ſpeed or eaſe
Devoure their way, than I am roll'd by theſe.

38.

Six pretious Curtains cloſe imbrace my Bed
Where I in dainty ſtate inſhrined lie:
The *Adnate Tunicle* is outmoſt ſpred
Which doth protection to the reſt ſupply,
And in her boſome ſhrowd both them and mee
From *haſty Motions* importunity.

39.

The next, a *Corneous Veil*, both firm and bright;
My naturall Lanthorne, whoſe diaphanous ſide
As it tranſmits, ſo it preſerves the Light
By which the Body and my ſelfe I guide.
No Time can ſpend this Lamp, no boiſtrous ſtorm
Can puff it out, or breath it any harm.

40.

The third of *Grapes*, ſoft poliſh'd Coat is made,
Yet with a gentle Roughneſſe lin'd within,
Through which all kindes and tribes of Colours trade
And traffick with the inner *Chryſtalline*:
The doubtfull skin of *Polypus* did ne'r
Slide through ſuch various Looks as ſport it here.

41.

This opes a Caſement to the *Pupil*, which
My gaudy *Iris* round about doth dreſſe
With perfect beauties, ſhaming all thoſe rich
Streaks of the Heav'n above, which can expreſſe
Onely the ſemi-glories of a Bow,
Mine doth a faire and totall Circle ſhow.

42.

The fourth's that tender *Membran* which doth kiſſe
And hugg the tenderer Pupil: when the Light
Looks with full court'ſie on the Eye, then this
Opes wide to meet and drink it in: when Night
Doth draw her ſable Curtains over Heav'n,
This doth the Pupill ſhrink into its Ev'n.

43.

The fift of *Chryſtall* is, ſoft, warm, and thin,
Found no where but in my rich Treaſury;
This is that nobleſt Glaſſe of Life, wherein
Things living live again, and things which lie
Dead every where beſide, enlivened be,
And trip about with brisk activity.

44.

The ſixt's a Texture of ſo fine a threed
That neat *Arachne* did the Spinſter ſeem,
Whoſe matchleſſe Artifice ſo clear is read
In every Line, that thence it takes its name:
We call't *Aranea*, a Net whereby
I catch the pureſt-wing'd Beams that flie.

45.

Beſides, ſuch pretious Humors I contain
As mee adorn with richer puritie,
Than does the boundleſſe jewell-paved Main
Its Empreſſe *Thetis*: She in all her Sea
Is but of one ſalt-roy'led liquor Queen,
But I of three, all thrice-refin'd and clean.

46.

That which does outmoſt ſmile, is *Waterie*,
The ſpotleſſe Cover of a purer thing,
For under it doth liquid *Chryſtall* lie
Couch'd on a Bed almoſt as raviſhing
As its illuſtrious Selfe, a molten Bed
Of gentle *Glaſſe*, upon the bottome ſpred.

And

47.

And in the Mirrour of this triple Spring
All sorts of sprightfull formes delight to play;
The mystick shapes of every kind of Thing
Close moulded in a soft and unseen Ray
On *Instant's* posting wings doe hither flie
And dive into these Deeps of Purity.

48.

Who knows not that great *Love* tak's from the Eye
His Ammunition, Quiver, Bow, and Darts,
And winns by that soft-fierce Artillery
His mighty Principalitie of Hearts!
Had He himselfe had Eys, what might He not
Have done who has such power by others got?

49.

These my domestike Beauties are. But see
My outward equal Store: With that she bid
Her Princely Traine march forth, When instantlie
A silver Globe roll'd in, embellished
With gilded starrs, which round about did turne,
And wheel from Ev'n through all the Night to Morn.

50.

This done: a dusky Veil she threw aside
And through a roseall East let ope the Day:
The Sun gat up, and as the Globe did glide,
Speeded into the West his Golden way:
Where red and hot with his long journey, He
Entred the coole Bath of th' *Atlantick* Sea.

51.

Then came the blustring *Winds*, & on their backs (Snow,
Brought labouring Clouds: some pour'd out Haile and
Some spit forth Lightning through a thundering Crack,
Some with more peacefull showres of Rain did flow,
Some dropp'd down monstrous Vermin, some a flood
Of not-desired Corn, some squeas'd out blood.

52.

But then the *Spring* came blooming in, array'd
With fragrant Green, whose sweet Embroidery
Were Budds of Virgin smiles, which there display'd
A sceen of living Joys, all echoed by
Ten thousand Birds which perch'd on every Tree
Tun'd their soft Pipes to *Natures* harmonie.

53.

Yet underneath, with higher gallantry,
The *Peacock* strutted, whose expanded Train
Enammelled with gorgeous Majesty
Did Heav'ns bright Modell represent again:
Yet that Bowles wincking Eyes could not express
So full a Proof of Heav'n, as flam'd in these.

54.

Summer came next with her own Riches crown'd,
A wreath of Flowers upon her goodly Head;
Full sheaves of golden store did her surround
And all her way with wholesome *Plenty* spread,
Where as she went, no Tree but reach'd his Arm
(For it was hot) to shade her Head from harm.

55.

Then follow'd *Autumn*, with her Bosome full
Of every Fruit which either tempts the Eye
Or charms the Taste: Here Wantonnesse might cull
And weary grow: Here wide-mouth'd *Luxury*
Might gormandize her fill, and with farre more
Ease her own Lust devour, than spend this store.

56.

At last came drooping *Winter* slowly on,
For Frost hung heavy on his heels; the *Year*
Look'd old and pale in him, and almost gone.
He quak'd and shiver'd through his triple Furr,
For still what way soever He did creep
He's to the knees in Snow at every step.

57.

For snow was all things now: and in this *White*,
The wanton *World* which all this while made sport
In *Autumns*, *Summers*, and in *Springs* delight,
Must (girded up by Ice) doe penance for't.
This cold chaste strait-lac'd Garb will best repell
The Faults which those hot Seasons taught to swell.

58.

This Pageant being past: up leap'd upon
The stage a City, whose high-lifted Head
Threatned the Clouds with interruption:
What Art was here to Riches married!
How thick the Marble Spires and Towers stood
Shading the Houses with a stoney Wood;

59.

But like an awfull Crown to all the rest
The Princes Palace mounted fair and high
Proclaimed by its double gilded Crest
Its own and its great Owners Majestie:
Yet was this outward Pomp but a course skin
To those rare Wonders which did shine within.

60.

Heere was the Jewell-house, where naked lay
Such store of Gemms as might enrich the Sea:
There in the Wardrobe, in well-wrought array
Their sparkling Bretheren were taught to be
The clothing of those Cloths Embroyderers had
To pride the backs of scornfull Courtship made.

61.

Here ſtood the Chequer, that great Temple where
The Worlds dear Idoll in huge heaps did lie:
There was a Store-houſe of the choiſe and rare
Productions found by *Opticks* Induſtry:
The ſchoole of Admiration, and the ſhop
Of Miracles in Glaſſes treaſured up.

62.

Heer Men and Beaſts and Birds were all of kin;
Being extracted from one common Womb,
Of the braye *Proconneſian* Marble Mine:
And where the Statuary wanted roome,
The Painters livelier Lies did wooe the Sight
To ſport in his leſſe cumberſome Delight.

63.

But in the Preſence-chambers Ocean mett
The Confluence of every royall thing:
A golden Throne on ſilver floore was ſett,
Which took new luſtre from the gorgeous King,
Who with his glittering Court ſurrounded was
As *Phebus* with the rays of his owne face.

64.

The Queen, both of his Kingdome and his Heart,
Beauties bright Triumph ſhow'd at his right Hand,
And did her ſweet exuberance impart
Unto that mayden Circle which did ſtand
To wait and gaze on her, whoſe goodly Face
Was Wonders fairer Heav'n, and Pleaſures Glaſſe.

65.

When *Opſis* by this pompous ſight had drawn
Admiring ſmiles from her Spectators: I
A thouſand ſuch, ſaid ſhe, could ſoone have ſhown,
Had I ripp'd up my totall Treaſurie.
And theſe thoſe Offrings are my ſcorned Eyes
To *Pſyche* gave, who them and me defies.

66.

Unto ſome blurred Prayer-book ſhe ties
My ſpotleſſe ſight with endleſſe ſlavery:
Or makes me ſtare ſo long upon the skies
That with dull ſeeing I forget to ſee.
She ſome pretence or other ſtill doth finde
In meere devotion to make me blinde

67.

The other Sunn when He has look'd his Day,
Can goe to bed and reſt himſelf in Night:
But I, forſooth, at Ev'n muſt goe to Pray,
And watch her Candle till the Morning light.
Some comfort 'twere if I might but obtaine
By all thoſe Prayers, reliefe for my owne pain.

68.

But ſince nor She, nor Heav'n will Pitty take,
What could oppreſſed, dying *Opſis* doe
But force her finall gaſping Sighs to break
Into theſe juſt Complaints, great Sir, to you?
To which may you be deaf, if I appeare
A Rebell ſtill, and not Defendant heer,

69.

She ending thus, impatient *Acoe*
Who thought her Sifters ſpeech was much to long,
Stepp'd back unto their common Treaſurie
Kep't by * *Anamneſis*, (where lay the Throng * The
Of all their wealth) and bad her ready make (Memory
Her richeſt Train, whil'ſt She its Prologe ſpake.

70.

Hear Me, ſaid She; and be this my reward
For hearing all things elſe: though many a Sound
Upon mine Eares hath moſt unkindly jarr'd
Yet courteous entertainment ſtill it found:
The like I crave; and doe not you repine,
The firſt was *Opſi's* place, the next is mine.

71.

My Houſe is ſecret; cautious winding ways
And privy Galleries lead into it:
By which abſtruſe ſtate I my fame doe raiſe
Higher than if my palace ope were ſet.
Thus Jewells dwell within the Cavitie
Of Mother-Perl, and thus dwells *Acoe*.

72.

The outward Room's oblique, that violent *Sounds*
May manners learn, and not ruſh in too faſt;
And narrow too, ſo to protect my Bounds
Which by no ſtealing Vermin muſt be paſs't
Yet if they venture, I have lime-twiggs there
To make them ſure, tenacious Wax and Haire.

73.

And at this Chambers end doth ſtand my Drumm
Made of a Parchment ſoft and thin and dry,
And ready corded. But the ſecond Room
Is of my active Tools the Treaſury:
My Hammers and my Anvils place is there,
By which I Forge all ſounds I pleaſe to hear.

74.

By them three little buſie Bones do lie,
Which when my Drumm is beat, articulate
Each breeding Noiſe and Voice which that way flie,
Juſt as the Teeth at prattling *Lingua's* Gate.
Indeed ſhe onely would be thought to make
The ſhapes of Words, but *Acoe* too can ſpeak.

Behinde

75.

Behind these two, a Third is built, whose frame
So busie is, and dubious, and full
Of Labyrinths, that thence it takes its Name:
Six Semicircles there hook in and pull
The *Sound* to every corner, that it may
Grow well acquainted e're it pass away.

76.

Next unto that, my most reserved Cell
Wreaths up its pliant selfe in privacy:
Have you not seen the Periwinkle shell
Roll'd up about it selfe? Such folds has my
Dark Closet: whence I by a private slit
To thee, grave *Censor*, all my News transmit.

77.

If *Psyche* would but well consider this,
Sure she would deign me some respect: Yet I
Want not an ample Troop of Witnesses
To prove my Worth. With that she turn'd her Eye,
When strait-way in a decent equipage
Her train *Anamnesis* brought on the stage.

78.

A sudden Grove sprung up, and every Tree
Impeopled was with Birds of softest throats;
With Boughs Quires multipli'd, and Melody
As various was, as were the singers Notes,
Till *Philomel's* diviner Anthems sound
The rest in a full sea of Musick drown'd.

79.

Beneath, a silver River stole, and by
Its gentle murmur did all Eares allure:
Amid'st whose streams, a swan, content to dy,
And at that price their further Joyes procure,
Tun'd her long Pipe to such an height, that she
Sung out her soule in her own Elegie.

80.

Then came two golden *Orators*, the One
From *Greece*, from *Rome* the other, to lament
Her dainty Death: *Demosthenes* began,
And rap'd the Hearers with such full content,
That had not *Tullie* stretch'd his Tongue that day,
With Rhetoricks honor *Greece* had gone away.

81.

But *Tubal* rushed in: and Room, said He,
For my prerogative who first did teach
Schollars both deaf and dumb, such Harmony
As overtopp'd short-winded Natures reach:
Rude things, the Hammer and the Anvil I
Learn'd how to Forge soul-charming Melody.

82.

Behinde Him flowed in delicious throngs
Of learned Instruments: the Harp, the Lute,
The Organ (moderator of all Songs)
The Violl, Cymball, Sackbut, Cornet, Flute,
The Harpsichon, Theorboe, and Bandore,
The gallant Trumpet, and a thousand more.

83.

As they at this mute show stood wondering;
In came a goodly Man with gracefull pace:
His Robe and Crown did plainly speak him King;
But his sweet Art betray'd what Prince he was.
Who snatching up the Harp, did it awake,
And made it for its silent Brethren speak.

84.

As to the Strings hee whisper'd with his Finger,
They all told tales, and with conspiring Noise
Professed freely, *This is Israels Singer.*
Discovered thus, He join'd with them his voice,
And as he sung, again the heav'nly Bowle
Which *Opsis* thither brought, began to roll.

85.

But he leap'd into it, and in the Sphears
Withdrew himselfe. When loe an angry Sea
Comes foaming in, and on its proud waves bears
In dreadfull triumph a wrack'd Man: but hee
Caught up the Harp; a slender Bark, indeed,
Could *Musicks* powers not the storm's exceed.

86.

No sooner borrow'd He the strings soft Crie,
But at the gentle Call a Dolphin came,
Which took him on his back and bore him high
Above the Wrath of the deluded stream.
Arion straight with all his fingers strove
To pay his fare and quit the Fishes love.

87.

The Waves grew calm and smiled in his face,
The cheerly *Nymphs* look'd up, and joy'd to hear
Such charming Accents in that churlish place
Where onely Tempests us'd to beat their Ear:
The *Windes* came stealing close about Him, and
Catch'd every Note that dropped from his Hand.

88.

The courteous Dolphin, who did all this while
Deeper in Pleasure swim than in the Sea,
And all the labour of his way beguile
By the Harp's sweet Discourse; was griev'd to see
The period of his journey now at hand,
And wish'd that hee might with *Arion* land.

But

89.

But on the ſhore a ſinging Troop appear'd,
Where *Pindar* firſt took up a Lute and plaid;
All Ears were raviſh't which his Numbers heard;
And had not *Flaccus*, though at firſt afraid,
Fir'd by a furious bravery ſtretch'd his skill,
Pindar had been ſole *Lord of Lyricks* ſtill.

90.

Above upon a Mountain *Homer* ſate,
And to a Trumpet tun'd his nobler Lays:
Which *Fame*, who thither flutter'd, having got,
Through all the wondering World ſhe them diſplaies;
Till princely *Maro* with an equall ſtrain
Embrav'd his voice, and echoed them again.

91.

Which at the ſecond Bound reflected be
By *Taſſo's Muſe*, but in an holier Tune:
The *Muſe* which taught her ſober *Tuſcanie*
The *Greek* and *Roman Poetry* to prune,
And reſcu'd *Godfree* from Oblivion,
As hee from Pagan Hands had *Salem* done.

92.

(Not farre from whom, though in a lower clime,
Yet with a goodly Train doth *Colin* ſweep:
Though manacled in thick and peeviſh Rhyme,
A decent pace his painfull Verſe doth keepe.
Well limn'd and featur'd is his myſtick *Queen*,
Yet, being mask'd, her beauties leſs are ſeen.)

93.

But ô, how low all theſe do bow before
Nazianzum's, and the Worlds immortall Glory,
Him, whoſe Heav'n-tuned ſoul did ſweetly ſoar
Unto the top of every ſtage and ſtory
Of Poetry; through which, as hee did paſs,
He all the *Muſes* made *Urania's*.

94.

And by this ſoul-attracting Pattern, *Thou*,
My onely worthy ſelf, thy Songs didſt frame:
Witneſſe thoſe poliſh'd *Temple-Steps*, which now
Whether thou wilt or no, this Truth proclaim,
And, ſpight of all thy Travels, make't appear
Th' art more in *England*, than when thou wert here.

95.

More unto Others; but not ſo to Me
Of old acquainted with thy ſecret worth:
What half-loſt I endure for want of Thee
The World will read in this miſ-ſhapen *Birth*:
Fair had my *Pſyche* been, had ſhe at firſt
By thy kinde-cenſuring hand been dreſs'd and nurſt.

96.

Some diſtance thence, in floury wanton Groves
Luxurious *Amoroſo's* ſate, who by
The gentle key of Sports and Smiles and Loves
Did regulate their thrilling Melody.
Nimble *Theocritus* and *Naſo* were
The cheif: but thouſands more beſide were there.

97.

Whoſe Conſort to compleat, afore-hand came
Marino's Genius, with a voice ſo high,
That ſtraight the world rung with *Adonis* name
Unhappie man and Choiſe! ô what would thy
Brave *Muſe* have done in ſuch a Theme as mine,
Which makes *Profaneneſſe* almoſt ſeem *Divine*!

98.

Theſe apparitions ſweetly paſſing by
This vocall Honey, and much more than this,
Cri'd *Acoe*, to ſolace *Pſyche* I
Would gladly dropp: but ſhe ſo ſullen is,
That what doth make Rocks move, and Tempeſts reſt,
In foule Diſdain ſhe in my face doth caſt.

99.

In hideous ſighs ſhe ſmothers up my Ears,
And with lank hollow Groans ſtill diets Me.
Liv'd I a Subject in the Realm of Fears
Where raving *Deſperations* chained be,
I would not murmur if the Monſters there
Did tender me with yelling Torments tear.

100.

But muſt proud *Pſyche* here a *Fury* be
In ſpight of all the ſweeteſt ſweets I throw
Thick in her way? muſt her fell Tyranny
Such uncontroll'd Injuſtice on Us throw?
Forbid it righteous Sir, and lend ſome aid
Before to ruine We be all betraid.

101.

The next place *Oſphreſis* challeng'd as due
Unto her fair and eminent ſituation:
Yet ſtepping up into more open View,
She firſt her Count'nance, then her ſpeech did faſhion;
Seeking for both no other Ornament,
But wrinkles of diſdainfull Diſcontent.

102.

My Wrongs, ſaid ſhe, although I third muſt ſpeak
Too well deſerv'd to have been told the firſt.
You all know where I dwell; my Houſe doth make
No gaudie ſhow, indeed, yet at the worſt
Dame *Acoe*, its ſtructure is as fair
As your, however young, yet, wrinkled Eare.

103.

It like some Alabaster Propp sustains
The fore-heads load, (yet doth its firmnesse owe
Unto no Basis:) It within contains
Two Galleries, about whose Walls doe grow
Quick watchfull Hairs, which brush the entring Aire
That to my Presence it may come more fair.

104.

In these there opens a Back-doore whereby
I send cool gales to fan and cheere the Heart:
But by the Mammillar Processions I
Imbrace the Pleasures which my *Sweets* impart
And then through them the Soul of odours strain
And with pure vigorous Spirits befriend the Braine.

105.

What kind of tribute I was wont to yield
Coy *Psyche*, let *Anamnesis* confesse.
She had no sooner spake, but a faire Field
Smiled upon the Stage, whose youthfull Dresse
Did all that Summer represent, and more,
Which *Opsis* had displayed there before.

106.

Thick Beds of Majoram, of Thyme, of Myrrh,
Of Primroses, Violets, and Rosemary,
Of Saffron, Marigolds, and Lavender,
Of lilie-flowers, Flower-gentles, Piony,
Of Hysop, Balm, and Sage, of Roses, Lilies,
Of Honeysuckles, and of Daffadillies.

107.

These were beset with many a spicy Tree,
Sweetly embraced by the Eglantine,
Who joying in their fragrant Companie
Among their Odours did his owne entwine.
And heer the ravish'd *Senses* ask'd their Eys
Whither this were *Arabie* or *Paradise*.

108.

Their Eys in wonder looking up, espied
Upon a Cedar what more rap'd their sight,
A Phenix Tomb and Cradle dignified
With richer sweets than was the Garden dight.
The flames rose up to kill and to revive
The Bird which sweetly teacheth Death to live.

109.

And from the odorous Cloud which rolled there
They smelt such sprightfull powers of quickning Joy
That now they wonder not a Bird should dare
To die a death which could such life display.
And if the smoke alone, say they, can streem
With such refreshment, ô what is the flame!

110.

Their extasie contented *Osphresis*
More than the sweets did them: And why, cri'd She,
Must I who pay such dainty rents as this,
By most ingratefull *Psyche* tortured be?
If she would slay Me quite, there were an end:
But cruell She my Murder does extend.

111.

For on the Rack She holds Me night and day
And ties Me Pris'ner to a Dead Mans Skull,
On which whilst She doth rest her Hands to pray,
The stink of Death doth both my Nostrills fill:
Worse is my State than theirs who buried lie
In death, and smell not the Graves Miserie.

112.

If We must die, 'tis reason We by some
Worthy Adventure merit that our Death:
Impartiall *Sir*, what better can become
Your injur'd *Senses*, than by generous Wrath
To shew their *Sensibility* belongs
As well's to all things else, to their owne Wrongs?

113.

Geusis, whose mouth before stood ready ope,
Rejoyc'd to heare her Sister end her speech.
And now, said shee, my Tongue, enjoy thy scope,
And in thine owne defence thy powers stretch.
Psyche regards not what I say: but you
Grave *Judge* will just Apologies allow.

114.

Then since 'tis prov'd the fashion to display
The severall Beauties of our Habitation,
My words shall travell in this beaten Way:
Though for my House, it might be Commendation
Sufficient, what the whole world doth express
By its ambition its Door to kiss.

115.

That Doore is of two leaves, two Roses leaves,
Whose tenderness the inward Guard supplies,
A strong and double Guard, which there receives
With sharp examination, and tries
The burliest Guest: which, if it finds them rude,
It sends into my Mill to be subdu'd.

116.

There are they press'd, and grown'd, and gentle made
And so upon my ruby Table set:
Where, with a Canopy of Purple spread
Over my Head, Prince-like alone I eat;
And dining with the Creame of all the Feast
I unto my Attendants leave the rest.

117.

They, in the Kitchin meeting at the Fire,
Sit down and pick what Pieces like them best:
Where every One ſtuffing his own Deſire,
Grows fat and merry: Then the Scraps they caſt
Into the ſink, which by a private ſpout
Behinde the Houſe it ſelfe does empty out.

118.

Nor has *Anamneſis* a thinner ſhow
Of Rarities which unto me belong
Than thoſe my Siſter's Pride diſplay'd to you.
Conſult your Eyes on that delicious throng
She uſhers in: If any thing does want,
Say then, the World's, and not my ſtore is ſcant.

119.

Straight-way a golden Table marched in
All ſweating under a farre richer Feaſt:
A Feaſt which *Heliogabalus* might win
To loath his Empires Borde, and here be Gueſt.
A Feaſt whoſe ſtrange Varietie and ſtore
Dar'd call great *Solomons* Proviſion Poor.

120.

The Vangard ranked by a skilfull Hand
Was fruitfull *Summer* fairly diſh'd and dreſt:
For Apples, Pears and Plums in order ſtand,
Choiſe Quinces, Wardens, Figgs, Dates, Grapes, the beſt
Pomgranats, Citrons, Oranges, and Cherries,
Apricots, Almonds, Straw-Raſp-Mirtle-berries.

121.

Beſides ſelected Herbs, and Flowres, which might
Build up the Bord with Sallads Pageantry,
And ſend a challenge to the Appetite (nie:
From thoſe ſtout Troops which now were marching
This was the ſecond ranged Squadron, whither
All Nations of the Aire were flock'd together.

122.

The Pheaſant, Partridge, Plover, Buſtard, Quail,
The Woodcock, Capon, Cygnet, Chicken, Dove,
The Snipe, Lark, Godwit, Turkie, Peacock, Teal,
With thouſand winged Dainties, which might move
Ev'n *Luxury* her ſelfe, the Dieties
Now plain and courſe *Ambroſia* to deſpiſe.

123.

Next theſe, a large Brigade was marſhelled,
The brawnie Boar did in the Front appear,
And then the Bull, the Veal, the Goat, the Kid,
The Sheep, the Lamb, the Coney and the Hare,
The Hart, and every wholſome thing that feeds
Upon the Hills, the Vallies or the Meads.

124.

But from the Sea and Rivers, in the Rear,
A finnie Ocean on the Borde did ſtream,
The Smelt, the Perch, the Ruff, the Roche, the Dare,
The Carp, Pike, Tench, Lump, Gurnet, Hering, Bream,
The Mullet, Barble, Codfiſh, Conger, Trout,
Plaiſe, Salmon, Lamprey, Sturgeon, Sole, Elepout.

125.

The Turbet, Cuttle, Flounder, Mackerill,
The Lobſter, Oyſter, and all kinde of Fiſhes
Which Luſts ſoft Fuell treaſure in their ſhell;
Had left their troubled Deeps to ſwim in Diſhes.
Earth never yet ſuch ſtore of Fiſh could ſhew
But when the *Flood* on it the Sea did ſpew.

126.

But all this while the ſparkling Bouls were crown'd
With living Nectar round about the Table:
Such pretious Liquor never yet was found
To drop from Poets Brain, a Liquor able
To make th' *Egyptian Queen* diſdain her Cup
In which her liquid Gem did court her Lip.

127.

For the *Reſerve*, a Ladies dainty Hand,
Th' ambitious Cater of her own Delight,
Had curiouſly rais'd an antick Band
Of Banquet Powers, in which the wanton Might
Of confectory Art indeavoured how
To charm all Taſts to their ſweet Overthrow.

128.

Theſe having feaſted the Spectators Eyes,
Geuſis but nodds, and all was tane away.
And is this Homage to be ſcorn'd, ſhe cries,
Which copious I alone to *Pſyche* pay?
Muſt the dry *Supper* of the ſimple *Lamb*
Of which ſhe talks ſo much, theſe Dainties ſhame?

129.

Theſe Dainties whoſe ſoft but victorious Bait
Hath many a ſturdy *Stoick* captive led:
And with whoſe various pretious Deceit
The liquoriſh World aſpireth to be fed,
Though crude Diſtempers, Surfets, Sickneſs, Pain,
And immature Death be its dreadfull Train.

130.

Muſt I be fed with Hope? Or what is more
Jejune than that, vile Roots, and courſe dry Bread?
Muſt I be raviſh'd from my naturall ſtore
Of ſprightfull Wines, and forc'd to drink the dead
Could puddle Water, or the Tears which from
Her briney Springs to ſcald my Mouth doe come?

Muſt

131.

Muſt I endure my woefull *Bellies* crie,
And of ſelf-murder guiltie prove; whilſt ſhe
Labours her peeviſh ſelfe to Mortifie
Without the leaſt remorſe of killing Me?
Muſt I be patient till my ſtarv'd lank skin
Proves a white funerall ſheet to wrap Me in?

132.

Though *Juſtice*, righteous *Sir*, might you perſwade
To lend aide to our common Mutiny,
Yet *Pitty* too on *Genſi's* part doth plead
For neceſſary ſuccour e'r I die.
O had theſe Teeth their Will, how they would tear
Pſyche, and their owne Wrongs revenge on Her!

133.

She cloſing heer her Lips, and champing them,
Ev'n in her ſilence ſtill ſpoke Spight and Rage.
When after a long paule proud *Haphe* came
And ſhew'd her ſullen face upon the Stage.
With mute Diſdaine ſhee did her Preface make,
And having look'd Contempt, Contempt ſhe ſpake.

134.

'Tis well you'l deigne me leave to be the laſt:
Yet when I pray, proud Siſters when would you
Have felt thoſe wrongs of yours, had I not paſt
Through all your Lodgings and inform'd you how!
'Tis by my touch alone that you perceive
What Object does delight, and what does grieve.

135.

You to your proper Cells confined are,
And thoſe too ſtand in my Dominions,
Whoſe limits are extended neer and farr
Through fleſh and Blood and Skin: indeed ſome Bones
Are obſtinate; but to thy teeth I tell
Thee *Genſis*, they my power ſometimes doe feel.

136.

What haſt *Anamneſis*? Yet I'm contented,
Bleſs their Eyes with my Treaſures. At the Word
She on the Sceen her *Tactile Sweets* preſented:
With curious Ermins ſtately Mantles furr'd,
Illuſtrious Robes of Sattin and of Silk,
And wanton Lawns more ſoft and white than milk.

137.

Delicious Beds of Cygnets pureſt Down,
Cuſhions of Roſes and of Violets,
Baths of perfumed Oile, Foot-paths thick ſtrown
With budding Summers undefloured Sweets.
Stoves which could Autumne of cold Winter make;
Fountains, in Autumne to bring Winter back:

138.

Soft Ticklings, Courtings, Kiſſes, Dalliance,
Secret Imbraces, which I muſt not tell:
For all the Company at their firſt glance
Started and turn'd from the bold Spectacle.
In good time, *Haphe* cri'd, is't ſhame to ſee
What All doe covet to enjoy with Me?

139.

Yet though this feeling and ſubſtantiall Joy
I can to *Pſyche* yield, ingratefull She
Starts more than you, and barbarouſly coy
Makes Warre upon my ſolid Love, and Me.
The Clowniſh Rock thus doth in pieces daſh
The Streams which gentlie comes its ſides to waſh;

140.

On the cold ground whole Nights ſhe makes Me lie,
There to corrupt my fleſh, and ſuck Diſeaſes,
And meaſure out my Grave before I die:
Some cloth of Hemp or Haire, or what ſhee pleaſes,
Muſt thoſe Furrs place uſurp: I never doe
Peep out of doors, yet Pilgrim-like muſt goe.

141.

With churliſh ſtrokes upon my tender Breaſt
As on ſome Anvill ſhee does dayly beat,
And for her Hammer ſnatches mine owne Fiſt.
She ſcornes, grave *Sir*, the ſervice of my Feet,
And, dwelling alwaies on my wearied Knee,
Remorſleſs Tyrant, lames her ſelf and Me.

142.

And though my tedious Soreneſs now be ſpred
About Me round, ſhee ſtill regardleſs goes;
And will goe on, till Force her ſpight forbid.
This has confederated Me with thoſe
My injur'd Siſters, all reſolv'd to trie
The ſtrength of Right, againſt her *Tyrannie*.

143.

The Plantiffs thus their ſeverall Caſes ſpred
Open before their Common *Cenſor*: He
With ſerious Look ſhaking his thoughtfull Head
Allow'd ſome pauſe unto his Gravity.
At length he cri'd, The Matter's foule I ſee,
And doth include with Yours my Injury.

144.

Your Reſolution's Juſt and Noble too:
Onely be ſure you never diſagree,
Leaſt you by partiall Jelouſie undoe
The Nerves and Joints of your conſpiracy.
An Army once grown mutinous, does yeild
Before the Fight, unto its Foes the Field.

145.

But more Confederates were not amiss
The easier to dispatch your great Designe:
About the Heart a lustie Troop their is
Which, well I know, will in your Plot combine:
My Sister *Fancie* is the trustiest Friend
Whom with the Bus'ness We can thither send.

146.

She all this while behind them sate, and as
Their severall Complaints and shows came out,
Strait caught them Pris'ners in her Christall Glass,
And then their figures in her sampler wrought:
She needed no instructions what to say,
But being ask'd to goe, she flies away.

147.

For mounted on the nimble Wings of Thought
She strait arriv'd at the designed Place,
Where, in the Lodgings scattered round about
The Court of *Psyche*, she unveils her face.
The *Passions* flock'd to Kiss her, and to know
Whither from abroad she any News could show.

148.

The News is this, said she, and and instantly
In fine aeriall Figures did present
All that was spoke, or shewed, or plotted by
The angrie *Senses*; and for what intent
She thither posted. They awhile amaz'd,
Upon the guilefull Apparition gaz'd,

149.

Then taking fire, and being unable to
Bridle their flames, they belch'd their furie out:
Surely, said they, this *Psyche* will undoe
Her trustiest Friends: We see 'twas not for nought
That We our selves complain'd; tis certain now
She means to rage, and open Tyrant grow.

150.

If their great distance cannot Them remove
From her Injustice, then no wonder We
Who live more in her reach, so often prove
The Prey whereon she feasts her Cruelties.
We like the Plot against our common Foe,
We think it just to joyne; and tell them so.

151.

Let them be sure to watch their ports without,
And leave the busines within for Us:
We are not now to learne how to be stout
And stomackfull and rude and mutinous.
Fantie smil'd, and returned, glad to see
Successe so quickly crown her Embassie.

152.

Whose Issue when she to the *Senses* told,
They all would in Devotion needs blaspheme,
Paying loud thanks to *Heav'n* which did behold
Their Wrongs, & mov'd these frends to succour them.
And now with traiterous expectation swell'd
They wait to see the *Passions* take the Field.

153.

But *Hope*, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Anger*, and the rest
Of that impatient Crew, had forthwith been
In open Arms, had cautious *Feare* not prest
For some demurr. He *Jelousie* did win
To side with him; and then, 'tis best, said He,
That of some valiant Leader We agree.

154.

Psyche is strong and sober: If we fight
Without due Discipline, that Rashness will
Help her to put our foolish Pow'rs to flight:
But if we make some expert *Generall's* skill
Our owne by following it, the *Victorie*
Will be ambitious on our side to be.

155.

That Word, a new confusion broach'd: for All
Reach'd at the *Generall's* place, excepting *Feare*
And *Jelousie*; yet these were loth to fall
Under the absolute power of any there.
At length, they vote to step abroad, and trie
Who skilled best Feats of Activity.

156.

When loe (so well Hells plots were laid,) they met
A goodly person taller by the Head
Than any of themselves: *Disdaine* did sit
High on his Brows, his awfull Limbs were spred
To such extent of Gallantry, that there
Seem'd ample roome for every thing but Feare.

157.

His first glimpse all their wishes did concentre
Upon himself. *Love* forthwith is design'd
To break unto the Knight their bold Adventure
And with her wily Sweetness sift his Mind.
She hastens to her Task: and bowing low, (flow.
Opes her Mouths fountain, whence this Charm did

158.

Mights goodly *Mirrour*, whosoe'r you be
Whom blessed Fortune shews Us heer alone,
Surely such fair and ample Majestie
Deserves by thousands to be waited on:
And, if such honor you this Troop will deign,
We shall have found a *Lord*, and you a *Traine*.

A

159.

A brave Designe has fir'd Us now, which may
Your Might and Soveraign Command become:
Upon a War wee have resolv'd to day
With *Psyche*; but good Chance has kept Us from
Choosing our Generall, and we hope our stay
Was but for You, whom Heav'n puts in our way.

160.

Necessity made this Conspiracy
To break that Yoak which else our Necks would break:
Would *Psyche* suffer Us our Selves to be,
No mutinie of ours her Throne should shake:
But wee, though *Passions*, calme and quiet must lie,
Whil'st she proves Passionate ev'n to Tyranny.

161.

We must not Hope, nor Fear, nor Love, nor Hate,
Nor nothing else, whil'st she does all these things:
It fouler Slavery ev'r did violate
Free-Subjects Birth-right, scorn our sufferings:
If not; O may the safetie be ours,
Great *Sir*, by your stout Hand, the Glory Yours.

162.

Agenor glad such punctuall successe
Did on his own Designe it selfe obtrude:
Swelling his Looks to bigger statelinesse,
Three turns he stalk'd, three times he proudly view'd
The Company, three times he snuff'd, and then
Opening his Mouth at leisure, thus began:

163.

Now by my Might and Worth I know you all,
But silly Worms, I see you know not Me,
Whom to so vile a piece of Work you call
As brideling wretched *Psyche's* Tyrannie.
Must I whom Lyons, Tigres, Dragons fear,
Debase my strength, and stoop to conquer Her?

164.

If of the great Kinde she a Monster were,
If she had made distressed Countries Flie
To the next *Oracle* on wings of Fear,
To summon to their help a *Dictie*;
If she could prove a *Thirteenth Task* for *Him*
Who *Twelve* perform'd, the work would me beseem.

165.

And yet because I your Oppression see,
I'le win so much of my high-practis'd Might
To make it bowe to your delivery:
Yet never say *Agenor* came to fight;
I scorn the Match, this Finger will be strong
Enough to shew my Pittie of your Wrong.

166.

This said; He march'd in more than warlike state
Unto the House where thought-full *Psyche* lay:
And thundering imperiously at the Gate
Unto the Rebells Rage burst ope the way;
Filling her outward Court with Noise and Fear,
Whose echo revell'd in her frighted Eare.

167.

As when the Windes let loose upon the Sea
Tear up the Deeps and fling them at the Stars,
Chasing away unarm'd *Serenity*
At the first blast of those unlook'd for Wars,
Each startled *Nymph* her fearfull Head shrinks in,
And to the bottom of the World doth run:

168.

So *Psyche* trembling at the furious Crie
Retreated to her inmost Fort; a place
High built and strong, and yeilding to her Eye
Full view of all the *Rebells*: Time it was
To call her *Counseller*, whom to the Rout
With these instructions she sendeth out:

169.

Run *Logos* run, and know what mad mistake
Has hurl'd my subjects into tumult: Trie
(For well thou skill'st that gentle Might) to break
Their furies Torrent by the lenitie
Of wise Persuasion: Pardon, of all Charms
The best, proclaim to them who lay down Arms;

170.

The News made *Logos* shake his Head: but yet
With pleasant Gravity to them He goes:
And, friends, said He, if you be in a fit
Of fighting, goe in *God's* name, seek your Foes,
This is your peacefull Home; ô be it farr
From you to ruine your owne Rest by Warre.

171.

If you had any reason to rebell,
Sure I should guesse at it, but I know none:
What boots it you our *Empresse* to expell,
Who needs must fall in her confusion!
What gains the Madman, who through jealous fears
Pulls his own house, and death, about his ears!

172.

What means sweet *Love* to rob her selfe of all
Her selfe, and unto *Discord* it impart?
Must th' universall Glue which bindes the Ball
Of the whole World so close, in pieces start?
Shall your dear Bands serve onely now to tie
Confusion fast to your *Conspiracy*?

173.

Stern *Hatred*, could the copious World afford
No other food whereon to feast thy Spight,
But thou against thy selfe must draw thy Sword,
Whil'st with thine Empresse thou prepar'st to fight?
Hate whom thou wilt besides, but hate not her
Whose Love gives thee thy life and dwelling here.

174.

What strange Enchantments lured thee, fond *Hope*,
To this Designe of Self-destruction? Who
Abus'd thy credulous Soul, and puff'd thee up
With this vain fancie, that the Ladder to
Climbe higher, must be *Ruine*? Thus art thou
Of *Hope* become plain *Desperation* now.

175.

Unhappy *Fear*, and what makes thee afraid
Longer to dwell with thine own Safety?
What monstrous Witcherie hath here betray'd
Thy trembling Heart to this bold mutinie?
What hardneth thee, who quak'st at every frown
Of other Princes, to despise thine own?

176.

Brave *Anger*, shall the scoffing World at last
Have cause to mock thy Valour, which doth make
Such earnest haste unto so mad a Jest
As Waging War against thine own Mistake?
What pitty 'tis to see thou art so fair
And well-appointed, when no Fear is near!

177.

And You my Fellow-subjects all, whom I
Have often heard our gratious *Soveraign* praise,
For humble Duty and Fidelity:
O why must groundless Rashness now erase
Your noble Character, and print upon
Your Heads the foule Blot of *Rebellion*!

178.

By your Allegiance, and ingenerate Worth,
By your own dearest Lives and Safety,
By *Psyche*'s royall Head, by Heav'n and Earth,
By every thing I you conjure to be
True to your Selves: The *Queen* desires but this,
Who by your peace & wealth counts her own Bliss.

179.

She is as ready to forget, as you
Can be your hasty Error to lay down:
She on your Necks, by Me her arms doth throw,
And by my Tongue she calls you still her own:
Behold the Seal of her Embraces here,
A *Generall Pardon*, all your Doubts to clear.

180.

As when upon a raging Fire you throw
Soft oile, the fretfull Flames incensed by
Its gentleness, more fierce and rampant grow;
So here the unrelenting Mutinous Frie
Storm'd at persuasive *Logos*, and to new
Impatience at his sweet Oration grew.

181.

He's an Enchanter, *Anger* cri'd, and by
These Blandishments hath oft bewitched Us:
But now our just and ripe Conspiracy
Scorns to be Fooled and confuted thus:
'Tis time to act our Resolutions now,
That *Reasons* may no longer Us undoe.

182.

Then clapping her right Paw upon his Throat,
And stopping with her left his Mouth, she drew
Him to *Agenor*: And now we have got
Our subtlest Foe, *Sir*, let him have his due,
Cri'd she; We never shall our business doe
If to the *Tyrant* back in peace He goe.

183.

The other *Passions* all rebounded that
Rebellious Word: whose *Generall* glad to see
Their Madness compass, what his Pride could not,
Gave Order *Logos* should close Pris'ner be:
They hallow'd first, then in tumultuous haste
Two Chains upon his Mouth and Neck they cast.

184.

And here I challenge any Heart to read
This woefull Story, and forbear to sigh:
Seeing the Feet thus trample on the Head,
And common *Staves* with insolent licence Flie
Upon their *Lord*: O who secure can be
When *Reason* must be bound, and *Passion* free,

185.

Psyche, whom all this while Suspition had
Held at the window of her lofty Tower,
When she descri'd from thence how fiercely mad
And confident of their outrageous power
The *Rebells* were; and that in foule disdain
Her Messenger they did in Bonds detain,

186.

She fetch'd a mighty sigh; and though with Him
Her selfe, and all her honour Pris'ners were;
Between Dispairs and Hopes she long did swim,
Waiting if any Harbour would appear:
But her own Fancies to such tumults rose,
As almost copied out her mutinous Foes.

This

187.

Thus by that Noise without, and this within,
She summon'd was unto the Top of feares:
Charis was stepp'd aside, and lay unseen,
And now her trusty *Phylax* disappears:
No Friend was left but *Thelema*, and she
Was thought but wavering in fidelity.

188.

But as the shipwrack'd Man tos'd up and down
Between high and low Deaths amongst the Waves,
Clapps fast on any glimpse of help, and grown
Bold by Dispaire, nor hold nor comfort leaves
As long's his plank doth float: So *Psyche* now
On *Thelema* her sinking Arms doth throw.

189.

And, O, cri'd she, my onely Refuge, I
Conjure thee well to mark thy Hap, and mine:
The Tempest of my Woes is swoll'n so high,
That now all Bridles it doth scorn, but thine;
And 'tis thy Priviledge that I to thee
Must owe my Life, for thy sake, dear to Me.

190.

At what a price would'st thou this Day have bought
Which can so deep engage thy *Queen* to thee!
Yet it had been thy sin, if thou had'st sought
This sad unnaturall opportunitie.
But now their Disobedience opes the way
For thy Desert, if thou wilt Me obey.

191.

Logos had prov'd himselfe both wise and strong
Had obstinate Madnesse not damn'd up their Ears:
But all his Powers fighting from his Tongue
Their deaf Rebellion his strength out-dares:
His Arguments confuted are with Chains.
And I in Fear, in Prison he remains.

192.

But thy brave Valour in thine Hand doth dwell
And reign, incomparable *Amazon*;
Thine Acts are Conquests all: which who would tell,
Must call the World to count: Thy Nodd alone
Points out thy Victories: Fresh groves of Bays
And Palms thy Foosteps every where doe raise.

193.

By softnesse fain I would have conquered them,
No Blast of whose Rebellion could blow out
My royall Love which toward them did flame:
But now Necessity calls for a stout
And corsive Cure, thy Hand must doe the deed,
And in their Wounds teach this my heart to bleed.

194.

Goe then my faithfull Champion, and may
Blessed *Successe* goe in thy company:
I from this Window will waite on thy way
By my observing and well-wishing Eye,
Which shall the Witnesse of thy Valour be,
And what reward it shall deserve from Me.

195.

But fail not to revenge the proud intrusion
Of yon' ignoble stranger, who may be
Perhaps, the Firebrand of all this Confusion
Which threatens to burn up both thee and mee.
If his blood will suffice to quench his Fire,
Spare all the rest; they will no more conspire.

196.

Stout *Thelema* with this Commission goes;
And with imperious Looks builds up her brow.
At her commanding Presence, all her Foes
Their Eyes, and Arms, and Courage down did throw:
Onely *Agenor's* stomack rose to see
Himselfe out-look'd in high-swoll'n Majesty.

197.

But knowing his own Weaknesse, and her Might,
And seeing all the *Passions* turn'd to *Fear*;
He thought it safest now to change the Fight
Of Arms to that of Wit: For in *Love's* eare
He whisper'd his device, and straight-way she
At *Thelema* let flie this Fallacy.

198.

Illustrious Lady, you to day might spare
Those irefull lookes, with which *Mistake* hath plowd
Your awfull face: How can you thinke We dare
So farre forget what Might is, as with proud
Madnesse to whet our Sword and bend our Bow
To make War with *Omnipotence*, and *You*?

199.

But as your strength is great, so is your love,
Whom we have always found our noble Friend:
But though with loyall Service we have strove
To win our *Soveraigns* favour, she will lend
No pitty to our fainting Soules, but still
With lingering Death delighteth us to kill.

200.

Arms are our onely (forced) Refuge now:
For though your brawnie Might knows how to bear
The Injuries she poureth upon You;
Our Shoulders of a weaker Temper are:
Nor can you judge it guilt in Us, if We
Shrink more than you under her Tyrannie.

201.

You know what constant Slavery she heap'd
On our poor backs, who yet were all free-born:
This noble *Stranger*, when He saw Us, wep't,
And thought it Honours duty not to scorn
Our sad condition: How then can You,
Except a Friend should more than stranger grow?

202.

If We must perish, Let our Miseries
Beg but this wofull courtesie of You:
Return Us not to *Psyche*, who denies
Us brevity of Torments: Loe We throw
Our selves before your gentle feet, and pray
Our Lives and Griefs may see no other day.

203.

Nay doubt not, We dare die; but dare not think
Of living in our former Death again:
If from the fatall blow our Necks but shrink,
Then say, we truly wish'd not to be slain:
Here take our Swords; at least they in your Hand
Though not in ours, our Servitude may end.

204.

As when the cunning Reeds their heads doe bowe
In low submission to the boist'rous Winde,
And with their whining Pipe complaints doe blow
To every Blast, compassion to finde;
Wo to their Charm the generous *Tempest* gives,
And passing forward, Them their Pardon leaves:

205.

So portly *Thelema* allayed by
Their fawning Homage, bad them all arise;
They instantly unveiling *Memorie*,
In fraudulent thanks, presented to her Eyes
The stately Pageant *Fancy* thither brought,
With their own Treasures amplier furnish'd out.

206.

She look'd and wonder'd, and let through her Eye
The soft *Deceit* get stealing to her Heart:
She never yet did at one time descrie
So huge an Armie of Delights, such Art
Of sweetnesse, such Magnificence of Pleasure,
Such equipage of Smiles, and Joyes, and Leisure.

207.

Election who at her right hand did stand,
Was never at so dainty losse as here;
Ten thousand sweets her Eyes examin'd and
Stood gazing still, in doubt which to preferre:
So in the flowrie Mead fond Children loose
Their Eyes before they can resolve to choose.

208.

The *Rebells*, now their crafty Bait went down
Without the least suspition of the Hook,
Bid *Love* drive home the Plot: She having thrown
Her selfe upon her knee, with flattering Look
And pliant Words, indeavored to make
Submission teach *Rebellion* how to speak.

209.

Right gentle *Thelema*, since this our store,
Which thy fair Eyes are pleas'd not to disdain,
From cruel *Psyche* can deserve no more
Respect, than glances of Contempt; again
We beg that We may never live to see
Such Sweets betrayed to new Slavery.

210.

The Heav'n, thou see'st the Earth, the Aire, the Sea,
By this their royall Contribution make
Our Treasury their own: And yet must We
From our Possession be beaten back,
And not enjoy what all the Worlds Consent
In this rich Mass heapes up for our Content.

211.

Now by thy Mighty Goodnesse We implore
Reliefe for our loud-crying Injuries:
So to thy Service this exuberant Store
We sacrifice; no despicable Price
Of thy Compassion, if the totall gains
Of *Natures* Wealth be worth thy smalleft Pains.

212.

So thy Desires shall be the Laws whereby
Obliged We our Lives will regulate:
So great *Agenor* will unite in thy
Acquaintance, and this Morning consecrate
To peacefull smiles, whose ominous Dawn was red
With flashes of fierce War, and streaks of Blood.

213.

As when the Shepheard, loitering by the side
Of some soft-murmuring Current, lets his Eare
Drink the complaining story of the Tide;
That purling Language soon doth domineer
Over his charmed Spirits, and down he lies
Both to the *Noise*, and *Sleep* an easie Prize:

214.

So *Thelema*, who linger'd all this while
In Fond attendance on *Loves* Blandishments,
Was now subdued by her glozing Guile,
And to the *Rebells* fair-tongu'd Plot consents:
Her hankering Arms she with their Treasures fills,
Her foolish Heart with Joy, her Face with Smiles.

And

215.

And, Well I see, she cries, how righteous is
Your Cause and Quarrell: Heav'n forbid that I
Unto your undeserved Miseries
The justice of Compassion should deny.
Yet Pittie is not all that I can show,
You know this Hand hath greater Worth than so.

216.

Alas, it is not *Psyche*, though she be
My Soveraign Mistresse, that can make me bend:
Oft doe I rush and range abroad, when she
Would lock me up; and oft when she would send
Me forth, except my Pleasure be to stirre,
I stay in spight of all her strength, and Her.

217.

'Twas I first taught your Pris'ner *Logos* how
To bear a Chain: else you had strove in vain;
But I have long accustom'd Him to bowe
To my least Finger his strong-reaching Brain:
And though sometimes I let him wrangle, yet
Reason has no more power than I permit.

218.

The universall Strength of all you see
Throughout the wide-spred World look big and high,
Ne'r yet made Combination which could be
Valid enough to binde my Potency:
Hence 'tis that stoutest Champions from their knee
By Prayers fight when e'r they deal with Me.

219.

They talk of *Sampson*, one I must confesse
Fame hath not quite belyed: Yet we see
A Wenche's sheers clipp'd off his Mightinesse,
And trimm'd him fit for his Captivity:
Alas poor Gyant, all his strength hung loose
About his Ears; mine in my Heart lies close.

220.

Nay Heav'n (without a Brag I speak't) doth know
My strength so well, that it would never trie
By force of Arms my hardy Neck to bowe;
But by allurements strives to mollifie
My hardy Heart. And well it is that Ye
Have took that gentle onely course with Me.

221.

This said: *Agenor* by the hand she takes
And bids him welcome with a courtly Kisse:
He like a Soldier, proud repayment makes
In arrogant high-languag'd Promises,
And sweats, By all his Conquests, she shall finde,
That with a Man indeed sh' had now combin'd.

222.

Then leading Her to his Pavilion,
His Soldiers He to Councell summons: They
As proud's their haughty *Generall*, thither run,
Rending with Acclamations their Way,
And there contrive, by joynt deliberation,
The rest of their Adventure how to fashion.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO V.

The Pacification.

ARGUMENT.

LOve *on the* Rebells *part, with* Psyche *treats,*
Whose fair Tate * Thelema *and* † Agenor *back:*
Deluded Psyche *yeildeth to their Cheats,*
And with her fawning Foes a League doth make:
Then, on Syneidesis *a Veil she throws,*
And wanton in her Pride, abroad she goes.

* *The Will.*
† *The Spirit of Pride.*

1.

WHat boots it Man, that *Natures* Courtesie
Hath lift his awfull Looks high towards Heav'n,
And built his Temples up with Majestie,
And into's Hand imperiall Power given?
What royall Non-sense is a Diademe
Abroad, for One who's not at Home supream!

2.

How does the whole World mock Him, when it lays
Its universall Homage at His Feet;
Woom whilst the Aire, the Earth, the Sea obeys,
A saucie pack of *Passions* dare meet
With plain Defiance, and presume to hope
His Empire shall go down, their Pleasures up!

3.

What Credit is't for Him to vaunt how He!
On every Monstrous thing his Conquests builds;
That Tigres, Lyons, Dragons forced be
By Him, to learn submission: That He weilds
Inanimate Mountains, and through widest Seas
Commands his Ships to reach what World he please:

4.

If his own Vessels helm unruely grow,
And into fatall Tempests hurrie Him;
If his domestick Slaves disdain to bow
Their worthlesse Necks, when He commandeth them,
And fill his Palace with more furious Beasts
Then are the desert Mountains salvage Guests!

Ala

5.

Alas poor Prince, whose Soveraigntie
Can be the Game and Scoff of vilest Things!
How much are Worms, who of themselves can be
Intire Commanders, more Substantiall Kings!
Intestine Rebels never trouble Worms,
But *Psyche*'s toss'd and torn with civill storms.

6.

She from her Palace Window saw her Griefe
Musstred in terrible Battalia:
In vain, within, she looked for Reliefe
Where nought but empty Desolation lay:
* *Logos* and *Thelema* were absent; He * *The Intellect.*
To Violence Prisoner, to Enchantment She,

7.

Syneidesis indeed stay'd still behinde,
But by her stay, made Tortures doe so too:
Full in the face of *Psyche*'s wounded Minde
The guilt of this Rebellion she did throw.
Blame not the *Passions*, said she, if they
Revolt; Thou to their Treason op'dst the way.

8.

Had'st thou been carefull how to weild thy Might,
And in due time approv'd thy self a Queen,
Strait had'st thou held the Reins, and driven right
Thy royall Chariot: Still your Beasts had been
Themselves, as loyall unto you and milde,
As now they salvageate become and wilde.

9.

When in a stealing Preface to the Flood
The first streams slely creep; with ease may We
Divert their course into some other road.
But if We sleight what seems so weak to be,
They grow upon Us strait, disdaining more
Our strength, than wee their Weakness did before.

10.

You scorn'd the *Passion*'s breeding Garboils: You
Forsooth, on *Safetie*'s wings late mounted high.
And, pray, what is that Rivulet come too now?
What wants it of a Sea's immensitie:
It is a Sea, which though perhaps it may
Not clense your Crime, can wash your Life away.

11.

And where is *Charis*, where is *Phylax* now!
O, you were too secure their aid to need,
You well could lend them to poore Heav'n, I trow
A place which more did want their Help: Indeed
You'r a great Queen at Home, and can command;
Look how your subjects your high will attend.

12.

Unhappy *Psyche* stung by these Reproaches,
Receiv's the wound full deep into her Heart;
Which with her blood, her Lamentations broaches,
And thus she streameth out her double smart:
Nay then I pardon them without, if thou
Upon my heavy Griefe more load do'st throw.

13.

Cruell *Syneidesis*, why staidst thou heer
To grind my dying Soul with neerer rage?
Why joyndst thou not with them who vex Me there
At distance? Must my bosome be the Stage
Of thy more dangerous undermining Wrath,
Which from my verie Heart diggs out my Death?

14.

Are these thy thanks to Me, who alwaies kept
Thee next my self, and hugg'd thee in my Breast?
How little dream'd I that a Viper slept
In this my neerest and my deerest Nest!
Yet be assur'd, by gnawing out thy way
That thou thy self, as well as Me shalt slay.

15.

The Priviledge of other Vipers, Thou
In vain expect'st, who art more Fell than they:
That decent Vengeance they their Damms do owe
Which by sage *Natures* righteous Law they pay.
But surely thou art of a kinder breed,
Thy Matricide all pardon must exceed.

16.

Yet what gain I by thy Destruction?
Who thee, and all those Rebells deerly love?
Unfortunate Me, who cannot die alone,
But in my single Death all yours must prove:
And, which is worse than Death, betrayed I,
By your mad rage, thus oft at once must die.

17.

But sterne *Syneidesis*, who knew full well
She on irrefragable Truth did lay
The ground of all her Actions, 'gan to swell
With confident Scorn: and yet awhile gave way
(Since She her Loyall Duties part had done,)
To see what *Psyche* meant: Who thus went on:

18.

O *Charis*! would'st not thou bid Me Adieu,
But by discourteous parting, leave poore Me
Unwarned and unarmed? Grant it true
That my deserts could no invitement be
To stay Thee heer: My misery at least,
Might wooe thy Charity to be my Guest.

19.

O *Phylax* ! Why wilt thou forsake Me, who
Twixt Me and Danger hath so often spread
Thy Wings impenetrable shield ? That Foe
Who in the Grove under thy Conquest bled,
Was but a single Feind : Why then shall thy
Brave Hand not reap this fairer Victory.

20.

How shall I grapple with this monstrous Crew
Confederate against my desolate Head,
Whom one Antagonist did then subdue?
What reason then soever made thee speed
Unto my Aid is multiplied now :
And how, how canst thou less Releif allow ?

21.

O *Prince* of this my consecrated Breast,
O Thou whose Majestie did not disdaine
To make suit unto Me, but oft profest
By thy Ambassador thine amorous pain,
And sweet-tormenting Longings for my Love ;
What makes thy tender Heart forgetfull prove !

22.

Hadst thou for ever not remembred Me,
I had not been mock'd with a tast of Bliss.
Why did not *Aphrodisius's* Treacherie
Prevent the worse extremity of this?
That soft and single Death why dy'd not I,
But am reserv'd a thousand times to die ?

23.

What profit has to my soul's Treasurie
Accrew'd, that I so oft did Fast and Pray ?
What brake the Bottle, wont of old to be
The trustie Store-house of our Teares? What Pay
Have all my faithfull amorous Groans and Sighs,
If I must prove mine own slaves Sacrifice ?

24.

What meant this *Token* which did gird my Heart
So close to Thee, if Me you cast away ?
Was this the Farewell you did Me impart
When you some other Love had chose, which may
Monopolize your constant favours, and
In banish'd *Psyche's* place for ever stand.

25.

No wonder if my *Passions* mutinous prove,
Breaking the Yoke which t'd their faith to Me,
If blessed *Jesus* can forget his love
Knit in this spousall knot of Chastitie.
How can I longer be displeas'd with them,
Vnless I could and dar'd fall out with Him ?

26.

O all my *Joyes*, take *Psyche's* long Adieu ;
Dwell somwhere else where you can finde a Room :
My timid *Griefs* have left no place for you,
But made my whole usurped Heart their Home :
And more than so ; Far, far must you flie hence
To scape my *Sorrows* vast Circumference.

27.

And you, poor *Hopes*, your time why doe you loose
In hankering here in my unhappy Breast ?
Goe, goe, I give you leave, goe forth and choose
In any place but this, a fortunate Nest.
Be confident, you cannot faile else-where,
For all Misfortunes are collected here.

28.

But ô *Disconsolations*, be you free,
For I resign my selfe your totall Prey :
Why should I not embrace my Misery,
When still to look, and look in vain, for Joy,
Doubles self-torment : Why should I alone,
When all things hate me else, my selfe bemoane ?

29.

Whil'st thus she feeds on desolate Vexations,
The *Rebells* at their Councill busie were :
Where tir'd with hard and knotty Consultations
Which course was best to wreak their Wrath on Her,
Up rose *Suspition*, and, first looking over
Each shoulder, thus did her Advice discover ;

30.

Princely *Agenor*, and you Sisters all,
Great is the businesse We have now in hand,
And, Heav'n forbid our Caution should be small :
Haste may be good, when once wee understand
The way is clear : If otherwise ; to run,
Is onely with more speed to be undone.

31.

Anger's Advice were sound, if *Psyche* were
So weak a thing as her Opinion makes her :
But on what Rocks shall wee our Vessell steer
By this untried Card, if she mistakes her?
Fear, would she speak, could shew you such a List
Of *Psyche's* Powers, as soon would coole our Haste.

32.

Alas, how can wee force the *Queen*, if She
Deny to yeild when wee our battery make ?
Is not the Palace, and those Gates wee see
All of immortall Metall ? We may break
Our Engins, and our Plots, and Furie too,
And, sooner than those Walls our selves undoe.

33.

A lingring Leaguer, what can that effect,
Unleſſe we hope at length to ſtarve her out?
But ſhe long ſince all Dainties did neglect
With which the whole World had her Table fraught.
Her Prayers, and her Heav'n, her diet were;
And now ſhe's all alone, ſhe beſt doth fare.

34.

But as for Us, who at the Siege muſt lie,
We, fed with Hope of Victory, muſt ſtarve
Before we get it: For what will ſupply
Us daily with Proviſion to ſerve
So many Mouths, which *Pſyche* fill'd till now;
And, if ſhe be ſhut up, ſo muſt they too.

35.

Beſides; who knows but ſome of her Allies,
Phylax or *Charis*, or ſome ſuch ſtrong Friend,
May ruſh upon our backs, and by ſurpriſe
Both our Deſign and Us in pieces rend?
New is the Leſſon in the Grove you read:
Can you forget how *Aphrodiſius* ſped?

36.

Nay, you have heard of *Heav'ns* immortall *Son*
In whoſe vaſt hand Omnipotence doth reign:
That Hand, which when great *Lucifer* begun
To let his Eyes but glimmer with diſdain;
Tumbled him headlong into Death and Hell:
I tell you Friends, this, *Chriſt* loves *Pſyche* well.

37.

We cannot be too carefull: and for my
Own part, I judge the ſafeſt Way the beſt.
And this is by a preſent Embaſſie
With humble Lies, and Oaths, and Glozings dreſt
To cheat her from her ſtrength: So we may gain
Our Ends, and ſeem to ſcape Rebellions ſtain.

38.

But let a Vow of Perſeverance firſt
Seal Us all ſure to our Conſpiracy,
That by her ſelfe that *Paſſion* may be curſt
Afore-hand, who ſhall falſe or fearfull be.
If one ſhould chance to fail, why may not two?
If two, why may the Summe not higher goe?

39.

This ſaid: An eye of Doubt and Fear ſhe caſt
Upon *Agenor* to obſerve how He
Reliſh'd her Words: But ſoon ſhe ſaw their Taſte
Found welcome in his palate: Inſtantly,
I like her Counſell beſt, He cries, and You
Shall ſtrengthen your Adventure, by this Vow.

40.

Thus ſhall my Might eſcape, what I did Fear,
The vile Encounter with a Woman; and
My Pittie unto You no leſſe declare,
Whil'ſt in your Front my Majeſty doth ſtand
And ſtrike ſuch Terror, without any Blow,
Into your *Queen*, that ſhe ſhall yeild to you.

41.

Then calling for a *Baçin* and a Pin,
He prick'd his annular Finger, and let fall
Three Drops of Blood: And what He did begin,
As ſolemnly reacted was by All
The Company: Which done, again He takes
The *Baçin*, and three Elevations makes.

42.

And, may that Blood which ſtill remains behinde
Be forc'd to follow theſe Three Drops, He cri'd,
If ever I unbend my reſolute Minde,
Or from this Wars ſtout Proſecution ſlide.
May this my preſent Poyſon be, (and here
He dipped his Tongue,) if now I falſely ſweat.

43.

Then ſprinkling on the back of his Right Hand
Another Drop: This Martiall Mark, ſaid He,
Shall for a Badge and Memorandum ſtand
Of our now ſure and ſacred Unity.
You ſee our *Covenants* Rites: Now every One
Doe what your willing *Generall* has done.

44.

Never did Health more cheerly walk its Round
When luſty Wine and Mirth the Boule had fill'd,
Than did this bloody barbarous *Baçin*, crown'd
With Rage and Madneſs. Their Rebellion ſeal'd
Thus by this deſperate Ceremony, They
To *Pſyche* ſpeed their Meſſenger away.

45.

And this was *Love*, upon whoſe Tongue although
Perpetuall Sleights and Fallacies did dwell;
Yet with induſtrious Deceptions now,
And ſtudied Flatteries ſhe her Mouth did fill.
She knew the *Queen* was wiſe and ſtrong, and would
With common known Deluſions not be fool'd.

46.

Thus to the Gate demurely come, She tri'd
It with a modeſt Knock, and paus'd a while:
Then ſtrok again, a timorous Stroke; to hide
In this ſoft Preface her meek-inſolent Guile.
The gentle Knock had *Pſyche* courage take
To come and ſee what it would further ſpeak.

47.

No sooner had she op'd a Casement, and
Reach'd out her doubtfull Head the News to know,
But she beheld where *Love* did trembling stand
With weeping Eyes, and with dejected Brow.
She lik'd the Posture; yet demanded why
She thither came a false and fawning Spie?

48.

Love, by that Word warn'd to skrew up her Art,
Fell on her knees, and three times smote her breast,
And, Woe is Me, she cri'd, whose loyall Heart
Can finde no milder Language from my best (throw
And deerest Prince! What strange Mischance doth
This Wrong on Me, and that Mistake on You?

49.

If to repair to You in humblest Guise
Who here immured dwell in Desolation,
If to discover where the Error lies
Whose secret Venome breeds this Perturbation
Of your whole Realm, deserve the Name of Spie,
I well can bear this glorious Infamy.

50.

But if Misprision so doth cheat your Eyes,
That, looking with a jealous Glance on Me,
They in my Count'nance read an Enemies:
I must beg leave to tell your Majesty,
(For it concerns my Essence,) you forget
Your Creature, and take *Love* it selfe for *Hate*.

51.

Yet your Mistake shall make no change in Me:
Use your vast Power in any thing but this.
I still am *Love* and so resolve to be,
Nor fear that false and envious Witnesses
Can swear Me from my selfe. Heav'n cannot frame
What I had rather be, than what I am.

52.

Sure I, with that right genuine *Love* which You
Hugg next your Soule, have some Affinity:
Can that brave Passion adulterate grow,
And stain its spotlesse selfe with Treacherie?
Can Odours stinking, Honey bitter bee,
Silke harsh, Down hard, that thus you think of Me?

53.

O no; dear *Soveraign*, I am hither sent
The soft Ambassadour of Peace to you:
Nor of my Office does it me repent
What wrath so e're stands bent in your stern brow.
And though I know not what will hence ensue,
I to my native sweetness must be true.

54.

I see you thought yon' Company had bent
Some treacherous Plot against your royall Head.
And is't not likely they would all consent
Their own Life and Heart blood in yours to shed?
Madame, believe't, *Selfe*'s not a dearer Name
To noble You, than to the worst of them.

55.

'Tis true, a peice of Discontent has put
Them in that posture of Defence: But by
Your Majestie I swear,, they brew no Plot
But what becomes a Subjects Modesty.
If Mischeife their intention were: what Charms
Could dead their hands, & damp their glitt'ring Arms?

56.

If *strong-embattel'd injur'd Patience* be
A Signe of Treason, they are Traytors all.
But sure this loyall kinde of Treacherie
Doth more for Thanks and Praise, than Anger, call.
O never be it said, that you alone
Could, in *Arm'd Meeknesse*, read *Rebellion*.

57.

By me their homage they present to you,
Beseeching that with it you would embrace
Their humble Suit; and to their long night show
Their onely Day which riseth from your face:
That you would deign to goe and see how they
Their panting Soules before your Feet would lay.

58.

Here breaking off in a deceitfull Sigh,
With cunning Tears she all her face bedew'd.
Tos'd too and fro in ambiguitie
Ten thousand severall thoughts poor *Psyche* chew'd.
Weeping at length, O that those Tears of thine
She cri'd, were as sincere and true as mine!

59.

If those my Subjects now would Suiters be,
What mean proud Arms, and warlike Preparation?
Petitions should from the bended knee,
Not from the Bow be shot: This sullen fashion
Stout Rogues brought up, who begging with one
A stone bear in the other to command. (Hand,

60.

In front why is that burly *Stranger* set
As *Generall* against your *Soveraign*?
One, whose heav'n-daring Looks bespeak Him fit
Not to Petition, but to disdain.
If I were longer to be trusted, why
Chose you His Banner for Security?

Yet

61.

Yet that the Progresse of your Treason may
Want all Pretence, as its Beginning did:
I'le condescend to hear what you can say,
Provided you your selves in quiet spread
Before my Window. I must parley here:
You know how you have us'd my Messenger.

62.

Love stung by that last Word, and with fresh tears
Dissembling their true cause, took humble leave.
The News to her Confederates she bears,
Who it with doubtfull Countenance receive,
And boulting every Circumstance, conclude
That still the same Device must be pursu'd.

63.

Agenor straight resolv'd himselfe to shew
In all his Pomp, and more than was his own;
That *Psyche* might those brave Temptations view
Which swell'd so high onely to throw her down.
But none of all the *Passions* knew from whence
He beckned in his strange Magnificence.

64.

The pompous Furniture in a full stream
Follow'd his Nod with like Facility.
As in a dreaming Brain light Figures swim
Into a sudden Masque of Majesty.
Which Train He towards *Psyche*'s Castle drew,
And there prepared for the Interview.

65.

At length six golden Trumpets did proclaim
Their Masters Highnesse was at hand to treat.
To her balcony startled *Psyche* came,
And soon perceiv'd the sound was not so great
As the strange sight: She never though a Queen,
Such prodigality of State had seen.

66.

In open Tent appear'd, whose Covering was
Sumptuously rugged with Embroydery
Of Perls and Jewels; in which orient Glasse
The Sun, who needs would peep, had lost his Eye.
But yet ten thousand He receiv'd for one,
For every Perl did beat him back a Sun.

67.

A fearfull Texture of strange Tapestrie
Pav'd the rich Floor with an historick Pride;
Where slaughter'd Lyons, Boars, and Bears did lie,
Confessing by whose Martiall Hand they di'd:
For every one had great *Agenors* dart
Deep sticking in his head, or in his heart.

68.

The wall hung thick with War: the noblest Stories
Whose valiant Actors e're did honour Bays,
Were glistering there, not in unworthy Glories:
For all that Gold and Gems could do to raise
Them to their life again, was freely tried,
And *Art* as liberally her wealth supplied.

69.

Th' obedient Sun rein'd in his posting Houres
By Heav'ns steep side, at *Joshua*'s Command,
Where to attend and to admire his Powers,
This glorious Witnesse with fix'd Eye did stand.
The Moon keep'd in her Horns, and dared not
Push out the Night, till he the Day had got.

70.

Close by, five prostrate Kings the ground did gnaw,
Feeling upon their Necks his Captains Feet:
And in a stately-miserable Row
Were six and twenty other Princes set,
Whose Crowns before his Helmet broken lay,
Whose lopped Scepters to his sword gave way.

71.

There boistrous *Sampson* with his Asse's Jaw
(A wretched Weapon, could his sinews not
Amend his weak Toole by its potent Blow,)
A thousand Enemies devoureth: But
With statlier Might his brawnie shoulders here
Did *Gaza*'s Gates up *Hebron* Mountain wear.

72.

But yet his last Exploit crownd all the rest,
When to the *Princes* fatall *Sport* he shew'd,
Turning their Banquet to their funerall Feast,
Wherewith their Wine all their own Blood he brew'd,
As at the Pillars He did stand and pull,
The Hangings were with their own Ruines full.

73.

Next him, a young and ruddy Champion flings
Into *Goliahs* Brow a shamefull Death,
There *Isbibenob* dread and terror brings
Upon the Sceen, shaking with monstrous Wrath
His barbarous Spear, till *Abishas*'s brave Sword
Hew'd down this Mount, whose fall made *Gath* afeard

74.

There *Sibbechai* on *Saph*'s enormous Pride
Due vengance takes. There mighty *Elhanan*
Drowns storming *Lahmi* in his own Bloods Tide.
There the undaunted Blade of *Jonathan*
Prunes the *six-finger'd Gyant*, and requites
The bold defiance He on *Israel* spits.

An

75.

An Army to himſelf, *Adino* there
Muſters his Powers againſt eight hundred Foes:
Glad this brave Harveſt He alone may ſhear,
About his daring Work the Champion goes,
Nor ſtops his Conqueſt untill He has mown
This totall field of matchleſs Honor down.

76.

There *Dodo's* Son; there *Shammah* keep their ground
Nor yeild one inch to all *Philiſtia's* Hoſt:
Shame ſpurr'd the Armies on; but ſtill they found
They ventur'd onely to their fatall coſt:
For obſtinate Victorie attended heer
On *Shammah's* ſword, on *Eleazr's* there.

77.

Benajah from th' *Egyptian Heroe* heer
Tears both his Speare and Life: There He divides
Deſtruction 'twixt a Lyon-faced Pair
Of *Moabites*: His Fauchion heer he guides
Into a reall Lyons Heart, whoſe Cave
In which He found him, ſoone He made his Grave.

78.

To *Bethleem* there the danger-ſcorning *Three*
Through the *Philiſtian* Guards flaſh ope their way,
Fir'd with a ſtronger thirſt of Victory,
Than was their *Kings* of Water: And their Prey
They fail not to obtaine, though through a flood
Going and comming, they muſt wade of blood.

79.

The other Work did onely ſpeak what He
Himſelfe was pleas'd about himſelfe to Lie.
How many gaſping Gyants might you ſee
Yeilding *Agenor* ſtrange-form'd Victory!
How many Palms and Bays about Him throw
Themſelves, ambitious of his Hand and Brow!

80.

Above, his Scutcheon hangs, *In Azure field*
A Lyon Or, with Lightning in his Paw,
The Creſt was *Fame*, with Cheeks & Trumpets ſwel'd,
And wings diſplay'd: His Throne was built below
Of Perle, whoſe Luſtre yet was conquered
By thoſe ſix ſteps which up to it did lead.

81.

The firſt was * *Plutus*, of ſubſtantiall Price; * *Riches.*
The next † *Eugenia*, in fancy high: † *Nobility.*
* *Callos* the third, the raviſher of Eyes; * *Beauty.*
The fourth † *Andria* full of Majeſty; † *Valour.*
The fift * *Pedia*, fairer than the reſt; * *Learning.*
† *Euſebia* the ſixt, of all the beſt. † *Pietie.*

82.

There ſate the *Gallant*. One whole Diamond made
His radiant Helmet, and in wanton pride
A knot of gorgeous Plumes about it playd,
Scorning all Winds that kiſs'd them: Still aſide
They wav'd their Heads when any Blaſt came neer
And coyly ſeem'd to aske, what make you heer?

83.

A Mantle of Eſtate flow'd round about
Down from his wide-ſpred ſhoulders to his feet,
And cloth'd Him with all ſplendors that are brought
From Eaſterne ſhores the Weſterne Perles to meet,
And by, a rich Conſpiracy of Beams
Epitomize the Worlds eſtate of Gems.

84.

His ſword look'd Lightning through its chryſtall ſheath,
Whoſe round Hilt its Victorious blade did crown:
But yet his Scepter did more terrour breath,
Such Majeſtie about it he had thrown.
The Ball in's hand was ſwell'd to that Degree,
As if it meant indeed the World to be.

85.

At his right Hand ſtood *Scorn*: turn'd was her Head
Over her ſhoulder: with contemptuous Eye
Through a thick frowne her ſullen mind ſhe ſpred,
And ſeeing, ſcorn'd to ſee, the Company.
Nor did ſhe mend, or mollifie her Brow,
But when *Agenor's* growing rough ſhe ſaw.

86.

At his left hand ſtood gaudie *Philautie*,
But dwelt more on a Chryſtall Glaſs ſhe held
Eternally neer her admiring Eye;
In which her fooliſh ſelf ſhe read, and ſmil'd
On her faire leſſon, though the brittle Glaſs
Admoniſh'd her how vain her Beautie was.

87.

Before him, on a golden Pillar, at
Whoſe foot a Laurell and a Palme did grow,
Upon the back of triumph glory ſate;
Whoſe dazeling Robes did with more luſtre flow
Than breaks from *Phebus's* furniture, when He
Through *Cancer* rides in all *June's* gallantry.

88.

About Him round his whole Retinue was
Diſpos'd in royall equipage: His owne
Attendants had the credite of the place
Which glittered neereſt his illuſtrious Throne:
Then ſtood the *Paſſions*, all admiring how
This Sceen of Wonders could ſo quickly grow.

Craftie

89.

Crafty *Agenor* having paus'd a while
To give respect to his own State, and let
Psyche both bite and swallow down the Guile
About which He so fair a Bait had put:
By soft and proud degrees vouchsaf'd to stirre,
And being risen, thus accosted Her.

90.

Did *Pitties* generous and Soveraign Law
All points of Ceremony not forbid,
Agenor must not have descended now
To stand at *Psyche*'s Gate: But I am led
Below my selfe by Virtue, that my Might
May help these wronged *Passions* to their right.

91.

'Tis *Fortunes* pleasure that casts me upon
These mercifull Designs, and I'm content;
The Honor's Gain enough: this Pay alone
My Pains expect: Indeed the common Rent
By which my most renowned Self I keepe,
Are the Revenues I from *Glory* reap.

92.

And for these fillie Creatures sake, who thought
I had been but some single Errant Knight,
I let this glimpse of what I am break out,
To teach their Error my authentick Might
Needs no supplies from them: This Part of my
Ne'r-conquer'd Train dares Heav'n and Earth defie.

93.

I was resolved by this Swords dread Flame
To sacrifice you to my Wrath: But now
You are a Female thing, I hold it shame
To make my Conquests honor stoop so low:
I'm loth the World should say *Agenor* drew
His Sword, and like a Man a Woman slew.

94.

In Womans blood my Weapon never yet
Blush'd for its base Exploit: nor will it now
Begin its shame, and a vile Victory get,
Unlesse enforc'd by *Fortune*, *Fate*, and You.
But I forget my selfe through Courtesie:
Precious are Princes Words, and few should be.

95.

Love knew her Cue; and, stepping gently forth,
Great Queen, said she, I chosen am to be
My suppliant Sisters Mouth: And may this Earth
Ope hers to close up mine, if Falsitie
Break from my lipps, or any Fraud conceal
What They, and Truth, and Justice, bid me tell.

96.

What Heav'n has made Us, 'tis our Bliss to be,
And that's your Subjects: Though cross *Error* now
A confident Blot throws on our Loyalty,
The lest of treacherous Thoughts We disavow:
Alas what would the Members gain if they
Combine their Wit and Strength their Head to slay.

97.

Yet your wise Majesty full well doth know
That, as your Self a Free Prince are, so We
Are Free-born Subjects: *Nature* does allow
In our sweet Common-weal no Tyranny:
She knew this mutuall Freedome best would bless
Both Prince and People with joint Happiness.

98.

But what broad Innovations rush'd of late
Into our State, justling out Liberty,
O that wee could not feel! Had it been *Fate*
Which thrust on Us this boistrous Misery,
We had been silent: But wee know what Hand
Hath stoll'n our Freedome, and by whose Command.

99.

Nor I, nor any of my Sisters were
Suffer'd our Selves in quiet to possesse:
We could not Love, nor Hate, nor Hope, nor Fear,
We could not Sorrow know, nor Joyfulnesse,
Nor any thing that pleas'd not Them who had
A Prey of all our Priviledges made.

100.

Surely wee had a legall Title to
What ours by reverend *Natures* bounty was.
Yet snatch'd from thence, wee must be press'd to goe
And serve abroad we knew not where, alas,
Nor e'r shall know; for how should wee comprise
Mysterious things, and Matters of the Skies?

101.

Nor is this sad Case onely ours, who are
Inlanders here: Your Subjects too abroad
Who at your Cinque-ports with perpetuall care
In gathering your royall Customes stood,
Are loaded with like Grievances: and they
Pray'd Us, with our Complaints, theirs to display.

102.

They have not leave, (poor leave!) to Hear, or See,
Or Smell, or Taste, or Feele, what is their own;
But chain'd up in unnaturall Slavery,
Of their starv'd Lives and Selves are weary grown.
Yet this Griefe more than all, their hearts doth break,
That their Religion too lies at the Stake.

103.

They must a new Devotion learn, and be
Tortur'd with Watchings, Prayers, and Prostrations,
With Ceremonies of pale Piety,
With Fastings, and severe Mortifications:
And if this Superstition they refuse,
Some Mulct on the poor Confessors ensues.

104.

And by what Law must either They, or We
Under this Arbitrary Power lie?
Where is the Free-born Subjects Liberty,
Who have no power at all, unlesse to Die?
And surely Death a greater Blessing were,
Than such a Life as We doe groan in here.

105.

Mistake not gracious *Soveraign*, what I speak:
As if I charg'd the guilt of these our Woes
Upon your Soule: My heart-strings first should crack
With their own torments loud, e'r I would loose
My Tongue in such a slaunder: you, alas,
May with your Subjects for a Sufferer passe.

106.

A Sufferer in that which neerest lies
And deerest unto every Princes Heart:
Your royall Honor in our Miseries
Is rack'd and tortur'd and torn part from part.
Ask not by Whom; but recollect who were
They whose bold Charms in Court did domineer.

107.

Logos that wiley Fox Was never well
But when on you and Us, he made a prey.
Some handsome Tale or other He would tell
Whereby to your Mistake He might betray
Your unheard Subjects: From your Highness thus
He stole your Eare, our Liberty from Us.

108.

His *Majors*, *Minors*, *Maximes*, *Demonstrations*,
With most profound Deceit He gravely dress;
And by these sage and reverend Conjurations
Pour'd Cruelty into your Gentle Breast;
And made you count his Plots good sober Reason,
Which in the *Passions* must have gone for Treason.

109.

Hence issued those Commands, which day by day
Illegall Burdens on our Backs did heap,
And to this sad Necessity betray
Our loth Soules, that they could no longer sleep
In patient Silence. Though all Warrants came
From his fell Hand, they wore your gentle Name.

110.

Some woefull Comfort it had been if We
Had to one single Tyranny been damn'd:
But We at Home, in forrein slavery
Were held; A Grievance we would not have nam'd,
In reverence to your Credit, could the thing
Have easie grown by our long suffering.

111.

What is that *Charis* unto Us, that she
In our Free State such arrogant sway must bear?
Or what made you so weak a Prince, that We
Must be Commanded by a Forreiner?
We grant she's brave and Princely: Yet wee know
We owe Allegiance to no *Queen* but *You*.

112.

She came from Heav'n, if wee her Word may take:
But what woo'd Her from such a place as that,
To dwell in this ignoble World, and make
Her high Selfe stoop unto she knew not what?
I would be loth to wrong Her; Yet I fear
There's something in't, why Heav'n gat rid of Her

113.

And being here, what was the Trade she drove
But how to barbarize your gentle Breast
With strange Austerity; and to remove
Us from your love with which We once were blest?
Your smiles she all monopoliz'd, and left
Us quit of all things, but your Hate bereft.

114.

If this Devotion be, and heav'nly Zeal,
What is Unnaturalnesse? Alas that We
None but destructive Piety must feel,
And by Religion consumed be!
Alas that Heav'n and Godlinesse must thus
Be forc'd to suffer injury with Us!

115.

Nor is proud *Phylax* one who with less Art
Hath cozen'd you into this Tyrannie:
Soft are his Wings, but cruell is his Heart,
Sweets in his Looks, Gall in his Thoughts doth lie:
Fair does He speak you, but the bait is cheap:
His streams run smoothest, where the chanell's deep.

116.

Were you a Youngling, and devoid of Friends
Whose riper Arms might help your tender Hand
To sway the Scepter: then, what he pretends
With tolerable Sense perhaps might stand;
But must your Nonage still goe on, and He
For evermore the *Lord Protector* be?

Now

117.

Now by your honour, mighty *Queen*, 'tis time
For you no more to think your self a Childe:
Know your own power, and looſe it not in Him
Who has your credulous Love too long beguil'd.
'Tis no diſcredite for a Prince to throw
Away an Error, and with it a Foe.

118.

Your Confidence in Him which flames ſo high,
Was kindled by his ſervice in the Grove:
Yet what if that were but a Myſterie
Of deep deceit, and no exploit of Love?
If *Phylax* and not *Aphrodiſius* were
In all that Sceen of Charms the Conjurer?

119.

Who but the noble *Aphrodiſius* there
Bravely forgetfull of his own life, from
Immediate Death wide-gaping in the Boar
Your helpleſs ſoul did reskew? And from whom
Did *Phylax* ſnatch you, but from his Imbrace
Who your deliverer and your Lover was?

120.

And then enrag'd With ſhameleſs ſpight, to ſee
You to another your protection owe,
Upon the courteous ſtrangers Piety
The powers of magick Malice He did throw:
How much more Monſter was you *Phylax* there,
Who made the goodly Knight ſo foule appeare?

121.

Yet well it were, if he would onely trie
His Charms on *Aphrodiſius*, and forbear
To exerciſe on Us his Witcherie:
But We, alas, ſo Metamorphoz'd are
With that Rough-caſt of ſhapes He on Us cleaves,
That you in your owne Subjects He deceives.

122.

We ſeem like *Fiends* (for Rebells ſure are ſo)
And monſtrous things in your abuſed Eye:
Although ev'n *Phylax* in his Heart doth know
Our Lives are not ſo deare as Loyaltie
To honeſt-meaning Us: And whoſe was this
Deſperate Enchantment if it were not his?

123.

'Tis true, He talks of Love and needs will be
The *Paranymphus* of the heav'nly *Spouſe*:
But ſurely I ſhould ken as well as He
All Myſteries of Love: The whole world knows
That my Creation onely aims at this:
And is my naturall Art leſs mine than His?

124.

That the Etheriall *Prince* makes love to you
As to the deareſt ſhe that treads his Earth,
I eaſily grant, becauſe ſo well I know
Your Majeſties incomparable Worth.
But Heav'n forbid that I ſhould Him eſteeme
So ſtrange a Spouſe as *Phylax* maketh Him.

125.

Sure He is *King of Sweetneſſe and Delight*,
And with more zeal abhorrs all Tyrannie,
Than *Phylax* loves it: Sure his gentle Might
Strives for a correſpondent Victorie;
Not all the world ſhall make Me think that He
Will ever wooe his Spuoſe by Crueltie.

126.

Lents, Embers, Vigils, Groans, Humi-cubations,
Tears, Penſiveneſs, diſconſolate Privacie,
Severeſt Arts of all Mortifications
Are not conditions required by
An earthlie Suiter; and can Heavn'ly He
Imbitter thus his deare Suits Suavitie?

127.

Can He expect his tender *Spouſe* ſhould prove
Her Loyaltie pants with intire affection,
By nothing but ſelf-hatred? can his Love
Finde no Security but your Deſtruction?
Pardon my fear, great *Queen*, you love not Him
Whom ſuch a *ſpightfull Lover* you can deeme.

128.

But farr be all ſuch Omens hence: Had I
Or Nature any Glaſs which could preſent
Your totall ſelf to your conſidering Eye;
The gallant ſight would make your heart repent
This dangerous Hereſie, that *Heav'ns gentle King*
Would uſe ſo harſhly ſuch a *lovely thing*.

129.

What is there of Delight, of Love, of Joy,
Of Grace, of Beautie in this World below
Or that above, which did eſcape away
From the *Creator's* fingers, when on you
Himſelf he wrote, and bade your Boſome be
The Vniverſe's rich Epitomie?

130.

But *Phylax* brews this cruell-flattering Plot,
Becauſe it is his Rack and Hell to ſee
That Fate or Fortune *Pſyche* ſhould allot
To any Spouſe but Him: This makes Him be
So ſubtly active in his ſecret Art
How he may you and your great *Suiter* part.

131.

O then, first for your own illustrious sake,
And next, for Us wrapp'd up in you, beware
Of his Designs in time: Just courage take
In what deserves your speediest stoutest Care.
Nor you nor We can be secure while He
Both from your Court and Favour banish'd be.

132.

Nor can your Palace be a dwelling Place
For *safety* so long as *Logos*, or
Charis, thus revell in your Princely Grace:
One Edict may dispatch them all, and fart
From this their stage of holy Treachery
Pack them to that foule place where Trayters lie.

133.

So shall your royall self securely dwell,
And your imperiall undeceived Hand
Sway its own Scepter: So shall We dispell
By prest obedience unto your Command
That causelesse Error, which upon our Head
The foule Blot of *Rebellion* hath spred.

134.

So shall our reskew'd Liberties appear
In their own Looks: So We by Love shall doe
More of your Will than disingenuous Fear
And lawlesse Tiranny e'r hal'd Us to.
So You no more shall mark'd and dreaded be
For Rigor, but reign *Queen of Clemencie*.

135.

So shall your sweetned Countenance proclaim
That you Lov's dear Adventure doe profess:
So shall you court with your Eys answering Flame
Your Spouse's beams: So shall His Tenderness
A soft capacity find in your Heart
Of his destroying, yet enlivening Dart.

136.

Here bowing low, Love sealed up her Lip
With a Kisse on the ground. But, all together
A thousand Doubts did tosse poore *Psyche* up
From one side of her thoughts unto another.
Three times she up'd her mouth; but jealous Feares
Would suffer Her to speak by nought but Teares.

137.

Which when *Agenor* spi'd: he with his Eye
Gave *Thelema* Commission to speak.
She, marching forth with port and majesty,
Loves great Deceit did something greater make.
And, Well I know, great *Queen*, said she, that You
Much wonder I should come a Treater now.

138.

Tis true, you sent me with expresse Command
To force the head-strong *Rebells* back againe,
And make them feel that your illustrious Hand
Is moderatrix of the regall Rein.
And I indeed took them for *Rebells* too;
So much your Error upon me could doe.

139.

But when I found their Loyalty as clear
As *Slander* fain'd it blotted: I who was
Dispatch'd by You but as the Officer
Of Right and Justice, had no power to passe
My strict Commission: and what need I prove
What was so solidly confirm'd by *Love*?

140.

I must confesse, when I had mark'd that Store
Of honest Bravery, of which poor they
Were, with the *Senses*, robb'd; I could no more
To their provok'd Impatience, Treason lay,
Than unto *Tellus*, if in chinks she ope
Her Mouth at *Sirius* who her flowres burns up.

141.

Yet they were generous, and unto Me
The choise of all their choisest Wealth did profer
That by my hand it might commended be
To wait on you: And here their Gift I offer.
If it and them you scorn, yet must not I
Be guilty of such Inhumanity.

142.

Forthwith she op'd the Scene, whence streamed out
The confluence of that gorgeous Pallacy
Which on her heedlesse Selfe before had wrought.
Straight, as the sweetly-rolling Tide grew high,
The Stream bore *Psyche* down, as sudden Light
Instead of day, seizeth the Eyes with night.

143.

Agenor seeing she was dazeled by
The flash of those Varieties, arose,
And, while she rubb'd and questioned her Eye,
To the Imposture adds this specious Close:
Wonder not *Madame*, but repent that you
Your *Subjects* goodly homage scorn'd till now.

144.

I am content the weakness of your Sex
Be your excuse, if now you can relent
To ease the yoak which gaulls your Subjects Necks,
And crown their just Demands with your Consent;
That Pitty I unto their Wrongs did lend,
To your repented Error I'le extend.

145.

The love which to mine own Queen ſeals my heart
Makes it unto all other Ladies kinde:
For her dear ſake I will to you impart
Rich teſtimonies of my tender Minde:
I know ſhe'l thank me when I come at home,
That in my Mercy I have made you room.

146.

Behold my Mine of wealth: From hence will I
This Peace with pretious Tokens conſecrate,
And will hereafter owne your Majeſty
As my Confederate: Though prevailing *Fate*
Makes me a Martiall Prince, I'd rather win
By ſweetneſſe, than by churliſh force, a *Queen*.

147.

Then ope your Gates. Or if my Kindneſſe be
A Price too mean to buy your Acceptation,
Tell me but ſo: I can more eaſily
Force than Intreat: This warlike Preparation
Did with more pains win on it ſelf to make
This Pauſe, than it will coſt your Fort to take.

148.

What help for *Pſyche* now, whom Power drives,
And Charms allure to her Deſtruction?
With heart-miſgiving Thoughts a while ſhe ſtrives,
And ſtruggles how ſhe may not fear the One,
Not love the other: But away at laſt
Her Reſolution, and her ſelfe ſhe caſt.

149.

Vain *Son of Duſt* pull down thy fooliſh Creſt,
And in this Glaſſe thy feeble *Worthineſſe* ſee:
Who will commit unto thy wavering truſt
Another thing, when by Self-treachery
Thou yeildeſt up thy wretched Heart a Prize
To them whoſe Power in thy Conceſſion lies?

150.

I like the Terms, right noble *Sir*, ſhe cries,
And muſt for ever in my high eſteem
Inſhrine and reverence theſe Courteſies,
Which from your ſweet Magnificence doe ſtream.
Then to the Gate ſhe haſts, and, to begin
Her thanks, flings it wide ope, and calls them in.

151.

Agenor ſheath'd his mighty Sword, and bid
The *Paſſions* all perform what He had done.
In modeſt Order they firſt entered;
Then with his ſwelling Train Himſelfe drew on,
And ſeem'd to caſt a ſirly Look aſide
Becauſe the Caſtle Gate was not more wide.

152.

With Princely ſlowneſſe thus march'd in at laſt,
Her royall Seal He Her deſires to ſet
To thoſe Conditions which before had paſt,
And in a gilded Scroll were ready writ.
She ran it over with a ſmiling Eye,
And ſtraight ſet ſeal to her own Miſerie.

153.

Then unto *Thelema* the Inſtrument
She gave, with full Commiſſion to ſhut
Her Ports when *Charis* or when *Phylax* bent
Their courſes, or their projects thither. But
For *Logos*, ſhe conſented He ſhould ſtill
Remain a Priſ'ner at the *Paſſions* Will.

154.

With that: My ſeal to this *Pacification*
Agenor cries, this Friendly Kiſſe ſhall be:
Mean while the *Paſſions* with joynt Acclamation
Salute their Soveraigns Eare, as courtly He
Her Lip: And fond ſhe joy'd their Noiſe to hear
Which all her freedome did in pieces tear.

155.

By name ſhe bad them welcome all: but on
Agenor dwelt her Thanks and Complement.
And, ſure, ſaid ſhe, what you to day have done
Proves you to be of that ſublime Deſcent
From which my *Spouſe* was ſaid alone to ſpring?
Who would not ſwear that you were *Peace's King*?

156.

Power reigns in both His Hands: the Armory
Of Heav'n, where Thundering Ammunition lies
In dreadfull Store, is His; yet gentle He
By ſweetneſſe loves to gain his Victories.
And ſo doe you, who for *His* ſake, to Me
The nobleſt Prince, and deareſt are but He.

157.

Agenor ſmil'd: And, Whoſoe'r I be,
Repli'd, ſweet Queen, I have no time to ſhow
More than by this bleſt peace, and what you ſee,
This Token of my royall Love to You.
The World may need Me ſomewhere elſe, and I
Muſt not by loytering here, my help deny.

158.

Yet if my Aid you ſhould hereafter want,
Send and enquire at any Prince's Court:
(And think not that *Agenor* now doth vaunt,)
Unto ſuch Inns I make my chiefe reſort.
Nor ſhal I of due welcome, for the beſt
And Nobleſt Place is proud of Me its Gueſt.]

159.

His Present was two Cabinets: which when
His Pages had set down, He took his leave
From her soft lipp; through which He breathed in
What her unwary Heart did not perceive,
Slie *Spirits of Self-love*, and *Foolish Pride*,
And many mystick swelling things beside.

160.

With earnest Courtesie she woo'd his Stay,
But now his deep Design was compass'd, He
With all his gorgeous Train made haste away,
And leaves her more a Pris'ner, than when she
Was in her Castle close barr'd up by Fear
Of them, who now all play'd the Tyrants there.

161.

Each *Passion* takes her swindge, and does appeal
To *Thelema* when any Doubts arise,
Boldly provoking to the Scroll and Seal
Which did this publike Freedome authorize.
This Noise and Tumult every corner fills
Of *Psyche's* court, which all with Revells swells.

162.

So when fond *Phœbus* doting on his Son,
Resign'd his Reins into his childish Hand,
Th' impatient Coursers cros the road did run,
And neither kept the way, nor his Command;
But in unbridled Madness with their wheels
Drew on the Worlds Confusion at their heels.

163.

The *Senses* too, first sticklers in the Treason,
Their share of its licentious fruit did reap,
Perceiving quickly that imprison'd *Reason*
No more his rigid Discipline could keep:
And proudly smiling, what tame Fools were wee
They cri'd, who did no sooner mutinie!

164.

How strange a Monster doth a Kingdome grow
Where *Lawes* and *Soveraignty*, the life and health
Of every heav'n-descended State, must bow
Unto Plebeian Wills! What Common-wealth
Can justifie its Name, where Subjects may
Command, and Princes dare not but obey!

165.

No *Hydra's* shape so shapeless is as this,
Which throws the World back to its breeding Heap,
The hideous Chaos of Preposterousnesse,
That tumbles All things in one monstrous Deep,
And in despight of the well-form'd Creation,
Disjoynts and scatters it quite out of Fashion.

166.

Yet wretchlesse *Psyche* is content to see
This monstrous Solœcisme in her own Breast,
And thinks her Scepter and her Selfe more free,
Than when Obedience did her Subjects cast
Low at the Feet of her Commands, where they
With reverence and ready Service lay.

167.

The silly Rose delighteth thus to be
Dress't in her fairest Looks and best Attire,
When round about a churlish Companie
Of Thorns against her Tenderness conspire:
Upon that Seige of Pikes She smiles doth cast,
Not dreaming They will murder her at last.

168.

Psyche's as jolly, as the *Passions* wilde,
And means her Joys with those Delights to feed
With which *Agenor's* Cabinets were fill'd:
Proud Expectation prompts Her there to read
The Lines of Fate against her selfe; For she
In opening them, broach'd her own Misery.

169.

(With such unfortunate Curiosity
The fatall Box rash *Epimetheus* op'd:
The trembling Lid for-warn'd his Hand to be
Better advis'd; yet still the Fondling hop'd
For mighty Matters: But the Prize he found,
Himselfe, and all the World, in Sorrows drowned.)

170.

The first was full of Bracelets, Net-works, Tires,
Rings, Earings, Tablets, Wimples, Hoods, Veils, Laces,
Lawns, Crisping-pins, Chains, Bonnets, golden Wires,
Vermilion, Pencills, Smiles, Youth, blooming Faces,
Gloves, Sandalls, Girdles, Busks, Suffumigations,
Powders, Perls, Coronets High-looks, & New-fashi-
(ons,

171.

Silks, Sattens, Purples, Sables, Ermyns, Gold
And Silver by the Loom and Needle taught
To wed and dwell with Silk which feels no cold.
Besides all that lay in the bottome fraught
In ready Coin to pave and make the floor
Fit for the Feet of that ambitious Store.

172.

The next was nothing but th' inammeld Case
Of a large *Mirror*: Never Chrystall did
Smile with such pureness; Never Ladies Glasse
Its Owners face so sweetly flattered:
Narcissus's Fountain did with less Delight
Unto his fair Destruction Him invite.

For

173.

For He in that, and in self-love being drownd,
Agenor from him took his doting Eys:
Proud *Jezabells* he also scatter'd found
Amongst her fragments, and made them his prize.
Goliahs stareing *Bacins* too he got,
Which He with *Pharaoh's* all together put.

174.

But these being not enough; from *Phaeton*,
From *Icarus*, *Joab*, *Nebuchadnezzer*,
From *Philip* and his World-devouring *Son*,
From *Scylla*, *Cataline*, *Cicero*, *Pompey*, *Cesar*,
From *Herod*, *Cleopatra*, and *Sejanus*,
From *Agrippina*, and *Domitianus*,

175.

And many *Stoiks*: their high Eyes he pull'd;
Whose proudest Chrystall having drained out,
He blended it in a fair polish'd Mould;
Which He fill'd up with what from Heav'n he brought,
An Extract of those Looks of *Lucifer*
In which against his *God* he breathed Warre.

176.

Then to the North, that glassie Kingdome, where
Establish'd Frost and Ice for ever reign,
He sped his course, and meeting *Boreas* there,
Pray'd Him this liquid Mixture to restrain.
When loe, as *Boreas* op'd his Mouth, and blew
Forth his Command, the Humor solid grew.

177.

Thus was the Mirrour made: and did contain
The vigor of those selfe-admiring Eyes
Agenors witchcraft into it did straign:
A dangerous Juncture of proud Fallacies,
Which did so highly please its Authors Eye,
That Kissing it, he nam'd it *Philautie*.

178.

Unhappy *Psyche* ravish'd was to see
The Glass her selfe upon her selfe reflect
With trebled Majestie. The Sun when He
As by *Aurora's* roseal Fingers deckt,
Sees not his repercussed Selfe more fair
Upon the Eastern Main, then she did here.

179.

New Flames were kindled in her sprightfull Eye,
New Roses on her smiling Cheeks were spred,
New Graces and new Loves did gently fly
Down with her golden Tresses from her Head,
New Lilies beautifi'd her dainty Hand,
New Goodlines her Person did commend.

180.

Her cheated Soul sprang through her Eye, and dwelt
So long upon the Glass that it grew New:
Such mighty Thoughts, till now, she never felt,
As up and down her high-swoll'n Fancie flew;
Which breaking from her Mouth, at length, she cries,
How long have I been strange to mine own Eyes?

181.

Am I that *Worm*, whom *Phylax* put in minde
So oft of Dust and Vileness! Could this face
These Eyes, these Locks, these Hands, this Person finde
No better credit? Surely now the Case
Is plain how *Aphrodisius* came to be
So hideous: *Phylax* makes the like of Me.

182.

Foole that I was, to dream it could be true
Which proud He daily preach'd to my Disgrace:
Who could beleeve that I should never veiw
Till now, the Wonders of mine own bright face!
That this ingenuous Glass should tell me more
Then *Phylax*, or then *Charis* did before!

183.

No marvell now if *Heav'ns Apparent Heir*
Disdains all Beauties that He findes above,
And, doing right to her that is most fair,
By stooping down to me exalts his Love:
I little thought I could so much have shown
Why this my Head should fit an heav'nly-Crown

184.

Pardon me, ô my *Eyes* that ignorant I
With brieney Tears so oft have soiled you;
Had not your Flames by their Divinity
Secured been, they had been quench'd e're now.
And pardon Me, sweet *Cheeks*, I will no more
Blubber and scall'd your roses, as before.

185.

And you all-lovely Lips no more shall kisse
The Dust, which fooliish I took for your Mother.
The Tribe of Orientall Rubies is
Your pretious Kindred: nor must any other
Sip the soft Nectar which in you doth live
But that dear Kisse my *Spouse* to me shall give.

186.

Nor shall rude Usage rob thee of thy due
My gentle *Body*; All Hair-cloths fare-well,
My liberall Tresses Hair enough can shew;
And by this *Girdle Heav'n* did plainly tell
What other Furniture would suit me best
When with this Seige of Gems it girt my Waste.

And

187.

And since thy Cabinets Wardrobe Challenges
My proudest choise, I wish thy selfe were here
Royall *Agenor*, to behold how these
Fair Limbs of mine would quit themselves, and wear
In worthy Triumph thy best Jewells, which
Shall by my purer beams themselves enrich.

188.

This said: *Love* who stood fawning by her side,
Her delicate Service offered to dress
Her high-conceited Queen in equall Pride.
A purple Mantle, fring'd with *Statelinesse*,
Embroider'd with *Ambition*, laced round
With *Vanity* she in the Cabinet found:

189.

About her this she casts; then for her neck
And wrists, three Bracelets of bright Gems she chose,
A sparkling Coronet her head to deck,
To trim her feet, a pair of silver shoes,
A Crisping-pin to multiplie her hair, (bare.
Spruce Lawn to make her breast, though clothed,

190.

Whil'st she with these and other Rarities
Builds up her Pomp: The gaudy *Queen* delights
To see by what rich steps her Beauties rise;
For to the Glasse whose multiplying sleights
Flatter'd her Error to so proud a pitch,
Her Joyous Folly still her Eyes did reach.

191.

Then rising slowly up, as she before
Had seen *Agenor* move from his high throne;
She traversed, but scorn'd to see, the floor,
Or any of the *Passions* who look'd on.
Onely she turned her vain-glorious Head
Upon the Glasse her walking Selfe to read.

192.

Which Lesson pleased Her so well, that she
Gat it by heart, and yet must read again,
Insatiably covering to see
The Pomp in which her Looks and Clothes did reign:
And tickled with her selfe, she wish'd that now
Her *Spouse* would come and visit her below.

193.

The cunning *Passions* seeing her inhance
Her looks and gate, did in compliance bowe,
And at the feet of her new Arrogance
Themselves and all their treacherous homage throw:
Which, though she liked, yet she scorned too,
And taught *Acceptance* with *Disdain* to goe.

194.

But now her Home was grown too narrow to
Contein her Greatness; She abroad must ride,
That other Eys to her may reverence doe
Who now could prove herself *Heav'ns* worthy *Bride*,
And justly might display her beams in this
Low world, as in the upper He spreads His.

195.

An open Chariot she calls for: and
That with due stare and speed her wheels might run,
Eight of her stoutest *Passions* does command
To bend their Necks, and put the Harnesse on.
They soon obey'd, wishing no lesse to be
Abroad, and trot about the World, than she.

196.

When loe *Syneidesis*, who all this while
Had in a silent Corner watch'd her Queen,
Accosts her in an unexpected Stile,
And catching fast hold on her Arm, What mean
You by this haste? Here is another Glasse
Said she, for you to view before you passe.

197.

Behold these Eyes of mine: a Mirror where
Dwells no Deceit, nor Charm, nor Flattery:
You are true *Psyche* here, and onely here,
In this Reflection of Verity:
I never yet abused you; and why
Must that false Glass be trusted, and not I?

198.

With indignation *Psyche* turn'd her head,
And left Scorn for *Syneidesis*; but she
Who knew not to be daunted, followed
Her Eye with faithfull Importunity;
And made her see, in spight of her Disdain,
How both It, and her selfe did strive in vain.

199.

The *Passions* wonder'd at her Boldnesse; But
She is a Witch, impatient *Psyche* cries,
And hath the strength of all Enchantments set
Thick in the Glasses of her monstrous Eyes,
Which have such power on mine, that there's no gap
Where from their conjuring Circles I may scape.

200.

Behold how grosse a Lie of Ouglinesse
They throw upon my Face, there to out-face
The truth of all those beauteous lines which dress
My royall Looks with Prince-becoming Grace.
Surely my selfe I would revenge upon
My Selfe, if I indeed were such a One.

201.

Was Eye e'r frighted with so foule an Heap
Of angry Blisters, as those Starers make
O'r all my Skin! I challenge any Deep
Upon whose face the Windes most freedome take,
To shew so many Billows, as in Me,
O no; as in this lying Shape you see.

202.

Improvident Witch, why could'st thou not as well
Have charm'd my Touch, as thou hast done mine Eyes?
Why didst thou leave these Fingers Power to feel
And to convict thee of thy Forgeries?
Their Tumors are not yet so sore, but still
Thy Witchery they can restrain, and will.

203.

Upon her Throat forth-with her Left Hand flew,
Having with furious Veng'ance arm'd her Right,
With which upon the Maidens Eyes she threw
The vehemence of Her entended Spight;
Hoping to break her Glasses, that their Crack
Might let these Blisters out they seem'd to make.

204.

But stout *Syneidesis* composed was
Of Metrall as secure and brave as she;
And though her Eyes did wear the Looks of Glass
They borrow'd nothing but its Puritie:
Had they been brittle too, they had been broke;
But now they bore and smiled at the Stroke.

205.

This fetch't a secret sigh from *Psyche*, who
Call'd for a Veil as thick and black as Night.
And this at least; said she, the Deed shall doe,
And bury those bold Monsters from my sight:
Then on *Syneidesis* she cast it, and
Ti'd it full fast by an hard-hearted Band.

206.

O miserable Priviledge, that Man
Should able be to muffle up that Sight
Which shews Him to Himselfe, and onely can
Through Rocks & Shelves point out his Course aright!
Unhappy strength! the feebleſt Weakness is
Nothing so weak and faint a thing as this.

207.

Proud of this self-destroying Conquest, to
Her Chariot *Psyche* hasts; whose *Coursers* from
Her scornfull Eyes their own inflamed so,
That they with correspondent Pride did foam:
With bended Necks, and sparkling Looks they ran,
Disdaining all the ground they trode upon.

208.

Thus swimming over Hills and Dales and Plains,
She came unto a simple *Ermites* Cell:
There she pluck'd in her fierce Teemes looser Reins,
To see what Worme in that poor hole did dwell:
When busie at his Roots and Herbs close by
An aged Home-spun Man she did espy.

209.

To whom she cries, Alas vain wretched thing,
Is this a time for thee to cultivate?
What has thy Winter now to doe with Spring,
Who art already bowing to thy Fate!
E'n delve no more for Roots: that labour save,
And for thy other foot goe dig the grave.

210.

The honest *Ermite* when he well had view'd
Her scornfull Pittie, thus replied: I
For your Commiseration would have su'd,
Had I esteem'd my labour, Misery:
But I can well spare you your Pomp and Ease,
Me Poverty and Pains doe better please.

211.

A Coach once waited on my Idleness,
Being my House abroad, when Home I left:
But now I travell farre enough on these
Old Feet, and fear no Fall: that stately shift
Of Borrowing Leggs of Beasts, to Me is grown
Needlesse, since *Nature* fits Me with mine own.

212.

These Vanities, and all the rest, which are
Attendants on superfluous Wealth, I threw
Away with it: and that in time, for fear
It would have serv'd Me so; for well I knew
That Riches were but glorious Vexations,
Sins catching Fuell, Plunders Invitations.

213.

Then took I Sanctuary in that Cell,
Which has more room to spare for Heav'n and *God*,
Than had my spatious Pallace, which did swell
With secular burly Things. In this Abode
I finde my Haven, where un-disturbed I
Far from the Worlds loud Storms, at anchor lie.

214.

This spot of Ground, the Scoff of your high Eyes,
By pleasant Pains I make restore to Me
What carelessenesse had lost, sweet Paradise:
No Bait smiles here on a forbidden Tree;
Nor in these Herbs doth any Serpent sneak
Them to envenome, or my Safety check.

215.

My serious Labours and my ridgid Fear
Fright hence the tender Sons of Luxury,
Distempers and *Diseases*; Guests which are
Fed at the Bord of *Superfluity*.
In health and vigour I can night and day
Trade with my *Maker*, and my Prayers say.

216.

He, though no wanton Bathes have softened
My careless Skin, which tann'd and rough you see;
Though all my weeds be of a rurall Thred,
Spun by *Neglect*, and by *Simplicity*;
Esteems nor Me, nor my Condition poor,
Because I build my Hopes upon his Store.

217.

His royall Store, which (since this World below
So narrow was) fills Heav'ns vast Treasury:
And till the Sons of Dust and Ashes grow
As high as that, in vain they look to be
Enrich'd by it. But there's a Way by which
We Dwarfs to that Sublimity may reach.

218.

A strange Way, which does by *Desentions* Wings
Teach Us to soar: These Contrarieties
Into the field not onely *Nature* brings,
But *Grace* with opposite Cures meets Maladies.
Pride threw Us down, when we were perched high,
Our ladder to get up's *Humility*.

219.

Humility, that Art enobled by
His own Profession whom all Heav'ns adore:
Himselfe He *Lowest* made, who was *most High*,
And of the Richest King, became most Poor;
By his Example teaching Us that We
Must onely by Rebound exalted be.

220.

Psyche with great contention deign'd to heat
Him hitherto, but could endure no more.
What Pitty 'tis, said she, that now thy Beer
Hath long stood waiting for thee at thy Door,
Thou art no Wiser yet! this signe doth shew
Thy Dotage is past Help; Poor wretch, adeiu.

221.

Then with relaxed Rein admonishing
Her smoaking Steeds; They snatch'd her Coach away
With sparkling foaming fervor, copying
Her hasty indignation, untill they
Drew neer the Citty; where their pace they bate,
Marching in statelier slowness to the Gate.

222.

The People gaz'd upon her as she past
And fill'd the Street with Wonder: Every Eye
Its fooliish homage in her way did cast,
And by that Admiration raise more high
Her tumid Looks, who had the more to scorn,
The more Spectators did her way adorn.

223.

For whilst some prais'd the Coach, and some the Steeds,
And all her Person who rode Queen of them:
With careless Looks *Contempt* about she spreads
Both on their Admiration, and on them.
She lov'd the Honor, yet lov'd to despise
What in her own esteem was her best prize.

224.

So when a burly *Tempest* rolls his Pride
About the World though mighty Cedars bow,
Though Seas give way unto his greater Tide,
Though Mountains lay their proudest heads full low
Before his feet, yet still He roars amain,
And rusheth on in blustering Disdain.

225.

On many Pallaces her Eye she cast,
But yet could not vouchsafe to view them long:
At last contemning all she saw, she prest
With insolent fiercenesse through the gazing Throng,
Crying, These Cottages can afford no room
For *Psyche*'s Entertainment: I must Home.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.

CANTO VI.

The Humiliation.

ARGUMENT.

HEr heav'nly Friends *by ſoule-ſubduing Art*
Recover Pſyche *from her ſhamefull Glory:*
And ſure to ſeal upon her ſofined Heart
Religious Meekneſſe, Phylax *tells the Story*
Of her immortall all-producing Spouſe;
And then her own originall Vileneſſe ſhows.

1.

BUt what is *Home* unto unhappy Her
Whoſe onely Caſtle is ſurrender'd to
A Pack of Rebells who reſolved were
To uſe the licence of their Conqueſt ſo
That ſhe ſhould in her own Dominion
Have no power left her, but to be undone?

2.

She might have ſafelier call'd all Tempeſts in,
And to the loudeſt Windes ſet ope her Gate,
Or giv'n her Key to Bears and Tigers; then (hate
To thoſe more dangerous Beaſts, whoſe fair-tongu'd
Does work by this Prerogative, that they
By Honey poyſon, by Imbraces ſlay.

3.

Flat Enemies are honeſt harmleſſe Things
Becauſe they tell Us what We have to fear:
But double-hearted Friends, whoſe Blandiſhings
Tickle our Ears, but ſting our boſomes, are
Thoſe dangerous *Syrens*, whoſe ſweet mayden face
Is onely mortall Treaſons burniſh'd Glaſſe.

4.

Theſe are the *Pits* whoſe mouths with flowers ſpred
Sweetly invite our Feet unto a Fall:
The golden *Cups*, whoſe Lips are ſugered
To the diſſembled Poyſon ours to call:
The crafty *Hooks*, which in a dainty Bait
To catch the Liquoriſh Palate lie in wait,

5.

These are those flattering *Pipes* whose wily Tune
Enchants the silly Birds into the Net:
These are those fragrant *Bedds* of fair-look'd *June*
With smileing Roses and with Lilies set,
Where th' unsuspecting Gardner to surprise
By fatall sleight, perdu the Serpent lies.

6.

These are those *Delilahs* whose weeping Eye,
Whose sighs, whose Kisses, whose Imbraces be
The truer Withs, and Ropes, and Web, where-by
They binde the stoutest *Sampsons* on their knee;
Where while they hope to rest, they polled are
At once both of their Liberty and Hair.

7.

These are the politick *Hyena's* who
Make bloody Thirst in humane Accents speak;
And with such sweet Hypocrisie can wooe
The heedlesse Swain compassion to take,
That to his Foe his door he openeth,
And in fond Pitty letteth in his Death.

8.

These are those *Judas's*, whose Lips can drop
The honey of a friendly Salutation,
And with a Kisse seal the soft bargain up;
Though in their Hearts a trayterous Conjuration
Lies rankling, and they study how they may
In Looks and Words of Love, their *God* betray.

9.

And surely *Psyche* by this Treason had
Been cheated of her life and selfe, if He
Who in his *Judas* tryall of it made,
Had lent no Pitty to her Misery;
Had *Jesu's* tender Goodnesse not out-rid
His faithless *Spouse* who now from Him was fled.

10.

Charis and *Phylax* He a while with-drew,
That being left unto her selfe, she might
Of her own Weakness take convincing view
When she occasion had, and cause to fight.
But now He sends them back to help Her down
From the high Ruine where He saw her thrown.

11.

Make haste, said He; my Love, and Her Distresse
Call for your speed: To you full power I give
To ease Her of that wretched Mightiness
Before it split her Heart; to undeceive
Her cheated Soule, and shrink it till it be
Little enough to fit my Heav'n and Me.

12.

They having thrice ador'd his Foot-stool, flew
Upon the wings of Thought through every Sphear:
No Lightning ever made more haste to view
The East and West at once, than this swift Pair
Of earnest Messengers; or with more Light
Did all Spectators startled Eyes affright.

13.

For when the *Passions* saw them darting neer,
Immediate Terror upon them did seize:
Down fell their changed Looks and Necks; though
Was left at home, she present seem'd in these, (*Fear*
The suddenness made *Psyche* too afraid
And both her Courage and her Chariot stay'd.

14.

But though the first Assault of Lightning be
Pointed with Dread and Awe; the second does
Break forth with more abated Majesty
And (in our Eyes at least,) some Brightnesse loose.
Custome, though young and breeding, yet can make
The dint and edge of any strangness slake.

15.

Both *Psyche* and her Steeds did soon recover
Some sense and spirits of their boiling Pride,
When the first glimpse of those new Beams was over:
But chiefly she swell'd to so high a Tide
Of Confidence, as to presume Her Streams
Would now repulse the Torrent of their Beams.

16.

To both her reverend Friends she doth dispense
Her frowns, and lowring-loathing Looks, and by
That silent Language of Impatience
Her changed Minde and sullen Thoughts descrie.
But when she saw them full resolv'd, she cries,
I thought you would have understood mine Eyes.

17.

Loe here my Tongue interprets them: You are
As much mistaken now in *Psyche*, as
She heretofore in You; I must and dare
Tell you your own: Your treacherous Counsell has
Too long bewitch'd my tender credulous Heart:
Hencetorth you may for evermore depart.

18.

The saucy *Coursers* with ears prick'd up high
Caught that proud Answer as from her it flew,
And neighing in tumultuous jollity,
With aggravation of Defiance threw
It in the faces of the heav'nly Pair;
And then they kick'd, and flung, and snuff'd the Air.

But

19.

But *Phylax* standing in Her Coache's way,
Lift up his Hand and Wing and kep't her back,
Crying much louder than her Steeds could neigh:
Yet e'r you goe vouchsafe to hear me speak;
Though I your Enemie be, you need not fear
Now you have learned that, my Words to hear.

20.

This netled *Thelema*, who Postillion was,
And had inflam'd the *Coursers* all the way;
She bent her scornfull Brow, and cri'd, Alas
Can *Phylax* think I will his Rub obey,
Who ride where e'r I list, and never meet
With Mount, or World, which stops my Horses feet?

21.

With that she check'd her Fierie Courser [and
This *Anger* was, the most outrageous Steed,]
Who with curvets strait answered her Hand,
And aim'd to match her way o'r *Phylax's* head.
Three times she leap'd, as often falling back,
Till with her Bones she heard the Chariot Crack.

22.

For *Phylax* having thither reach'd a Ray
Of mystick power, seiz'd on the Axel-tree,
Which with a splitting groan at length gave way,
And by the voice of its fragility
Admonish'd all the Coach, that *Ruine* now
Meant to ride there, and *Psyche* out would throw.

23.

And true the warning was: for either Wheel,
The Barrs, the Pillars, Seat, Side, Back, and Head
Shatter'd forthwith into confusion, feel
How sure the Axels Fatall preface led
Them to their Tragedy, which now no more
Can own their severall Names as heretofore.

24.

'Tis all but one rude Heap: upon whose back
Lies *Psyche* something bruised with the Fall;
But wounded more to see who made that Crack,
And rais'd that Pile as for her funerall.
She scorns to take Him for an equall Foe,
But swells, and puffs, and knows not what to doe.

25.

He, in her sullen Eye observing well
The troubled Motions of her smoking Heart,
And more than her own Tongue knew how to tell;
Pitti'd the sadnesse of her wilfull Smart:
And, for compliance, her own course he took,
Speaking not by his Mouth, but by his Look.

26.

This is the Dialect of strongest Love,
Which, when the fruitlesse Tongue had said her Say,
With soule-commanding Power doth plead, and prove
That Eloquence doth reign in Eyes; that they
Who to the bottom of the Heart would speak,
In Looking Lines must their Orations make.

27.

His serious Aspect upon Her was bent
Compos'd of angry love, and milde disdain;
Expressive were the Glances which He sent,
And every Word that darted forth, was plain:
Some Rayes grew hot and stoutly chid, but others
With melting Pittie mollifi'd their Brothers.

28.

O what a long long Story ran He over
In this short ocular Discourse! how fast
Did He her bosome and his own discover,
And what of old, and what of late had past,
And what was dawning, if she still went on
With obstinate confidence to be undone.

29.

But she would not this language understand
Because the Speaker she before despis'd:
She proudly look'd, and coyly wav'd her hand,
Telling him by those signes, she was advis'd
So well of what she did, that He might goe
And somewhere else his scorned Pains bestow.

30.

Mean while, as *Thelema*, and her bruis'd *Steed*
Biteing their own lips, and the ground, did lie;
Charis her sweetest Powers had mustered
To force the Damsell from her Miserie.
And, See, said she, when it was grown so tall,
How suddenly your Pride hath caught a Fall.

31.

Yet this is not the Bottome, but a Step
Unto that *Ruine* whither you did ride.
O did you know how black and vast a Deep
Gapes in your Journeyes End, you would have di'd
A thousand other Deaths, much rather than
Have posted thus to plunge into that one.

32.

Here with her Wand she stroke upon the Earth:
Straight *Tellus* heard the Knock, and op'd her Door;
When loe a Night of Smoke came stinking forth,
And then a duskie Day of Fire: the Roar
Of that great Crack made surly *Thelema* start,
And summon'd *Psyche* too, to see her part.

33.

For though Dread ſhook their Soules, They deemed it
Scorn to confeſſe their fear and run away.
Their adamantine ſtomack will not let
Their lives be longer pretious: ſtill they ſtay,
Not out of curious Deſire to ſee,
But, to out-face the hideous Prodigie.

34.

The monſtrous Jaws of the wide-gaping Pit
With banefull ſoot were lined thick: Beneath
Incenſed Sulphure flaſhing Wrath did ſpit,
From whence a Cloud of heavie Groans did breath
Forth ſad confeſſion Who below did dwell:
Theſe Proofs authentik were to ſpeak it Hell.

35.

Plung'd in the gloomie Caverns Centre were
A woefull Rout mingled with ſmoke and Fire;
Abiram, *Corah*, *Dathan* fried there,
With *Peleths* venturous *Sonn*, who did conſpire
To raiſe that old Combuſtion, which now
Concluded is in their own Flames below.

36.

Their howling Wives and ſhreiking Children lay
Broiling about them, and deſir'd in vain
One drop of Water after dying They
Had burn'd ſo long in their ſtill-living Pain: (ſtore,
Their Tears drop'd thick, but mock'd them by their
And onely ſcal'd their Cheeks which flam'd before.

37.

As *Thelema* ſtood doubting at the ſight,
Behold this laſt Preferment *Charis* cri'd,
To which *Ambition* doth fond men invite:
Is it not petty that thou didſt not ride
Thy Journey out; and am not I thy Foe
Who down this fair Hill would not let thee goe?

38

Thou ſeeſt that arrogant Brood of *Rebells* there
Who were too high to ſtoop to heavenly law:
Yet to their wretchleſſe *Paſſions* lent their Ear,
And rather then to God, to them would bow.
Moſes and *Aaron* whom they kick'd at there,
Nothing but *Phylax* are and *Charis* here.

39.

Moſes and *Aaron* did uſurp too much,
And bare their tyrannizing Heads too high.
And was not our Inditement onely ſuch,
When *Love* drew up our Charge? We were not by
I grant; but yet He was, whoſe Vengance now
Feeds on your proud *Agenors* heart below.

40.

Obſerve that *Feind* who holds fell *Chorah's* chain,
Himſelfe bound in a greater: He knows why
He gathers up his Tails aſhamed Train
And ſteals it round about his ſcaley Thigh.
Ask but his Looks, and they will tell you plain
What ſpot it is which them with Guilt doth ſtain.

41.

This high-ſwoln mountain of Deformity
Once vie'd with *Beauties* ſelf, by's borrow'd Face:
But now uncaſed in his curſed ſtie,
His ſhape is correſpondent to his place.
Here you ſee what without a Lie is His,
This your illuſtrious *Agenor* is.

42.

Hearing this Word, the tumid *Feind* did ſplit
His over-charged mouth, and vomit out
A ſtream of brimſtone, belching after it
More horrid Cries; which bellowed about
His hollow Home; but finding it too narrow,
Into the Air let looſe his thundering Sorrow.

43.

It ſhak'd the Earth, as through her ſides it broke,
And ſomething ſtartled *Pſyche* who ſtood by.
But *Thelema* diſdaind the Terrors ſtroke,
Confuting it with her all-dareing Eye.
She knew her ſtrength authentik was, and ſtill
Reſolv'd what e'r it coſt, to have her Will.

44.

Thus when a wilfull Heir to age is come,
And in his own Hand feels the golden Rein
Of his long-wiſh'd Revenews; if by ſome
Well-practiſ'd ſpend-thrift he be taught to drein
His over-flowing Bags, in vain his Friends
Shew him how Poverties Ebb that Tide attends.

45.

But truſty *Charis* well remembring what
Her *Maſters* love commanded, plies her part:
And, ſeeing *Feares* Darts were repulſ'd, ſhe ſhot
The ſhafts of Love into the Virgins heart,
Which in a diamond Caſe from Heaven ſhe brought,
With many other pretious Powers fraught.

46.

Strong were the Blows, and op'd themſelves the way
Unto the bottome of their Mark, but ſweet
Withall and ſilent. Thus the noble Ray
Shot from the Suns Eye, doth no ſooner beat
Upon the chryſtall Ball, but with ſoft force
Quite through & through it takes its harmleſs courſe.

On

47.

On *Thelema's* soul the gallant Arrows wrought
With blessed wounds of heav'n-begotten Joy:
Yet she with such perverse resistance fought,
That had but *Charis* known how to be coy,
She would have spar'd her pains, and left the Maid
By her own stubborn Victory betray'd.

48.

But she as obstinate was in Patience,
And many a deare time shot and shot againe:
Untill at length the strokes begat some sense
Of a delightfull and convincing pain;
With which pierc'd thorough, now I must, I see
Cri'd *Thelema*, by this Sweetness conquer'd be.

49.

I know I need not yeild, except I will;
But this soul-plying Violence, which so
Severely sweet through all my wounds doth thrill,
Enforceth Me to force my self to goe.
With that she louted low, and on her knee
Begg'd pardon for her Pertinacitie.

50.

O noble Vertue of immortall *Grace*!
How uncontrolled is its dainty Art,
Which can a Bosome of it self uncase,
And teach the Heart how to subdue the Heart.
Which gains unbloody Bays and Triumphs thus,
In delicately conquering Us by Us!

51.

So when into the Swains unwary Foot
The venemous earnest of a swelling Death
Is from the treacherous *Tarantula* shot,
Musicks sweet Accents wisely temperd, breath
A mystike Antidote, which by delight
Deceives the poyson, and charms out its Might.

52.

But *Psyche* seeing *Thelema* relent,
Knew her own Stomacks power would swell in vain,
And judg'd it policy now to recant,
And her old potent *Friends* anew to gain.
Her useless *Arrogance* away she threw,
And after it three deep drawn sighs she blew.

53.

That thus ejected; *Shame* and *Modesty*,
Of their ingenuous Home took fresh possession,
And in her purple Cheek and gloomy Eye
Displai'd a Sceen of penitent Confession:
Then, as her Pride had toss'd her up before
Above her self, these cast her on the floor.

54.

'Twas easier now for her to weep than speak;
Yet striking stiffly on her guilty breast,
Unto her stiffling griefe a way she broke,
And helpt this Lamentation out at last:
O turne from shamefull *Psyche* your pure Eye;
Leave Me alone to perish where I lie.

55.

Or let your Justice plunge Me downe into
That mouth of Torment which gapes for Me there;
That I may to my lov'd *Agenor* goe,
Whose Lies before your Truths I did prefer.
Sure *Corah* and his damned Company
Take not up all the roome; ther's some for Me.

56.

'Twas more than Death to Me to view the face
Of my too-late-beleev'd *Synedesis*,
Though she presented in her trustie Glass
The faithfull Copy of my Hideousness.
But in your Lustres dint what shall I doe?
No veil has night enough to smother you.

57.

O! that intollerable Puritie
Of your celestiall Looks I cannot bear:
Pride has so tainted my unhappy Eye
That all unspotted Spectacles I fear;
For they my Torments are, and burne Me so,
That to a cooler Hell I faine would goe.

58.

This woefull Out-crie grated *Charis* Heart,
Wont not to bruise but heale the broken Reed:
She knew what Lenitives would tame that Smart,
Yet gave no more than for the present Need,
Leaving the perfect Cure awhile: For She
Knew well how wholsome longer Grief would be.

59.

Mean time the rampant Passions were stray'd,
And in wild Madness roved all about:
When *Thelema* before by them betray'd,
Reveng'd that Treachery, and by a stout
Command, unto their Duties call'd them back.
The whole Field at the awfull Voyce did quake.

60.

They started all, and strait of one another
Did mutuall Counsell ask with doubting Eye:
But after that first Call, out brake its Brother,
And thundred with imperious Majesty:
When looking back, they spi'd their Mistress's Hand
Lifted up high, which spake a third Command.

They

61.

They knew these Summons did in earnest call,
And alwayes had disdaind to be deny'd:
This forced their unwilling Crests to fall
And into slavish Trembling turn'd their Pride
When angry *Thelema* snatch'd up the Reins,
And thenceforth of their Harness made their Chains.

62.

So when the Master shakes his dreadfull Rod
High in the view of his extravagant Boies,
Who trouanting were, and rambling all abroad;
Their loth Adieu they bid unto their Toies,
And trembling into Schoole, expect when they
The price of their Extravagance should pay.

63.

But then she stoutly lash'd her shivering Teem
Unto the Lip of that dread mouth of Hell,
Where their late *General* she shewed them
Tearing his Friendship He could not conceal.
Which Sight, them & all treacherous Itchings parted
And through their Soules immortall Terror darted.

64.

This Act perform'd: they all remove the Stage
To *Psyche's* house; in which their Passage she
Beheld the lately-scorned Ermitage
With reverent blushing: But when pious He
Who reign'd King of Himselfe and It, espied
This blessed Change, He sate him down and cried,

65.

He cri'd for Joy, and answer'd *Psyche's* tears,
Which multiply'd with every Step she took:
Himselfe had been acquainted many Years
With noble *Charis*; and in's heav'nly Look
He read who *Phylax* was, for such a Friend
Did from his Birth till now on Him attend.

66.

What they had done, his Wisdome well could guesse,
When he the surly *Queen* dejected saw:
Her frowns, her taunts, her coach, her statelinesse
Were vanish'd all, and she so Humble now
That by *Agenor's* and *Heav'ns* help she seems
In one day to have reached both Extreems.

67.

Full many a Blessing did the Good Man pour
On *Charis* and on *Phylax* as they went:
But to his loving *Lord* He pants out more,
Who them down to that great Exploit had sent:
Good Wishes after *Psyche* He did throw,
Following Her steps as farr's his Eye could goe.

68.

Heroick *Charity*, how soon dost thou
Subdue all Wrongs Contempt can shoot at thee:
And freely blesse the Day which doth bestow
Happy Successe on thy proud Enemy!
Right noble is thy Valour, which alone
Can make thy Foes good Fortune be thine own.

69.

But they now to their Journey's period come,
Psyche with her stiffe Sighs blew ope the Gate;
And with a sad Eye viewing her fair Home,
Thought every Wall did chide for what of late
She trespass'd there; and that at every Groan
The Echo cri'd, she had her self undone.

70.

Up to her Chamber she as loth did goe
As Thiefe unto the Cell where He has hid
His wicked Goods: Yet they would have it so
Who from Self-theft had Her delivered.
But two deep Groans, as up the Stayrs they went
Summon'd their Eys to search whence they were sent,

71.

Close in the Stayr-case a slie Trap-doore was
Which kept its counsell with Bar, Lock, and Seal;
Where as they stood considering the place,
Two other Groans did to their Aid appeal:
When *Thelema* convinc'd by Shame and Fear,
Broke ope the Door to shew them who were there.

72.

Deep was the Dungeon, and as dark as Night
When neither Moon nor Star befriend the Skie:
But *Charis* looking in, an high-noon Light
Through all that Blackness streamed from her Eye.
When loe, *Syneidesis*, and *Logos* tied
Fast in the bottom of the Mire they spied,

73.

Down *Phylax* flies, and hovering over them
(For no Dirt may defloure his Virgin Wings,)
Unties their Cords; and by their Mantles Hem
Up to the Dungeons Mouth, them gently brings.
Full thick about them stuck the mire and clay;
Yet *Psyche* thought her selfe more foule then they:

74.

And falling on them with a Showre of Tears,
These soon, said she, may wash your Spots away;
But my deep-grain'd Pollution out-dares
The power of Oceans: You besmeared lay
Onely in others Stains, but hideous I,
With mine own Blots all over blurred lie,

75.

O add no stings unto my Anguish by
Denying Pardon of my mad offence:
Saw you but halfe the Flames in which I frie,
The sight would thaw your breasts, and kindle sense
Of my sufficient Woe. But *Charis* here
Stepp'd in, and bad her those Complaints deferre.

76.

Then She conducts her to her Chamber; where
No sooner entred, They the *Mirrour* spie:
Which strait grew pale, and quak'd for guilty fear
At the bright Dawn of genuine Purity.
So Phantoms and Night-fires away doe sneak,
When from the East the gallant Day doth break.

77.

Phylax unto the Sight drew *Psyche* nie,
But she quak'd more then that, and started back:
When loe, said He, this *Glasse*, though fram'd to lie,
Now of it selfe shall true confession make;
Urge it but with the Touch of any Gem
Whose Place is meaneſt in thy *Girdles* Hem.

78.

O noble Power of Heav'nly Gifts! The *Glasse*
Remembred quickly its originall Eyes,
And weep'd to see how all its Beauty was
Disolv'd by one short Touch: its Fallacies
Flowd down apace, till all the floor did swim
With a prodigious Lake of loathsome slime.

79.

A slime which smelt so rank of Death, that had
Not *Charis* stepp'd twixt *Psyche* and the Harm,
It had choak'd her heart: but that Assistance made
Her spirits cheer, and kept her Courage warm.
Secured thus, Take one more drop, she cri'd,
And spitting on the slime; she turn'd aside;

80.

Aside unto the other Cabinet,
And look, dear Freinds, said she, for much I fear
Some foule Enchantment here doth hatch its Plot,
And that these Treasures in false shapes appear,
They are *Agenors* Gifts: how can his Pelf
Be made of truer Beauties then himself?

81.

You know your Touch-stone, *Phylax* cries, but lay
Your Girdle on it, and it will confesse;
That Item she no sooner did obey,
But strait her Touch was answer'd with an Hisse:
The Chains and Bracelets started up, and now
No Nest of Jewells, but of snakes, did show.

82.

In the spruce Net-works woven was a Frie
Of younger Serpents which lay hamper'd there,
And sham'd and vex'd by this discovery
Whetted their peevish Teeth, and tri'd to teare
Open their Knots; but when they felt the Bite
Dig their own backs, they angry Poison spit.

83.

The Tires and Hoods shrunk into Horns: the Rings
Dilated into fetters; every Lace
Like scorched Thonges, or some such shrivel'd Things,
Acknowledg'd through what flame it us'd to passe.
The gaudy Bonnets, and the dainty Veils
Were nothing now but brasse or iron scales.

84.

The Crisping-Pinns return'd to Forks and Hooks,
And Tongs, and Prongs; the Lawns to Dragons Wings:
The golden Wires abjur'd their glorious looks,
And now were red hot Nailes, or Darts, or stings:
The Busks were Gags; the Gloues were fiery Claws,
The Tablets, Boiles; the Sandales, Tigres Paws.

85.

The Perls were Coals; the Coronets, Wreaths of fire;
The brisk Vermilion was Blood or Ink;
The Pencills, Rods of ever-burning Wire;
The Powders, Brimstone; the Perfumes, a stink; (cheeks
The Smiles were Frowns, the youth, and blooming
Were hideous Wrinckles, and stern Vultures beaks.

86.

The High-looks, were Dispairs & shames; the Fashions
Were severall Inventions of spight,
And never-dying Tortures Variations;
The Silks and Sattens, skins of Asps; the bright
Purple, a Lions or a Panthers Hide
In innocent Blood of slaughter'd Infants di'd.

87.

The Ermins and the Sables, were the skins
Which monstrous *Cerberus* casteth thrice a yeare:
The rich embroideries were Rows of Pinns
Pointed with steely Torment and Dispair;
The silver and the Gold that lay below
Were Rust and Cankers, which themselves did gnaw.

88.

These severall dreadfull Sights, stroke *Psyche* through
With full as many Feares; and back she ran.
But *Phylax* stopp'd her, and demanded how
She dar'd those gay Things trust which she had on?
They too, are of the same foule Breed, said He;
And will you still with Hell arrayed be?

89.

With that He snatch'd from Her what-ever Pride
On her abused Body had obtruded,
She with sad indignation having ey'd
The hell-bred Robes, cri'd out, O selfe-deluded
And justly wretched Soul, that mine own Fist
(And heer she stroke) could pierce this treacherous (breast.

90.

A noble Stroke it was; and broke its way,
Its happy Way, quite through unto her heart.
Forth-with a cole-black Stream, which swelling lay
And belking there, took warning to depart:
Out flew the Poyson reaking on the ground,
Which splitting, to its Hell its way it found.

91.

Deliver'd of its monstrous Guest, the Wound
Clos'd gently up, and further Harm shut our.
But both her sides so loose and lank she found
That for her selfe within her selfe she sought,
And stood a while amaz'd, as if the Stroke
Had onely some Dreams brittle Wonders broke.

92.

Confounded then with pious Shame, unto
Her former sober Weeds she turn'd aside:
Whose simple honest Looks rebuk'd her so
That straight she staggier'd back again, and cri'd,
Remembring how she them disdain'd, which now
Fairer then all *Agenors* Pomp did show.

93.

At length she came and with a dolefull Voice,
Give leave, she said, my genuine Furniture
That once again I make my prudent choice,
Which henceforth shall for ever more endure.
Or, if again I scorn your Poverty,
From Hells foule Wardrobe may I clothed be.

94.

Come trusty Hair-cloths, you did never yet
Foole me out of my selfe by garish Pride:
Come honest Rope, thou never yet didst let
Ambition blister me; but gird'st my side
Close to my heart, and left'st no Room between
For puffing strutting Thoughts to harbour in.

95.

So; now I'm drest indeed: How shamelesly
Have I all naked wander'd up and down!
No Nakednesse to that in Heav'ns pure Eye
With which Sin clotheth Us: Thus over-grown
With Leprosie the Man more naked is,
Then when bare Nothing but his Skin was His.

96.

Yet can it be that jealous *Heav'n*, and You,
O my provoked *Friends*, should not be just
What priviledge have Rebellious I, that now
Vengance should sheath its dared Lightning! Must
Your Patience from my Crime its copie write,
That both may equally be Infinite!

97.

It must, said *Charis*; and be sure to pay
Thy *Spouse* due thanks for this Necessity.
Yet if henceforth thou needs wilt run astray,
Know that his Soul is not so seal'd to thee,
But he can finde out some more faithfull Breast
Which will his Loves dear Violence not resist.

98.

She thus reform'd into her lowly Tire,
Charis and *Phylax* gently her imbrace;
Kissing into her Soul fresh Joyes of Fire,
And Printing gratious Looks upon her Face.
Then sitting down together, Listen well
Said *Phylax*, unto what I now shall tell.

99.

The Story, *Psyche*, bends its aime at thee;
But I will fetch it from its bottom, that
Thou may'st a long and totall Prospect see
Of thy Extraction and originall State.
That Sight will teach thee that these simple Weeds
Are full as fine and gorgeous as needs.

100.

Especially when I withall have shown
Thee by the boundlesse Powers which flourish in
Thy *Spouse*'s Hand and Word, how far thine own
Condition flaggs below his Worth; how mean
A Match thou art for Him, who nothing hast
In dowry, but vile Vanity, and Dust.

101.

All things at first was *God*, who dwelt alone
Within his boundless Selfe: But bounteous He
Conceiv'd the form of the Creation
That other things by Him might Happie be.
A way to ease its Streams his Goodnesse sought,
And at the last into a World burst out.

102.

This World at first 'twas but one single step
From simple *Nothing*; yet that step was wide:
No power but His, or could, or yet can, leap
Over from *Nothing*'s Bank, to *Something*'s Side:
The East and West are one, the Poles doe kisse,
If you their Distances compare with this.

This

103.

This *Something*, Son of *Nothing*, wallowing lay
In the vast Womb of its own Darksome *Deep*:
The fotlest Monster never frighted Day
With such wilde Shapes as struggled in this Heap:
Nor *Hydra's* Heads so snarl'd at one another,
As every Parcell quarrell'd with its Brother.

104.

The *Deep* climb'd up, and tumbled down the *Height*,
And then fell headlong after it again.
Lightnesse was busie and forc'd lazie *Weight*
To change his Quarters and above remain.
The rude Tempestuous *Windes* blew all together,
And fill'd the World at once with every Weather.

105.

Heat, about place, could not with *Cold* agree,
This strove to frieze its Foe, and that to frie.
The *Centre* in the Bottom scorn'd to be,
And forced Earth full in Heav'ns face to flie.
Winter took heat, and breaking ope its way;
December flung into the heart of *May*.

106.

The *Ocean* storm'd, and would no Shore allow,
But swallow'd up the Sands, and rushing out
Whilst all things else were quarrelling, did throw
Her billowie Arms the Universe about,
Which in this civill Deluge drown'd had been,
Had not the kinde *Creators* Help come in.

107.

Forth flew th' *Eternall Dove*, and tenderly
Over the Floods blinde Tumult hovering,
Did secret Seeds of vitall Warmth supply
By the sweet Virtue of his Soveraign Wing:
Much like the loving Hen, whose brooding Care
Doth hatch her Eggs, and them for life prepare.

108.

When loe, a *Voice* (this was that supream *Word*
Which you, and wee, and all the World adore,)
Broke, from the *Fathers* Mouth with joint Accord
Of th' *undivided Three*, and down did poure
It selfe upon the *Deep*, commanding *Light*
To cheer that universall face of Night.

109.

As when the gloomy Cloud in sunder parts
The nimble Lightning through the World doth haste;
So from this Masse of Darknesse, thousand Darts
Of orient Beams themselves about did cast,
With ready splendor answering that Call
Which summon'd them to gild this groping Ball.

110.

The *Shades* affrighted at the Looks of *Light*
Sneak'd to blinde holes their shamed heads to hide:
God pitti'd them, and haltning on their flight,
Gave them safe Lodging in the Worlds back-side;
There slept dull *Night*: but *Day* was brave and bold,
And in the face of *God* displaid its Gold.

111.

The next *Command* call'd for the *Firmament*
To part the *Waters* which unruly grew.
Straight, in the midst of them, a *Bow* was bent
Of solid Substance and of Chrystall Hue:
Pure are the Streams which on Heav'ns Back do flow;
Those gross & dull whose Weight sinks them below.

112.

And they the third Day, all collected were
Into the spatious Bosom of the Sea.
The *Earth* rejoic'd it had leave to appear,
And looked up with brisk Aridity,
Lifting her Mountains high with comely Pride,
Which now contemn'd the Water's proudest Tide.

113.

But being naked, and not knowing whence
To cloth her selfe, *God* her Apparrell made:
He spake, and straight a flowrie Confluence
Her plains and Valleys with fragrant Robes array'd;
And trimm'd the Heads of all her Hills with Trees,
Earth's native Plumes and stateliest Braveries.

114.

The next Day on the *Heav'n* was spent; which yet
Was like a Virgin-Scroll spread fair and wide,
But with no Characters of Beauty writ,
Till *God's* great *Word* engrav'd its radiant Pride:
But then the royall *Sun* came smiling forth
Inamouring the whole World at his Birth.

115.

Light which till now had flitted here and there
On the weak back of an ignoble Cloud,
No sooner saw his gallant Face appear,
But in his bosome she desir'd to shrowd.
He courteous was, and to her wished Throne
Receiv'd her glorious Ambition.

116.

But being bounteous too; as He espi'd
The bashfull *Spangles* peeping every where,
He freely dealt his Lustre far and wide: (share,
The *Moon* reach'd forth her Horns, and caught her
So did the *Starrs*; and now all Heav'n grew fine,
When He alone, or when all they did shine.

117.

The *Houres* before his foot came louting low
Begging a Room in his bright Family;
And so did cheerly *Day* devoted now
With him to wake and sleep, to live and dy.
But shame-fac'd conscious *Night* durst not draw near,
And so she fell to spotted *Luna*'s share.

118.

Then gorgeous *Summer* came, and spred his way
With Gales of gentle Aire, and Clouds of Spice;
Whil'st jolly *Flora*, in her best array,
As prodigall is of her Varieties.
But plainer *Winter* did more distance keep,
And farre behinde his burning Chariot creep.

119.

The *Sea* however surly the first Day,
No sooner heard her great *Creator* speak,
But her Rebellious Waves she flat did lay,
And op'd her mighty Womb, from whence did break
The *Winged Nation* all Pair by Pair,
The Musicall Inhabitants of Aire.

120.

The other Germane Brood, whose moister Wings
Abhor the drying Windes, she kept at home, (things,
Where through the Deeps they flie: strange-shaped
Which though brought forth, live in their Mothers womb:
A womb of wonders, whose dimensions can
Afford a full flight to *Leviathan*.

121.

Leviathan whose smoking Nostrills blow
The Sea of Fire which from his Mouth doth break:
Whose dreadfull sneesings by their flashes show
The brazen Scales which seal his mighty Back:
Whose Beacons dare out-face the *Mornings* Eyes;
Whose Heart in hardness with the Millstone vies.

122.

Leviathan, who laughs at Him that shakes
The bug-bear Spear, and slings the idle Stone:
Who steely Darts for wretched Stubble takes;
Who to the Iron sayes, Vain Straw be gone;
Who makes the boiling Sea answer his Wrath;
Who where he goes, plows up his hoary Path.

123.

He at whose dismall generation, *Fear*
Fled far away, and nothing left behinde
But *Might* and *Boldnesse*, which compounded were
Into the Mettall of the Monsters Minde:
He who exalted in his thoughts doth ride
The Sovraign Prince of all the Sonnes of Pride.

124.

But now the Sixt Day dawn'd: and *Tellus* is
Commanded to bring forth her People too:
She heard the Voice, and with strange Activenesse
Bids Beasts and Reptiles with her answer goe.
They started up, and cri'd, Loe We are heer,
Before the Words sound left their Mothers eare.

125.

Hast thou not seen the gallant *Horse*, whose Eye
Is fed with living Lightning; whose high Neck
Is cloth'd with mighty Thunders Majesty;
Whose glorious Nostrills Terrors language speak;
Who never would beleeve the Trumpets sound;
But with proud fiercenesse swallows up the Ground;

126.

Who with Impatience doth the Valleyes paw
When he hath smelt the Battell from afarre;
Who mocks the Sword, and brave disdain doth throw
Upon the Quiver, and the glittering Spear;
Who botn the Trumpet's and the Souldier's shout
With his more martiall *Ha ha* doth flout.

127.

Hast thou not seen *Behemoth*, that vast Mount
Of flesh and bone, that Earths *Leviathan*;
Whose monstrous Thirst, though many a living Fount
And River, it hath slain, still trusts it can
Through the profounder Channell of his throat
All *Jordan* (ev'n in time of harvest) shoot:

128.

Whose Navell is a Knot of *Power*; whose Loins
The Mansion of *Strength*; whose massie Bones
Which to their sockets steely Griffells joyn,
Are Brasse the lesse, the greater Iron ones;
Who mounts his mighty Tail so high, that He
Seems like the Hill, that like the Cedar Tree.

129.

These goodly Creatures, and ten thousand more,
Some great, some small, did *Tellus* then bring forth.
But who shall now reign Prince of all this Store,
And of the Oceans more numerous Birth?
This was so high a bus'nesse, that the great
Creator will for it in Counsell sit.

130.

A Place there is retired far and high
In the bright Tower of eternall Rest,
Roof'd, pav'd, and walled with *Immensitie*,
In at whose Door no Creature ever past:
Th' *Infinite Three* there by joint Consultation
Determine of the Work and of the Fashion.

Then

131.

Then ſtepping down to Earth, this *Triple One*
Takes up the next Duſt that lay at his feet;
Which he compacts and moulds and frames ſo ſoon,
That the quick ſhape did rather ſeem to meet
His Hand, than follow it, and every Part
As wak'd by's touch, up from the Duſt to ſtart.

132.

Then round about the Univerſe He teach'd
His mighty Arm, and cull'd from every Thing
The choiceſt Excellence what had inrich'd
Their Severall Tribes, to trim their breeding King,
That they more willingly might Him obey
In whom their own and the Worlds Treaſures lay.

133.

Fair was the Image; For its form was true
To that brave Modell which th' *Eternall Son*
Had for himſelfe deſign'd: And that which drew
Him to this Work, was that Deſign alone.
All things but wait upon this Myſtery;
The World was made that *God* a *Man* might be.

134.

As yet this hopefull Fabrick was no more
Than a meer Statue, fair, but cold and dead:
When loe, the kinde *Creators* Breath did pour
Lifes Flood into its Noſtrills, whence it ſpred
By the Veins Channells into every Part,
But choſe its Manour-houſe amid'ſt the Heart.

135.

That *Breath* immortall was, as flowing from
His Boſome whom *Eternity* calls *Sire*:
And kindled by its Blaſt, ſo pure a Flame
As ſhall out-live Heav'ns ſtouteſt faireſt Fire.
'Tis not the Crack and Ruine of the leſſe
Or greater World, that can the *Soul* ſuppreſſe.

136.

Thus *Adam* op'd his Eyes; by which ſuch beams
Of inbred Majeſty did look abroad,
That now again the portly Creature ſeems
The royall Image of his mighty *God*:
Heav'ns Soveraignty doth ſhine in *God*, and who
But *Man* looks like the King of all below?

137.

Nor are his Looks in vain: For in his Hand
Are put the Reins of Air, of Earth, of Sea;
And under his imperiall Command
All kindes of Birds, of Beaſts, of Fiſhes be:
Which, though yon now ſo boiſtrous ſee, and wilde,
Before their King at firſt were tame and milde.

138.

This Prince of the inferiour World thus made,
God founds a Pallace where He might reſide:
When all the Earth his Eye examin'd had,
A dainty Place which in the Eaſt he ſpi'd,
Wonne his beſt liking, where he builds the Seat
Of his new Viceroy, delicate and great.

139.

It was a Garden, if that Name can ſpeak
The Worth of thoſe illuſtrious Sweets which there
A brisk Conſpiracy of Joyes did make,
To prove Heav'n dwelt not in the ſtarry Sphear.
The Earth look'd poor in all her other Soil,
Whoſe Meanneſſe ſerv'd but for this Jewells foile.

140.

No Weed preſum'd to ſhow its roytiſh face
In this Incloſure: Nettles, Thiſtles, Brakes,
Thorns, Bryars, Cockle, Hemlock, rampant Graſſe
With all thoſe Herbs the meager Wizard rakes
Into his deadly Boxes, either yet
Were not at all, or far from *Eden* ſet.

141.

The Yew, the Box, the Cypreſs, and the other
Trees which to Funeralls conſecrated be,
Had there no bus'neſſe; Nor *Death*, nor her *Mother*
Being as yet conceiv'd: No crook-back'd Tree
Diſgrac'd the place, no fooliſh ſcrambling Shrub,
No wilde and careleſs Buſh, no clowniſh Stub.

142.

Rude *Boreas* and his *Winter* did forbear
To walk this way; ſo did *Diſtempers*, *Cares*,
Perplexities, *Sighs*, *Melancholy*, *Fear*,
Doubts, *Jealouſies*, *Seditions*, *Treaſons*, *Wars*, *Streins*,
Storms, *Thunders*, *Lightnings*, *Earthquaks*, *Ruptures*,
Wounds, *Boils*, *Diſeaſes*, inward, outward *Pains*.

143.

For on the Gardens Margin ran a Wall
High built with *Beauty* which begirt it round:
Delight ſtood at the Gate, and let in all
Things like her ſelfe; But whenſoe'r ſhe found
A *Blemiſh*, *Wrinckle*, *Frown*, *Mole*, *Scar*, or *Blot*,
The inconſiſtent Stranger out ſhe ſhut.

144.

Within, roſe Hills of Spice, and Frankincenſe,
Which ſmil'd upon the flowrie Vales below;
Where living Chryſtall roll'd its influence,
Whoſe muſicall Impatience did flow
With endleſſe chiding the pure Gems beneath,
Becauſe no ſmoother they had pav'd its Path.

145.

The Nymphs which plaid about this Currents side,
Were milkie *Thoughts*, tralucid fair *Desires*,
Soft Turtles *Kisses*, *Looks* of Virgin-Brides,
Sweet *Coolnesse* which nor needs, nor feareth Fires,
Snowie *Imbraces*, cheerly-sober *Eyes*,
Gentilenesse, *Mildnesse*, *Ingenuities*.

146.

At full length on the Beds of floures did lie
Smiling *Content*, *Ease*, *Sweetness*, *Softness*, *Pleasure*,
Whilst in the carpet-Walks there danced by
Calmeness, *Long-days*, *Security*, *and Leisure*.
Accomplish'd *Growth*, brisk *Firmitude*, and *Health*,
The onely Jewell which makes wealthy Wealth.

147.

Your Roses heer, would onely spend their Blush
On their own Ouglineſs, should they compare
With those pure Eys, with which the Rosie Bush
Looks up and views its beauteous Neighbours there:
Nor are your Lilies white, if those were by,
Whose leaves are all fair-writ with *Purity*.

148.

Liban and *Carmell* must submit their Heads
To *Paradise's* foot: the Balme, Nard, Myrrh,
And every Odour of *Arabia's* Beds
Would begge to borrow richer Sweetness heer.
Nor would *Adoni's Garden* scorne to be
Their fellow-suiter, for true Suavitie.

149.

The early Gales knock'd gently at the doore
Of every *floure* to bid the Odours wake,
Which taking in their softest Arms, they bore
About the Garden, and return'd them back
To their own Beds, but doubled by the Blisses
They sipp'd from their delicious Brethrens Kisses.

150.

Upon the Wings of those inamouring Breaths,
Refreshment, *Vigor*, and *new Spirits* attended;
And whereso'r they flew, cheer'd up their Paths,
And with fresh Aires of Life all things befreinded:
For *Heavn's* all-sweetning *Spirit* its breath did joyn
To make the Powers of these Blasts divine.

151.

The goodly Trees their fertile Arms did bend
Under the nobler load of fruit they bore.
That Orchard which the *Dragon* did attend,
For all its Golden Boughs to this was poor:
As well the greater *Serpent* knew, who crept
Hither betimes, and heer his curs'd Watch kept.

152.

Of *Fortitude* there stood a goodly Row,
Heer of *Munificence* a thick-set Grove,
Of *Industry* a Quick-set there did grow,
Heer flourished a dainty Copps of *Love*,
There sprung up pleasant Twiggs of ready *Wit*,
Heer a large Tree of *Gravity* was set.

153.

Heer *Temperance* grew, and wide-spred Justice there,
Under whose moderate Shaddow, *Piety*,
Devotion, *Mildness*, *Friendship* planted were;
Next stood *Renowne*, with Head exalted high;
Then *Peace*, with *Plenty*, *Fatnesse*, *Happinesse*:
O blessed Place where grew such things as these.

154.

Yet what are these, if by Death's envious Hand
Or they, or their fruition blasted be?
This to prevent, at carefull *Heav'ns* Command
Amidst the rest sprung up an helpfull Tree,
Which nobly prov'd it self a Branch to be
Pluck'd from the grand stock of *Eternity*.

155.

Amidst them all it sprung: for well it knew
Its proper Seat, and chose the Gardens Heart:
What place could more than that to Life be due,
Whence Vigor round might flow, and reach each part.
Fresh *Heat* and *Spirits* hung about it thick,
The leav's did breath, and all its fruit was quick.

156.

By this the mighty *Tree of Knowledge* stood,
(For where should *Wisdom* dwell, but next the Heart?)
Its Leavs were written fair, but writ with blood,
Holding forth *Learning*, and capricious *Art*.
O fatall Tree! how wise had *Adam* grown,
If He thy woefull knowledge had not known!

157.

High in the shady Galleries sate a Quire
Well worthy such a Chappell; Birds of Praise,
Whose most harmonious Throats did all conspire
To pay for their sweet Home in sweeter Layes:
With whom soft *Echo* needs her skill would shew,
And though she kept slow time, yet she sung true.

158.

This Mapp of Wonders, this Epitomie
Of all Heav'ns Pride, this Court of Rarities,
This Confluence of blessed Gallantry,
Was that so much renowned *Paradise*.
Renowned; yet ô how much higher than
The loftiest Praise it ever reap'd from Men!

The

159.

The great *Creator* hither *Adam* brings
As to the Portall of Celestiall Blisse:
And, See, said He, of these illustrious Things
I give thee free choise, bating onely this
One *Tree of Knowledge*; all the rest are thine,
Eate what thou wilt; but let that still be mine.

160.

If thy presumptious Hand but touch that Tree
Thy liquorish Crime must cost thy Life, and thou
By *Deaths* immediate Tallons seized be:
Death, *Adam*, Death, hangs thick on every Bough.
Loe there the *Tree of Life*'s as neer as that:
Take heed thou di'st not for thou knowst not what.

161.

O Noble Master! whose vast Love did give
A world at once, and yet require no more
But that his Creature would have care to live,
And so in safetie possesse his Store;
Who ties Him to no homage, but to shun
Being by his own needlesse fault undone.

162.

After this easie Charge; upon a Throne
Built all of *Power* He his Lieutenant set,
To exercise his new Dominion
Upon his Subjects; for before his seat
By *Heav'ns* Command, the Beasts now marshell'd were
In modest equipage all Pair by Pair.

163.

When *Adam* fix'd on them his awfull Eye,
The Lyon couch'd, the Horse let fall his crest,
Behemoths Tail, mounted before so high,
Melted down to the ground, the Bull depresst
His Horns, the Boar suck'd in his foam, the Bear,
The Wolfe, the Tiger, louted low for fear.

164.

Like reverence bowed down the other Crew
Flat on the ground, when from their *Soveraign* Face
Such full beams of imperiall Brightnesse flew
As spake it plainly the *Creators* Glasse:
Fair the Reflection was, which could command
The rudest Beasts the truth to understand.

165.

As these their duty did; the *Eagle* drew
Up every rank and file of winged Things:
Thither the Estrich, Vultur, Falcon, flew,
Thither a flock of every Bird that sings;
Thither the Peacock; but with train full low,
For down fell all its Stars, eclipsed now.

166.

The most magnanimous Cock came strutting on
Disdaining Heav'n and Earth, till he drew neer
His mighty *Soveraigns* all-awing Throne,
From whence upon his surly neck flew *Fear*,
His wings flagg'd low, his fiery gullet grew
Languid and pale, his combe and forehead blue.

167.

Wise *Adam* mark'd them all, and sent his Eye
To search their bosoms Cabinets; where He read
Th' essentiall Lines and Characters which by
Natures late Hand were closely fashioned;
Their Difference, their Kinred, and Relations;
Their Powers, their Properties, and Inclinations.

168.

Thus of their inward Selves inform'd, He thought
What Titles would most correspondent be
To their own Bosoms sense, and having wrought
Up in one Word each Natures Mystery.
He took Acquaintance of them all by *Name*;
Then with a Princely Nod dismissed them.

169.

They went, in loving Pairs: Which as He saw,
He fetch'd a gentle Sigh, to think that He
His nobler Life in Solitude should draw,
Whil'st all things else enjoy'd Society.
What boots it him that He raigns *Soveraign Lord*,
If all his World can Him no *Queen* afford.

170.

God heard the Sigh, and calling *Pitty* forth,
Dispatch'd her on an errand to the Deep:
A nimble Nymph was she, and through the Earth
With penetrating sprightfulnesse did leap
Down to the dark Mouth of a silent Cave,
The sink of *Discontents*, of *Cares* the Grave.

171.

Before the Grate there stood a lazie Lake
Whose Waters never yet were known to stir;
Upon the bank *Oblivion* did make
Her sluggish Bed of Mos and caked Fur:
But Remora's and Cramp-fishes groping lay
About the bottom of the Mud and Clay.

172.

Up from the Water crept an heavy Cloud
Of duskie Vapours, on whose back did ride
Fat *Drowsinesse*, who rubb'd her eyes, and bow'd
Her grosse and over-laden head aside.
About the swarthy shades which thick were spred,
Bats, Owles, and other Night-birds flattered.

Beyond

173.

Beyond the Lake Poppy and Mandrakes grew,
Nodding unto their neighbour plump of Trees,
Which were the Willow, Cypress, Box and Yew,
Under whose Boughs lay *Quietnesse* and *Ease*;
And, nestling at their feet, an half-dead Crowd
Of Dormise and of Bears, all snorting loud.

174.

By these pass'd *Pitty*, and a gate of Jett
Espi'd whose Ringle cover'd was with Wooll;
Silence for Porter stood, with finger put
Close to his mouth: Who when he saw her full
Of more than common bus'nes with his Queen,
He stole the barre aside, and let her in.

175.

There found she on a Bed of Ebonie
Sleep layd at length: the pillow for her head
Was Badgers Hair: *Night* and *Security*
Were the two Blankets on her body spred:
By the Bed-side a leaden Pipe did drop;
A Swarme of Bees were humming on the top.

176.

But greater was the Swarme of *Dreams*, which round
About the roome in shapeless shapes did flie,
(With all Confusion, but without all sound,
Though some did talk, some sing, some laugh, some crie,)
Some want an head, a cheek, an eye, a nose,
Some want their leggs, some feet, and some their toes.

177.

Some were gentile and fine, some rude and course,
Some wilde, some terrible, some black, some white,
Some Men before, and yet behind an Horse,
Some Swan on one side, on the other Kite; (feare
Some *Love*, some *Hate*, some *Half-hope*, and *Half-*
Some Heav'n, some Hell, some both; most Monsters
(are.

178.

But now the *Nymph* approaching to the Bed
Aloud her Message spake, and jogged *Sleep*:
She shrugg'd, and yawn'd, and thrice lift up her head,
And with one Eye half-ope at length did peep,
And nodded *Pittie* to a Box, whence she
Took what would for her purpose usefull be.

179.

With this she posted back to *Paradise*;
Where she no sooner came in *Adam's* view,
But he began to rubb his heavy Eyes,
On which she strait a sable Powder threw;
Down fell the Man upon a spicy Bed,
Prind of the grace to kiss his sweeter Head.

180.

His Senses seal'd up in a dainty Night,
His Soul walk'd to his Brain to take a view
Of that prophetick yet obscure Delight
Which his unwitting fancie there did shew:
When loe a goodly Tree salutes his Eye,
Tall, wide, and full of flourishing Majesty.

181.

The *Woods* look'd all that way, and bow'd their head;
The *Shrubbs* crept low and due obeisance made;
The *Plants* and *flowers* their fragrant duties did,
Ambitious to be gilded by his shade:
Thus high exalted He alone remains
King of the Hills, the Vales, the Woods, the Plains.

182.

But from his own brave Root, out at his side
A Twigg sprung up, which grew as fair as He:
As high it reach'd its head, its arms as wide,
And flourished with equall Gallantry;
Their leavs did kiss, their boughs imbrac'd each other
They liv'd, and lov'd, and joy'd, and reign'd together.

183.

Yet long their lovely Reign endured not,
For at their Roots a desperate Canker grew,
Which gnawing it with restless Venome, got
The Victorie, and downe their Bodies threw:
The World groan'd at their Fall; but Earth did ope
Her Mouth, and shut them and their Ruines up.

184.

The deepest Root still held its sturdy hold
And kept its place: so did the Canker his.
New Sprours took heart, and followed the old
With answerable Bulk and Haughtiness:
But still their fretfull Foe went on to gnaw,
And soon or late layd all their pride full low.

185.

Long held this Conflict; till at length a Sprout
Sprung from a new and unsuspected place,
For on that side the undisposed Root
In all the Worlds opinion stid was:
This onely Branch escap'd being tainted by
The inbred Canker's foule affinity.

186.

Yet scap'd he not its Envie; for one day
The Monster took a Leap and Him affail'd,
Whom when it saw shrinking and giving way,
It impudently hop'd to have prevail'd:
But he recoyl'd, and was content to die
Onely to make sure of his Victorie.

187.

For wisely ordering his brave Ruine, He
With his dead weight upon his Enemy fell:
Who crushed under this Calamity,
Paid for its Boldnesse, and sunk down to Hell:
When Ioe the conquer'd, yet victorious Tree
Starts up again in new Lifes Bravery.

188.

And after Him those other Trees arose
Which had layn dead and rotten long before;
For 'twas his Pleasure to impart to those
His own vivacious over-flowing store;
They every where leap'd up to life, and stood
So thick, that now the Plain became a Wood.

189.

A royall Wood of everlasting Trees, (Gold,
Whose radiant Arms through all the World reach'd
Whose Fruit were Gems, and Heaven-born Rarities,
Whose Heads themselves high in the Sphears inroll'd;
Yet all were Shrubs unto that *Cedar* who
Had call'd them from their Graves with him to goe.

190.

Whilst *Adam* fetter'd lay in senseless Chains
Gazing and Musing on this wonderous show,
God op'd his side, but mean while bid the Veins
Seal up their Months, and see no dropps did flow;
From thence he chose a single Rib, and then
The wicket clos'd, and all was whole agen.

191.

That Bone he handled with such breeding Art
That it disolved into many more,
And yeilded all Materials for each Part
Of an accomplish'd Body: What before
Was nothing but a Rib, is now alone
Blood, flesh, skin, entrails, sinews, muscles, bone.

192.

And that the work might answer its sweet shop,
In which was form'd no Creature else but this,
The willing Gardens Beauties he did crop
This *Paradise of Paradise* to dresse.
All sweets and Delicacies flowed thither,
And in one *Eve* were moulded up together.

193.

Eve the Topstone of all the brave Creation,
The Bliss of *Adam*; and the crown of *Nature*;
Eve, who enjoys the most removed station
From the black *Chaos*; *Eve* that finall Creature,
In whome th' *Almighty Lord* set up his rest,
And onely spar'd to say, He'd done his best.

194.

Her spatious polish'd Forehead was the fair
And lovely Plain where gentle Majesty
Walk'd in delicious state: Her Temples were
A peice of a Pomgranate, which did lie
In dainty ambush under their soft Cover
Of Amber Looks whose volumes curled over.

195.

The fuller stream of her Luxuriant Hair
Pour'd down it selfe upon her Ivory Back;
And in its Flood ten thousand Graces were
Sporting and dallying with every Lock;
Which when th' inamor'd winds did kiss, you might
Have seen a ruffling Tempest of Delight.

196.

Two princely Arches of most equall measures
Held up the Canopy above her Eyes,
And open'd to the Heav'ns farre richer Treasures
Than with their Stars, or with their Sunne did rise:
Their Beams can ravish but the Bodies sight,
These dazell stoutest Soules with mystick light.

197.

These were two Garrisons of all conquering Love;
Two Founts of life, of Spirit, of Joy, of Grace;
Two Easts of one faire Heav'n, no more above,
But in the Hemisphear of her own face;
Two Thrones of Gallantry; two shops of Miracles;
Two shrines of Dieties; two silent Oracles.

198.

For here could *Silence* eloquently plead,
Here could th' invisible Soule be clearly read;
Though Humors their mild composition made,
They were two Burning Glasses, whence were shed
Those living Flames which with enlivening Darts
Shoot Deaths of Love into Spectators Hearts.

199.

'Twixt these an Alabaster Promontory
Slop'd gently down, parting each Cheek from other;
Where *White & Red* strove which should get the glory,
Blending in sweet confusion together.
The Rose and Lilie never joyned were
In a diviner Marriage than there.

200.

Upon these pretious Cushionets did lie
Ten thousand *Beauties*, and as many *Smiles*,
Chaste *Blandishments*, and genuine *Courtesie*,
Harmlesse *Temptations*, and honest *Guiles*.
For Heav'n, though up betimes the mayd to deck,
Ne'r made *Aurora's* cheeks so fair and sleek.

201.

Neatneſſe, and *Pleaſure*, and inamoring *Grace*
About her Mouth in full Retinue ſtood:
For next the Eyes bright Glaſs, this is the place
In which the Soul delights to walk abroad.
But at her lips two ſcarlet Threds there lay,
Or two warm Coralls, to adorn the way;

202.

The pretious Way, where, by her Breath, and Tongue,
Her Odours and her Honey out did flow:
Which thou'dſt have judg'd to have been bred among
Arabian and *Hyblean* Hills; and ſo
They were indeed; the richer *Arabie*
And ſweeter *Hybla* in her Mouth did lie.

203.

As crowned with a golden Chapiter
A Column of white Marble you have ſeen;
So her round poliſh'd Neck her Head did bear,
Nor did the ſhining Pillar bend or lean:
Yet neither would this Marble hardneſſe know,
Nor ſuffer Cold to dwell amongſt its Snow.

204.

Her bleſſed Boſom moderately roſe
With two ſoft Mounts of Lilies, whoſe fair Top
Two Cherrie Branches for their Station choſe,
And there their living Crimſon lifted up.
The milkie Count'nance of the Hills confeſt
What kinde of Springs within had made their Neſt.

205.

Fair *Poliſure* walk'd all her Body over,
And *Symmetrie* flew through every Part;
Soft and white *Sweetneſſe* round about did hover;
From every Member *Beautie* ſhot its dart:
From Heav'n to Earth, from head to foot, I mean,
No ſign of Blemiſh or of Spot was ſeen.

206.

This was the firſt born *Queen of Gallantry*,
All Gems compounded into one rich Stone,
All Sweets knit into one Conſpiracy,
A Conſtellation of all Stars in one:
Who when ſhe was preſented to the view
Of *Paradiſe*, the Place all dazeled grew.

207.

Proud *Phebus* who in glorious Scorn did flie
About the World, no ſooner ſpi'd her face,
But fain he would have lingred, from his skie
Upon this leſſe but ſweeter Heav'n to gaze;
Till ſhame enforc'd him to laſh on again,
And clearer waſh him in the Weſtern Main.

208.

The Aire ſmil'd round about, for joy that he
Had the prerogative of the Virgin kiſs,
And did imbrace with bleſſed Liberty
A Body ſoft and ſweet and chaſte as His.
All gentle Gales that had but ſtrength to ſtir
Did thither flock to beg perfumes of Her.

209.

The Marigold forgot her gariſh Love,
And turn'd her duty to theſe fairer Eyes;
All Flowres look'd up, and as they could, did move
Towards thoſe ocular Sphears, from whence did riſe
Milde and unparching Beams, Beams which inſtead
Of fire, ſoft joyes irradiations ſpred.

210.

The ſturdieſt rudeſt Trees affected were
With her delightfull Preſence, and did melt
At their hard Pith: Whilſt all the Birds which there
Were toſſing Mirth about the Branches, felt
The influence of her Looks; For having let
Their Song fall down, their Eyes on Her they fet.

211.

And ô how ſoon their proudeſt plumes and wings
Follow'd their ſong! For in Her Perſon they
With fix'd intention read more glorious things
Than all their feathers Bravery could diſplay,
And were content no more the Name to wear
Of *Birds of Paradiſe*, while ſhe was there.

212.

But when ſhe mov'd her Feet, the joyfull *Earth*
Awak'd her uttermoſt Fertility,
And by a briſk extemporary Birth
Of Myrrh, of Flowres, of Spice, did teſtifie
What Carpets Pomp was requiſite to make
The Paſſage fit, where *Beauty* was to walk.

213.

She walk'd; by that milde importunity
To break the Chains of ſleep which bound her *Spouſe*;
But he wakes more by pow'rfull Sympathie
Which on the ſudden in his Boſome glows:
At firſt he thought his *Dream* had ſtill poſſeſt him,
And with a fairer apparition bleſt him.

214.

But by his wiſe and moſt diſcerning Eyes
Examining the gracefull Object, He
Pries into all the Truth; and ſmiling cries,
This nothing but my other Selfe can be:
From Me ſhe ſprung, a Woman from a Man,
And is but *Adam* in reflection.

How

215.

How ſweet a Confluence of Loves and Joyes
Met heer in their firſt Marriage Imbrace;
Which was as pure and chaſte, as when one Voice
In Muſick's wedded to anothers Grace,
Where with concentrick Delicacies they
Hug and conſpire in one ſoul-plying Lay.

216.

Adam beholds himſelfe more ſweet in *Eve*,
In Him She reads her ſelfe more high and grave;
Either from other does Themſelves receive,
As faſt returning what they taking gave,
Thus when two Currents meet, they looſe each other
In the pellucid boſome of his brother.

217.

They naked were, if onely skimes, and haires,
And excrements of Beaſts Apparrell be:
But who will taxe the Sunne, the Moone, the Starres,
The Diamond, Chryſtall, Corall, Ivorie,
Of Nakedneſſe, becauſe the Clothes they weare,
None but their native Beams and Beauties are.

218.

A Robe of Innocence and Puritie
Down from their Head unto their foot did flow,
Tranſmitting their faire feature to the Eye,
But letting no unſeemely ſhame peepe through.
They Naked were of every borrow'd Dreſſe,
And Naked of what you count Nakedneſſe.

219.

In this Condition did they live and love
And each with other enterchange their Heart;
Fairly tranſcribing our ſweet Life above,
Where every Angels Eye his ſoule doth dart
Into his Fellows breaſt, that all may be
In common bleſt by one Felicitie.

220.

How great a Feaſt, and earneſt Invitation
Was this for Envie, whoſe ambitious Tooth
Diſdains all fare but in the nobleſt faſhion;
Who arm'd with Jaws of greedy Iron doth
Dread no encounter, but with reſtleſſe ſpight
Againſt the moſt confirmed Champions fight!

221.

Built is her Pallace in the Heart of Hell,
Whoſe foule Materials Ruſt and Poyſon be:
Her curſed Throne is mounted on the fell
Boſome of *Belzebub*, whom furious She
Stings with eternall Rage, and makes Him runne
About the wilde Worke of Damnation.

222.

To *Paradiſe* He came, and brought his Hell
Into the earthly Heav'n, where looking round
To view the Colonies which there did dwell,
A Creature ſpruce and delicate He found
Upon a Bank of flowrie Pleaſures ſpread,
But farre more ſweet and beauteous then its bed!

223.

It was the *Serpent*, whoſe illuſtrious skin
Plaid with the Sunne, and ſent Him back his Beams
With glorious Uſe: that Wealth which gliſters in
The boſome of the Orientall Streams
Salutes Aurora's Cheek with fewer Rays
Then this bright Robe in all Heaven's face diſplays.

224.

His ſharpeſt Eyes ſparkled with nimble flames,
The light by which his active Soule was read;
Wiſedome and *Art*, with all their plots and frames
Made their cloſe Neſt in his judicious Head:
Above his Fellows on *Crafts* Wings he flew:
All *Beaſts* but He, to that dull Name were true.

225.

This Agent *Belzebub* approv'd; and as
He fed upon his Couch, mix'd with his Meat,
And in that ambuſh through his lips did paſs;
Where (having taught his Bane to reliſh ſweet,)
He eaſily wonne the paſſage through his Throat,
And thence by ſtealth into his Heart he got.

226.

As when the Fire hath through the Cauldrons ſide
Into its unſuſpecting bowells ſtollen,
The Liquor frets and fumes, and to a Tide
Of working Wrath and hot impatience ſwollen,
With boiling Surges beats the Braſs, and leaves
No way untr'd to vent its torur'd Waves:

227.

So now the *Serpent* felt his Boſome ſwell
With peeviſh Rage and deſperate Diſdain;
A thouſand Plots and fallacies did fill
The buſie Corners of his belking Brain:
Sometimes he beats on that, ſometimes on this,
Sometimes thinks neither, ſometimes both amiſſe.

228.

He knew the vaſtneſſe of his fell Deſigne,
Which was to ſlay a World at one dread Stroke,
And reach Deſtruction in a poiſoned Line
Unto the lateſt Twigg of Humane Stock;
And therefore muſter'd up the utmoſt Might
All Hell could ſend to back Him in the fight.

229.

But pondering then how *Adams* ſober Breaſt
With Wiſdoms Ammunition furniſh'd was,
And ſtrongly fortifi'd with all the beſt
Of ſin-defying Piety and Grace,
He ſhak'd his head, and thought the Match not even
To venture on a fight with Him and Heav'n.

230.

For if he hapned to be foild at firſt,
His following Onſets all would ſweat in vain.
And his own poyſnous Spight his Breaſt would burſt
To ſee how *Adam* and his Race ſhould reign
Safe and free Kings of earthly Paradiſe,
And flouriſh thence, to that above the skies.

231.

Yet, wholly to decline the Conflict, were
To let Man win thoſe Realms without a Blow,
And freely to permit what he did fear
Perchance might be by his own Overthrow:
To a reſolved Fight this ſpurr'd him on,
Who could looſe Nothing, though he Nothing won.

232.

He wiſely had obſerv'd ſoft-temper'd *Eve*;
And yet he fear'd the Mettall of her Breaſt
Would prove ſo generous, that to *Deceive*
Would be an eaſier Task, then to *Conteſt*;
And, could ſhe any way be overthrown,
He hop'd her Fall would juſtle *Adam* down.

233.

Remembring then, what Engin did ſubdue
A wiſer Head and ſtronger far than ſhe,
And how impatient Ambition threw
Grand *Lucifer* from Heav'ns Sublimity;
He truſts that now the like ſucceſſefull End
Will on this tried way of fight attend.

234.

Adviſed thus: the mighty Quinteſſence
Of venturous ever-ſwelling Philautie,
Of Diſcontent, of Scorn, of Inſolence,
Of towring Fancies, of Self-flattery,
And of the ſtouteſt Heav'n-aſpiring Pride
Together in one deſperate Plot He ti'd.

235.

And, if this will not doe the feat, yet I
Excuſed am, ſaid He, and upon Hell
Be the foule ſhame, whoſe feeble Princes by
The ſhock of this Temptation headlong fell.
This ſaid, He towards *Eve* did gently glide,
Whom ſtraying from her Husband He eſpi'd.

236.

Unhappy Error that, which did invite
The jealous *Tempter* to be bold, ſince ſhe
Had robb'd her ſelfe of all her Spouſes Might,
By ſtarting from his holy Company!
But all the way the cunning *Serpent* went
He put on Looks of contrary Intent.

237.

For *Love* and *Friendſhip* ſmiled in his Eyes,
Upon his Face ſate *Tenderneſſe* and *Care*:
Thrice did he bow his flattering Neck, and thrice
His ſilent Homage he preſented her:
And then, Fair *Queen of Paradiſe*, ſaid hee,
Why muſt the Prince be bound, and Subjects free?

238.

We crop our Pleaſures whereſoe'r We pleaſe
From any flowrie, any ſpicie bed,
We pluck our dinner from the dangling Trees,
And all the Garden doth our Table ſpread:
But royall You, and *Adam* nothing eat.
Have your own Wills, or *God*, this order ſet?

239.

Nay, courteous *Serpent*, *Eve* replied, We
Have large Commiſſion, and our *God* is kinde:
He gives Us leave to feaſt on every Tree,
And with all *Paradiſe* to pleaſe our Minde,
Bating that one of *Knowledge*, on whoſe Boughs
Inevitable *Death* He tells Us grows.

240.

O credulous Queen, the *Serpent* anſwers, who
Make your own prejudice by beleeving it!
What has a fatall *Tree of Death* to doe,
Juſt at whoſe Elbow one of *Life* is ſet?
I to your ſelfe appeal: Judge you but whether
Theſe two can grow like ſuch good Friends together.

241.

Death in a Tree! Flat contradiction lies
In the bare Word: How can Death be alive?
Sure Vegetation very ill complies
With ſapleſſe Stupor. O doe not deceive
Your Thoughts, nor teach the *Tree of Knowledge*
To turn a *Tree of Ignorance* to you. (how

242.

Obſerve its goodly Apples: can you read
In their fair cheeks the ghaſtly Looks of Death?
Doe any Boughs in all this Garden breed (hath?
A Fruit which more of Heav'ns ſweet Count'nance
Yet grant it Poyſon prove: Behold at hand
The Tree of Life for Antidote doth ſtand.

Ask

243.

Ask Me not whether *Tyuth* can tell a Lie;
Vaine were the Queſtion; for your *God* is True.
And yet it ſeems by a deep Fallacie
Of enigmatick Truth He cheateth You:
Indeed the Tree bears Death; but Death which will
Nothing but Wants and imperfections kill

244.

A Death of Life, which will deſtroy You ſo
That you no longer Creatures ſhall remain;
But by this Metamorphoſis ſhall grow
Above your ſelves, and into Gods be ſtaine,
With Eys divine diſcerning Good from Evill,
From Heav'n Hell, and an Angell from a Devill.

245.

Full well did *God* know this; and 'tis no Wonder
If He deſires to reigne a God alone:
And ſo He may, if he can keep You under
By the poor Rein of one Injunction;
If by an Apple thus He terrifies
The native Princes of fair *Paradiſe*.

246.

O how it ſtings my Soul, to think that You
My Soveraign ſhould thus faint-hearted be!
For my part, did ten thouſand Mandates grow
Thick in my Way, to barre Me from this Tree,
Throughall I'd break, And ſo would You, if once
Your Heart were fir'd by my Experience.

247.

For yeſterday, when I began to taſte
The ſprightfull Fruit, Flames kindled in mine Eyes;
My Soul awak'd, and from my Boſome chas't
Thoſe Miſts of Ignorance, whoſe thick Diſguiſe
Muffled my thoughts, and kept me down a Beaſt
As dark and dull as any of the reſt.

248.

But now *Serenity* walks through my heart,
And yeilds me uncontrolled Proſpect to
The Orbs of Knowledge, where from Part to Part
My nimbly piercing Eye about doth goe.
This is the Death I found: a Death which I
Mean ever day as long's I live to die.

249.

O then what vaſt advantage will ariſe
To your large Soul by this enlightning Tree!
My breaſt is ſhallow, narrow are mine Eyes,
But wide and brave is your Capacity:
So wide, that *Wiſdoms* deepeſt Seas may finde
Sufficient Channells in your Mighty Minde.

250.

And if this *Knowledge*, if *Divinity*
It ſelfe, may merit but the eaſie Pains
Of your Acceptance: O perſwaded be
To ſuffer theſe ineſtimable Gains.
Shame burns my Cheeks, that I your Slave, ſhould eat
This Bliſs, and You my Queen be barr'd the Meat.

251.

And yet you are not barr'd: Behold but how
You are bid welcome by the courteous Tree,
Whoſe laden Arms their pretious Offrings bow
To meet your Mouth, and ſeem to plead with Me:
Their poſtures Language asks, What make we here
If wee alone by You contemned are?

252.

Theſe Charms ſtole ope the Door into the Heart
Of careleſſe *Eve*, and thruſt their poyſon in:
Beſides, the ſmiling Apples plai'd their part,
And her Affections with her Eye did win:
Capricious curious Pride did her invite
What e'r it coſt, to taſte of that Delight.

253.

Three times ſhe ſtepped to th' inchanting Tree,
As oft by *Conſcience* plucked back again:
Yet ſtill with fatall importunity
She ſtruggled till ſhe broke her Freedoms Chain;
Then with unchecked Madneſſe on ſhe goes
To win her wiſhed Prize, and her Selfe to looſe.

254.

Up went her deſperate Hand, and reach'd away
All the Worlds Bliſſe whil'ſt ſhe the Apple took:
When loe the Earth did move, the Heav'ns did ſtay,
Beaſts and Birds ſhiver'd, abſent *Adam* ſhook;
But none did know the reaſon of their Fear;
Onely hee ran to ſee what *Eve* did here

255.

O balefull ſight! His pretious Queen hee ſaw
Enſlaved by her ſoothing Subjects Craft.
She who was Beauties Centre untill now,
Is of her brave Prerogative bereft:
Bereft ſo wholy, that with wondering Doubt
For his late lovely *Eve*, in *Eve* He ſought.

256.

Apparent *Miſery* ſate on her Face,
Before the goodly Throne of Pleaſantneſſe:
Her Cheeks, which bloom'd till now with heav'nly Grace
Sins black and diſmall horror did confeſſe;
Forth at her Eyes, of late Lifes Windows, Death
Did look, and Rottenneſſe flow'd with her Breath.

257.

But greater was the Change within; for there
Her bold Transgreſſion ſpred an hideous Night
Of Ignorance on her intellectuall Sphear:
Her Will, which grew before ſo fair and ſtraight,
Turn'd crooked and perverſe: Each Paſſion
Scorn'd Her Commands, as ſhe Her *Gods* had done.

258.

Her Heart till now ſoft as the Turtles Sighs,
Its heav'n-inamoring Tenderneſſe forgets,
And with the ſtouteſt Purian Marble vies:
Her Thoughts, before all Sons of Love, profeſſe
No trade but Miſchiefe now, and buſie are
To propagate the Woes which ſtinged Her.

259.

Nor fears ſhe now to play the Serpent too
In envy of her Husbands bleſſed State,
Whom with the beauteous *Apples* ſhe does Wooe
To taſte of Hell, and ſwallow down his fate:
Fall to my Dear, ſaid ſhe; fear not the food,
I have thy Taſter been, and finde it good.

260.

But wiſer *Adam* well the danger knew
Whoſe miſerable Proof now wounds his eyes;
Nor could the poor Bait of an Apple ſhew 1 *Tim.* 2. 14.
Him treaſon, Heav'n and Virtue to deſpiſe.
Fair in his boſome written was the Law,
And reverent Terror kept his Soul in awe.

261.

In awe a while it kept it: But at laſt
Commiſeration of his *Spouſe's* caſe
Grew to ſuch ſtrength in his too-tender Breaſt
That Pitty to himſelfe it did diſplace.
Eve ſate ſo neer to his Uxorious Heart,
That rather he with Heav'n, then Her will part.

262.

For part He muſt, unleſſe He reconcile
That mighty Breach which ſhe between them made.
O potent *Sympathie*! which canſt beguile
An Heart ſo pure and cleer-ey'd, and degrade
Earths Monarch from his native Pinacle
Of Innocence, as low as Death and Hell.

263.

He yeilds, and eates, and eating tears the great
Creators Law: yet tears not that alone,
But rends his Bliſs, his Health, his Life, and that
Fair Robe of Purity which He had on,
Becoming *Eves* Companion no leſſe
In nature, than in ſhamefull Nakedneſſe.

264.

And thus indeed they 'gan to judge between
Evill and Good, whilſt they themſelves did ſee,
Who untill then no Evill thing had ſeen,
But now can witneſſe their own Miſery;
Which they with wretched Aprons ſtrive to heal,
As if the leaves the Apples would conceal.

265.

Alas, nor they, not all the Trees that grow
In ſhady Paradiſe ſo thick and high
Could any ſhelter unto them allow
When he was pleas'd to ſearch, who is *all Eye*.
Yet by degrees hee findes them, that they might
With Deprecations ſalute his ſight.

266.

Had he in Thunder and in Lightning ſpake,
And of fierce Veng'ance breath'd a flaming ſtream,
Juſt had the Dialect been: But He did make
A ſoft enquiry of the Fault, and ſeem
To beg Confeſſion, and to wait whil'ſt they
Did with their Crime their Penitence diſplay.

267.

But they with Shifts, and Excuſations tried
Not to excuſe the Fact, but to defend,
And by that wretched Impudence defie
Mercy, which all this while did them attend.
This forced *Juſtice*, who came ruſhing in,
And did her Office upon ſaucy *Sin*.

268.

She firſt the *Curſe* pronounc'd, which written was
In adamantine Tables, ne'r to be
Revers'd by *Pitty*: Then ſhe forth did chaſe
The proud Delinquents, and the Garden free
From its unworthy Gueſts, appointing *Fate*
To ſet a double Guard before the Gate.

269.

A Troop of *Cherubs* ſtraight was marſhalled
In dreadfull Order at the Eaſtern Gate;
And then a flaming Fauchion brandiſhed
Terror about the way, that none might at
That door of Happineſſe paſſe in, but who
By tried Purity through Fire could goe.

270.

The Wofull Exiles were no ſooner come
Into the wide World, but poor *Adam* ſees
The heavy Loſſe of his encloſed Home,
Finding in ſtead of bleſſed Flowres and Trees,
Thiſtles and Thorns all arm'd with pikes and pricks,
Amongſt whoſe Crowd he vex'd and tarer'd ſticks.

Long

271.

Long did He ſtrive and toyle e'r He could make
The Ground give fertile anſwer to his ſweat:
The righteous *Earth* did this due Vengeance take
On his Rebellion; ſo did the great
Cognation of Beaſts and Birds, who broke
Off from their ſullen Necks his regall Yoke.

272.

Thoſe who were able, muſter up their might,
And in their *Makers* Quarrell Him purſue:
The weaker, from his preſence ſpeed their flight,
Profeſſing now they knew no homage due:
Thus by their furie Thoſe, Theſe by their Feare
Equally frightfull and vexatious were.

273.

No friend he had, but her who did betray
Him to that Miſerie, unhappy *Eve*:
And yet the reaping of his ſweeteſt Joy,
Of what was ſweeter, did them both deprive;
Their gains unable were to quit the coſt,
For now their dear *Virginity* was loſt.

274.

Eve through many nauſeous Moneths did paſs
E'r ſhe could to her hardeſt travell come:
O who can tell the Pangs by which ſhe was
Tortur'd and torn, when her unhappy Womb
It ſelf unloaded! for the Curſe was ſure,
Nor could thoſe Torments ever find a Cure.

275.

In ſin conceiving, ſhe brought forth in pain,
And with Pollution dy'd her Progenie:
Through all Succeſſions her anneiled ſtain
Did propagate its own Deformitie,
And all her Heirs bind in an Obligation
Of Death, and what is deadlier, Damnation.

276.

Beſides, the peeviſh and importunate *Itch*
Of reſtleſs Kicking at Heav'ns gentle Law,
Its fretfull Taint did in proud Triumph ſtretch
Through the whole Current of her Blood which now
In humane veins ſo madly boyls and flames,
That kindled at the fire of Hell it ſeems.

277.

Thus when black Venome has into the Spring
Infuſed Death, the Streams which from it runne,
How farre ſo e'r they travell, ſtill they bring
Along with them that firſt Contagion:
The furtheſt Drop knows not how to eſcape
The reach of that *Originall Miſhap*.

278.

Your Souls I grant, riſe not from that foul Spring,
Nor did they ever ſwimme in *Adams* veins:
Yet is the Body ſo unclean a thing,
That ſtrait it doth communicate its Stains:
Nor can the ſoul be pure which married is
To ſo contagious a Spouſe as this.

279.

Yet call not God unjuſt, who doth commit
So fair a Gemme unto ſo foul a Caſe,
Thereby infallibly engaging it
To be as black and curſed as its Place.
O no: He ſtill is kind and knows a way
Through Wrath and Judgement, Mercy to diſplay.

280.

No Plot of *Satans* ſpight ſhall undermine
Or make a breach in the Creations frame:
Nature ſhall ſtill proceed, and Heav'ns Deſigne
Of Mans felicitie perſiſt the ſame:
God-like it is indeed, *Fates* Scales to turne,
And make them Bleſt, who to a Curſe were born.

281.

Whilſt *God* makes pure *Souls* dive into this ſtream
Of Blackneſs, gratious He contriveth how
To waſh and cleanſe and re-imbelliſh them
Till they unto ſuch pow'rfull Beautie grow
That ſweetly on their Bodies they can be
Reveng'd, infecting them with Puritie.

282.

Such purging Might in *Jeſus* Blood there flows,
That from the face of its leaſt Drop doe flie
This Stain which at the Root of Mankind grows,
And all thoſe Blots which on the Branches lie,
And this dear Fountain, in Decree, was broach'd
Long e'r the Soul by any Taint was touch'd.

283.

They who deſire't may here refined be
Into a Claritude becomming that
High *Paradiſe* of whoſe felicitie
Edens was onely the faint Shaddow: But (thrown
They who ſcorn ſuch Bliſs, would themſelves have
To Hell though *Eve* had never help'd them down.

284.

And tell me *Pſyche* what thou thinkeſt now?
Of thy Extraction, which from wretched Duſt,
The Scumm of Earth, and game of Winds, doth flow;
What of thy rotten Kindred, ſince thou muſt
Corruption for thy Mother own, and call
Each Worm thy Siſter that in mire doth crawl.

Yet

285.

Yet Wormes are lyable to one onely Death,
A Death which quickly will it selfe destroy:
But thy Composure in its bosome hath
A Living Poyson, that may finde a way
To kill thee with surviving Death, by which
Thy torture to Eternity shall reach.

286.

Think well on this, and if thou canst, be proud,
Who by the Pride of thy first Parents art
With this destructive Portion endow'd,
And from thy Birth betroth'd to endlesse Smart.
Think what vast distance lies 'twixt worthlesse thee
And the *Almighty King of Majesty*.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO VII.

The Great Little One.

ARGUMENT.

THe Angell *conveys* Psyche *to the Sceen*
Of Mercies *grand Exploits, to shew Her what*
Deer Care Heav'n *took to wash her bosome clean*
From the foule shame of every sinfull Blot.
Betimes he 'gins, and from the morning Glory
Of Loves *bright* Birth, *lights in the blessed Story.*

1.

ILlustrious *Spirits of Fire*, who e'r you be,
This Lesson will be no discredit to
Your towring Flames; nor must Heroick Yee
To Schoole to *Psyche's* Legend scorn to goe:
Such Sparks as you, for all your glittering, be
In your Originall, as dim as she.

2.

As other Fires at length to Ashes grow,
So must brave Yee: Yet they were lighted from
Some generous bright Originall; but you
And your Extraction, did from Ashes come.
Whether forward you, or backward turn your eye,
Your Bounds are Vilenesse, Shame, and Miserie.

3.

Examine *Alexanders* Monument,
Or *Helens* Tombe, and marke what there does lie!
Or if your Nostrills dread the banefull scent
Of their in-vain-embalmed Majesty;
Trust that strong Proof, which bidds you safely think
That you, though great and fair, must end in stink.

4.

But trust not *Pride*, whose tumid Treachery
Did to that Rottennesse all the World betray.
No Poyson yet did ever swell so high,
Or to such certain Death prepare the way.
Steep headlong *Danger* on the Mountains reigns;
Let them who safe would walk, walk on the Plains.

Plain

5.

Plain are the Walks of mild Humility,
And know no Precipice, but planted are
With sweet *Content*, with pious Privacie,
With cheerfull *Hope*, and with securing *Fear*.
An Humble Soule, which always dwells below,
Prevents that Ruine which on Hills doth grow.

6.

The *Tempest's* aim is at those lofty Things
Which rise against it, and its strength defie.
This to the Pines and Oaks Destruction brings,
Whilst modest Shrubbs beneath in peace doe lie.
Thus come proud Rocks to rue the angry Wind;
Which to the humble Vales is alway kinde.

7.

Humility is provident, and acquaints
Aforehand with her Ashes, which she knowes
Must be her End: She in no flattering Paints
Her sober Judgment and her self will loose;
She dies betimes, how long so e'r she lives,
And Death but as a long known Freind receives.

8.

She huggs her Herse, and does her Grave imbrace,
And pants and longs her finall Ev'n to see,
When in that cool and undisturbed Place
Her weary Head to rest may setled be:
Assured of a *Freind*, whose Care hath found
For Her to Heav'n a passage under ground.

9.

She strongly woo's the Worms to crawle apace;
She prays not slow *Corruption* to make haste:
Toward Death for life she runs, and thinks her Race
Is long because she yet lives: On as fast
She speeds, as Sighs of Love can blow Her, or
Fire of unquenchable Desire can spurr.

10.

O meek *Ambition* which correctest *Pride*
Into a Virtue, and mak'st Venome grow
Plain Antidote! An heart which thou dost guide
Struggles and reaches still to be more low;
And prides it self in nothing, but to be
From *Prides* Dominion intirely free.

11.

The Seeds of this fair Grace deep planted were
In *Psyche's* tender Heart by *Charis* hand:
Which as they sprouted up, with heav'nly care
To weed, and dresse them, *Phylax* by did stand:
And now, to make them flourish higher, she
Will with her liberall Tears their Waterer be.

12.

For *Phylax* had no sooner made an end,
But She begins, first by her showring Eys;
Then by her Tongue, which with their Tears did blend
Its Lamentations: Woe is me, she cries,
What now should *Psyche* doe who needs would be
Proud of her shame, and poisnous Misery?

13.

Your scorn, by wretched Me so deeply ern'd,
My wronged *Freinds*, at length let me obtein:
O *Charis*, my all guilty Soule is burn'd
By those fair Flames which in thine Aspect reigne.
How can such Night-birds as vile I endure
The holy Lightning of a Look so pure?

14.

And You, deare *Phylax*, lose your Pains no more
Upon an undeserving hideous Thing.
Why should proud *Psyche* dwell, as heretofore,
Under the shelter of thy scorned Wing?
O let it free it self, and take its flight;
Why should black I defile an House so white!

15.

The odious Bat with more decorum will
Flutter about a Thing as dark as she;
And lend her sooty Wings to make a veil
For correspondent *Ouglines* in me.
The ominous Raven will fitter be to spread
Her swarthy Plumes on my polluted Head.

16.

Let me enjoy the sad Inheritance
Of my deep-stained Birth: Was I not born
Apparent Heir to an entayld Mischance?
Did not my wretched Beings lowry Morn
Dawn with eternall Night? Dwelt not Death in
The fatall Spring of my Parentall sin?

17.

Why must my breath defile the Virgin Air?
Why must I load the harmlesse Earth with Guilt?
Why must I stain the World, which would be fair
If I were gone? My Tombe is ready built
In any place where Filth, and Dunghils lie.
Let *Justice* have her course, and let me die.

18.

My due Home is where *Arrogance*, and bold
Rebellion dwell: O Let me thither goe!
May worthy Eys behold the Sunns fair Gold,
And view their way to Heav'n: I have to doe
With nought but Pitch and Darknes, which may hide
The equall Horror of my wilfull *Pride*.

19.

My heav'nly *Sponse*; (ô why doe I blaspheme!)
That *Sponse* who long desired to be mine;
Me thinks from Heav'n doth with a piercing Beam
Full on my face and faithlesse Bosome shine,
And by that Light read all that Treason I
Have wrought against his loving Majesty.

20.

O, it will scorch Me up! my Sinnews crack,
My Bones are burnt, and all my Marrow fries,
My Bosome melts, the Flame devoures my back,
My Heart flows down, and wofull *Psyche* dies.
I die; and yet I breath: My Death lives still:
No kinde of Slaughter e'r like this did kill.

21.

Surely the Flames which make all Hell so black,
Are cool and gentle, if compar'd with these:
Why goe I not to take my Kinder Rack,
And in th' infernall Torments finde some Ease?
Have done fond fruitlesse *Tears*; you are too weak
The greater Torrent of this Fire to slake.

22.

Here *Phylax* here, loe I my selfe ungird;
This *Token* can no treacherous Heart befit:
Return it back to my abused *Lord*,
And beg my Pardon who have strayned it.
What will it not unbuckle? Must I be
Still Pris'ner to his wronged Courtesie?

23.

And must this *Girdle* now besiege Me round
With an indissoluble Check of my
Disloyaltie? Must I thus close be bound
Up in my Selfe, and not have room to flie
From what I hate far more than Death and Hell,
The sinfull Blots of which this Breast is full?

24.

So strait upon my griped Soul the Chains
Of deep Damnation can no Torments tie,
As this sweet Cincture bindes me to the Pains
Of self-confusion. O Me! —— Here her Crie
Did with her Spirits faint; and down she fell
Griefs totall Prey, and Pitties Spectacle.

25.

Pitty was neer; For *Charis* stood close by,
Whose yearning bowells all this while did move:
But rous'd more by her fall, she instantly
Obey'd the nimble Violence of Love;
Love mov'd her Heart, and that her Hand, by which
To fainting *Psyche* she relefe did reach.

26.

She took her up, and with a sweet Imbrace
Instilled gentle Warmth into her Breast,
Whose never-failing Virtue did displace
Griefs vast *Plethora* which had her oppresst,
And by delicious degrees restore
Her shipwrack'd Thoughts to their composed shore.

27.

So have I seen a wise Physition
New spirits to his swowning Patient give,
Who, though his Heart before were sunk and gone,
Doth by the Potion it again receive,
Whil'st in the cheerly salutiferous Cup
A draught of liquid Life he drinketh up.

28.

Awakened *Psyche*, with amazed Eyes
Beheld her *Friends*; but wonder'd more to see
Her stout Disease made a tame Sacrifice
Unto that heav'nly Cordiall which she
Felt reigning in her breast, and which did seize
Her Heart both with Astonishment and Ease.

29.

Ambiguous Fancies toss'd her up and down
Uncertain whether some Dreams Flattery
Into a vain Elysium had thrown
Her cheated Soul, or whether truely she (lows
Was by some courteous Gale snatch'd from the Bil-
And on the Bank laid safe on *Peace's* pillows

30.

Which *Charis* seeing; You may trust, said she
Your sudden Happinesse, which wears no Cheat.
But see that you misplace no thanks on Me;
Which all are more than due unto your great
And constant *Sponse*, who though forgot by You,
Could not his Love away so quickly throw.

31.

Those life-renewing Sweets I brought you down,
Were none of mine: He sent both me and them:
He knew your Wants and counted them his own,
Who longs to have you be all one with him.
Then by these Comforts which have cur'd your Smart
Learn who it is that most deserv's your Heart,

32.

O'r-powred with unweildy Thanks and Praise,
At this vast Tide of her obtruding Blisse,
Here *Psyche* strove her labouring Breast to ease,
Yet neither Thanks nor Praise she could expresse:
For what she had conceived, was so great
She neither could contain, nor utter it.

But

33.

But *Phylax* seeing her sweet Agonie,
Cri'd, 'tis enough, *Heav'n* can hear mute Desires.
Come *Psyche*, you shall travell now with me
To finde full fuell for your amorous Fires.
It will be worth your voyage when you see
What Balm did grow to heal your Miserie.

34.

The *God of Goodnesse* by his powerfull Eye
Reaching those Things which yet were short of Being,
Did in the Volumes of Eternity
Read all the future World: where clearly seeing
What mischiefs would be done by foolish *Pride*,
A potent Remedie He did provide.

35.

Indeed had no Redemption invited
Thy *Spouse* to Feast the World with his dear Blood,
Yet to Mans Nature hee would have united
His own, that the Creation might have stood
Fast ti'd unto its *Maker*, and by this
Conjunction, been neer sharer in his Bliss.

36.

But seeing by Hereditarie Stains
The Stream of Humane Blood runs foule and black,
It found work for the virtue of his Veins
The Poyson of the tainted Flood to check:
Which nobly he perform'd, as thou shalt see
When I have led thee through his Historie.

37.

As she now cheer'd her heart and count'nance up,
A radiant Chariot caught her wondering Eye;
The winged Steeds foam'd at that little stop, (fly.
And though their Wings were down, their thoughts did
Speed was the Chariots Mettall, and each Wheel
Composed was of never-tyring *Zeal*.

38.

Come *Psyche*, come, this Couch for haste doth call,
Cri'd *Phylax*; fear not, 'tis no cheating one,
Nor, like thy last, will bear thee to thy Fall;
I mean to hold the Reigns: Come let's be one.
If you, sweet Sir, will have it so, content
Said she, and meekly blushing, in she went.

39.

Up flew *Devotion*, and *Chastitie*
The gallant Steeds which did the Chariot draw.
Her native *Albion* soon began to be
Lost in a Sea of Air; and now she saw
The wealthy Fields of *Gallia*, which as fast
Behinde her fled as she did forward post.

40.

Then climbing higher in her yeilding Way,
Eternall Banks of obstinate Frost and Snow
Which *Winter* on the *Alps* high back did lay,
Spight of the nearer Sun, she leaves below,
And through the tumult of the justling Clouds
Down into the *Italian* Heav'n she crouds.

41.

From thence she launch'd into that Region
Which by the *Adriatick* Storms doth frown,
And sped her course above that Ocean
About whose sides the *Mid-land* shores are thrown:
So well did *Phylax* steer, that to a Port
So far off, ne'r was made a Cut so short.

42.

For having reach'd blest *Palestine*, she flew
Over the groveling Towns of *Galile*,
Untill the Steeds, as if the place they knew,
At *Nazareth* brake off their Course; where she
Viewing the simple Village, wondered why
Her Convoy, thither took such pains to flie.

43.

But *Phylax* having led her by the Hand
To the unlikliest House; Behold, said hee,
This pretious Monument, which still doth stand
To chide their Arrogance who needs will be
Immur'd in Cedar, and roof'd o'r with Gold:
O who would think poor Dust should be so bold!

44.

This silly Mansion, though it scarce would win
Ev'n *Poverty* it selfe in it to dwell,
Was once the House & Home, where the bright *Queen*
Of Glories kept her Court: in this mean Cell
Dwelt *She* in whose illustrious Family
All Heav'n desir'd a Sojourner to be.

45.

She, the transcendent Crown of Females, *She*
Great *Jacobs Ladder*, *Aarons budding Rod*;
The Chrystall Princess of Virginity;
Davids fair *Tower*, the *Mother of her God*,
Mary her selfe: O may that lovely Name
Be *Blessings* Nest, and the dear Theam of *Fame*.

46.

There her plain Cates she eat, or rather kept
Her healthfull Rules of sober Abstinence:
There did she plie her Prayers, and there she slept
When midnight Zeal had tir'd her mortall Sense.
No Corner was in all this House, but she
Did dedicate it unto Piety.

47.

How many Temples in this narrow Room
Erected were by her Devotion,
Who taught all *Virtues* here to take their Home!
But if *Sin* knock'd, She bid it straight be gone;
For at her Door *Humility* she set:
A Portet which would no such Guests admit.

48.

Here, on her pious knees, she wept, one day,
In wondring Meditation of that *She*
Whom *God* would chuse to make the noble Way
Unto his own fore-told *Humanity*.
O how she blest that Soule, who ever was
To be advanced to that matchlesse Grace!

49.

Not for a thousand Worlds would she have thought
Her Selfe the long-designed She; but rather
Would with a thousand thousand more have bought
An Hand-mayds place to wait upon that *Mother*,
To kisse her blessed feet, or bear her Train,
In whom all *Excellence* rejoyc'd to reign.

50.

But whil'st her meek admiring Fancie flies
Through this high Contemplation, which drew
Applauding joyous Christall from her Eyes;
A bright and gallant *Stranger* hither flew;
One who from Heav'n her sweet reflection brings,
Looking almost like *Her*, but for his Wings.

51.

Youth bloomed in his Face, the blessed Throne
Where purest Beauties in fair Triumph sate;
Their brisk and sparkling Combination
All ravishing Joyes into his Eyes had put:
His Looks commanded Love, but did withall
By potent Purity all Lust fore-stall.

52.

His Head was crown'd with its own golden Hair,
Which down his back its dainty Wealth did shed:
The Alabaster of his Neck was bare
Sweetly betraying what below was hid
In the green ambush of his Robe of Silk,
The Curtain drawn upon his Fleshie Milk.

53.

That Robe was guarded with the orient Lace
Which on *Aurora's* Virgin Coat you see.
Neglect seem'd to have put it on; yet *Grace*
And *Comelinesse* would not prevented be,
But did in every careless fold and pleit
To catch Spectators Wonder lie in wait.

54.

A silver Girdle did his Loins imbrace
With the prest fashion of Travellers:
Like Loves sweet Bow his left Arm bended was
Upon his Side, whil'st high his Right Hand bears
A Lillie, which from thence received more
Sweetnesse and Whitenesse than it had before.

55.

The Candor of his Wings was no such kinde
Of glaring thing, as in the *Alpine* Snow,
Or on the purest Cygnets neck we finde,
Or on the soft face of new Milk doth flow:
But a celestiall Tincture pure and bright,
Made not by scorching, but by whitening Light.

56.

He was an heav'nly Citizen, and one
Whose place is in an higher form than mine;
In neer attendance on his *Makers* Throne
He with his Archangelick beams doth shine,
Whence he, when Heav'n has greatest businesse here,
Dispatched is the choise Ambassadour.

57.

But though his Eyes their education had
Amongst those Claritudes which gild the skies,
They never yet at Home did seem to read
So much of Heav'n at large, as here he spies
Epitomized in the lovely Glass
Of *Maryes* modestly-illustrious face.

58.

And, *Hail*, said He, Thou dearest Favorite
Of our great *King*, in whose selected Breast
His Majesty with singular delight
Doth take his private, and mysterious rest.
Hail thou the Crown of Females, on whose Head
Their best exuberance all *Blessings* shed.

59.

The humble *Virgin* started at the sight,
But much more at the *Salutation*:
The complementall *Youth* did her affright
Who us'd such charming Companie to shun;
Untill his Wings admonish'd her that he
One of her wonted heav'nly Guests might be.

60.

But yet her lowly Soul could not digest
The tumor of that strange Hyperbole,
Which still she boulted in her thought-full Breast,
Being suspitious least some *Flattery*
Had borrow'd an Angelike shape, by which
A Woman it more easily might bewitch.

O

61.

O strange, but nobly-pretious *Jealousie*
Which onely dost in holy Bosoms rest:
Thou art the Bar which dost accesse deny
To whatsoever might an Heart molest:
Pride, Usher to all Sins, comes not neer thee,
So low thou liest, so high strutteth hee.

62.

When *Gabriel* observ'd her doubtfull Look,
Where *Blushes*, and where *Paleness* mutually
Their fearfull and their modest Stations took;
Mary, said He, thy meek Anxiety
May spare its pains; No Danger dares draw neer
Her whom the *Prince of Power* doth hold so dear.

63.

He who is *Lord of Love*, hath seal'd on thee
His amorous Heart: the choisest of his Graces,
The flowre of all his Sweets, th' Immensitie
Of his best Favours, and his Joyes, he places
On thee alone, whom he exalts as high
As thou art sunk in thy *Humility*.

64.

Witnesse this *Message* I have now to tell,
How much too glorious for Me to bring!
The onely *Message* which could parallel
The boundlesse Love of Heav'ns inamored *King*:
A *Message* which the World hath long expected,
But fit to thee alone to be directed.

65.

Behold thy blessed Womb shall Fertile be
With a more blessed *Son*, whom at the due
And wonted Season of Maturity,
Thou to this Light, lesse fair than him, shalt shew:
Nor need'st thou study to contrive the frame
Of his due Title, *JESUS* is the Name.

66.

More reason shall that Name finde in thy *Son*;
Than it of old did in *Nuns* warlike *Heir*,
More noble shall be that Salvation
By which his *Israel* he will repair,
Than that which from *Beersheba* unto *Dan*
Gave them no more but earthly *Canaan*.

67.

He shall be *Great*, as *Great* as *Might* and *Worth*
Can swell an *Heros*; or as stoutest *Fame*
Can with her fairest widest Trump blow forth,
Which shall be stretch'd with his magnifick Name;
For to proclaim his Soveraignitie,
His Stile shall run, *The Son of the Most High*.

68.

He who is *Lord of Crowns*, and supream *King*
Of Scepters, shall establish him upon
His Seat from whose high linage he shall spring,
His most renowned Father *Davids* Throne:
Where hee a King of nobler Peace shall sit
Than *Solomon* with all his Wealth and Wit.

69.

All *Jacobs* Seed to him shall homage doe,
And govern'd be by his more gentle Law:
Yea *Time* it selfe shall be his Subject too,
And his long *Sithe* unto his Sceptre bow:
The Earth shall sink, the Heav'ns shall melt, but hee
Shall reach his Kingdome to Eternitie.

70.

And here the *Angell* paus'd: But trembling she,
Veild in the scarlet of her modest Cheek,
Repli'd, Bright Sir, it seems you know not Me
A worthless Maid, who for your high Mistake
Wear no pretence: nor may so great a *King*
From a vile Worms polluted Bowells spring.

71.

Yet though this Vilenesse be sufficient to
Excuse Me from such Exaltation:
Be pleas'd to know, I am that *Mary*, who
Finding my selfe too mean for any Son
Of Princely *Davids* Progeny to wed,
Resolv'd to die upon my virgin Bed.

72.

So shall no sprouts from my unhappy Root
Clog the World with their fruitlesse Company;
So shall I scape Parentall Tasks, and not
With Childrens Education burdned be,
Who finde such Work as poseth all my Art
In ordering mine own untoward Heart

73.

Though I to *Joseph* now espoused am,
'Tis but to shelter my Virginity,
In whose defence he wears an Husbands Name,
And of my Weakness will Protector be.
My Word is past, that I to *God* will give
My Body back, as I did it receive.

74.

Alas, what other Sacrifice have I
To render *Him* for all his patient Love
Wherewith he hath thus long sustained my
Rebellious Life, and mercifully strove
With my Demerits! O bid me not aspire
To what transcends my Reach, and my Desire.

75.

Miraculous Meekneſſe! How would other Hearts
Have leap'd to catch this matchleſſe Dignity,
From which this moſt deſerving *Virgin* ſtarts!
O how would'ſt thou thy ſelfe have joy'd to ſee
So high an offer! What would'ſt thou have ſaid
Had thy *Agenor Gabriels* Promiſe made?

76.

Her Anſwer forc'd his Admiration higher,
And op'd the Door to this ſublime *Replie*:
Heav'n is not ignorant of thy ſweet Deſire;
Thy gallant *Vow* ſtands regiſter'd on high
Upon a Table neer as white and fair
As thine own Heart, and Reſolutions are.

77.

Such *Vows* are Jewells, ev'n in Heav'ns eſteem,
Which is the pure Realm of Virginity:
For there th' *Eternall Father* wears this Gem,
With whom the *Son* and *Spirit*, Virgins be:
After whoſe fair Example We aſpire,
And copie it in all our *Winged Quire*.

78.

Through Mounts of Miracles *God* breaks ope a way
To keep thee ſtill as pure as thy *Deſire*:
When All Things, in their firſt Confuſion lay,
Being a ſhapeleſs groveling Maſs of Mire;
Who would have thought the Womb of that *Abyſſe*
Could have produc'd ſo fair a World as this?

79.

But then th' *Almighty Spirit* ſpread his Wing
Upon thoſe hopeleſſe Volumes of the Deep;
And by his generative Warmth did bring
To light thoſe Seeds which in that Night did ſleep:
Thus all this populous *Univerſe* you ſee,
Sprung from the Bowells of *Virginity*.

80.

This *Holy Spirit* over Thee ſhall hover,
And with prolifick Virtue thee endow:
He who on *Powers* Top doth reign, ſhall cover
Thee with his Might; a Might which will allow
Nature no leave nor poſſibility
To contradict a *Virgin-pregnancie*.

81.

This is one Cauſe, (and 'tis a noble one)
Why He who ſhall thy glorious Off-ſpring be
Shall wear the Soveraign Title of the *Son*
Of *God*; for genuine *Divinity*
Shall be ingag'd, but in a myſtick faſhion,
In the great Buſineſſe of his *Generation*.

82.

Doubt not his *Power*, whoſe well-known Limits ſpread
Wide as his boundleſs Will: the whole World knows
How *Sarahs* dead Wombe now doth live in ſeed
Which paſt the ſhores of Numeration flows:
How the *Preiſts Rod* its ſudden Almonds ought
Neither to Soile nor Seed, nor Sap nor Root.

83.

But I have mighty News to tell thee: She
Whoſe ſnowie Head confeſt her Springs was paſt,
Thy Couſen both in Blood and Piety,
Cold, drie *Elizabeth*, hath now at laſt
Conceiv'd a Son; an argument to thee
How *Nature* can by *Heav'n* corrected be.

84.

The World had ſtamp'd the Name of *Barren* on
Her ſealed Womb, and damm'd the way to Hope
Of any Seed; yet five full Moneths are gone,
And now the Sixt ſucceeds, ſince *Heav'n* did ope
That froazen Seal: good cauſe have I to know
The Time, who was imployed then, as now.

85.

I bare the Tidings to great *Zachary*,
And when his trembling jealous Soul would not
Credit my ſupernaturall Embaſſie,
I on his Tongue a Lock of Silence put,
That he might know *God* could as eaſily ope
His *Spouſes* Womb, as I his Mouth could ſtop.

86.

His Silence bids thee truſt theſe Words of mine;
And, ſince the Hopes of Heav'n and Earth attend
With panting Expectation for thine
Aſſent, on which their nobleſt Joyes depend:
For their ſakes yeild; and for thy *Makers*, who
By Me his beſt-beloved *Spouſe* doth wooe.

87.

He e'r ſince *Times* firſt Birth did wait for thee
And has endur'd a World of Sin below,
Stretching his ſtrongly-patient Conſtancie
Through every Age of Wickedneſſe till now;
Knowing that *Time* at length would bring forth thee
The ſweet Reward of all his Lenitie.

88.

And now thy mighty Houre is come; O why
Mak'ſt thou a gentle Virtue prove ſo hard,
Why by thy rigorous *Humility*
Muſt ripened Joy and Happineſſe be barr'd
From all the Univerſe! O why wilt thou
Not let the golden Age have leave to grow?

Why

89.

Why must the gloomy *Shaddows* which have now
Weighed their heavy Wings, in hopes to flie,
Return their Night upon *Religion's* Brow,
Which 'gan to clear up at the Dawn of thy (way
Long long'd-for Birth; and would'st thou but give
Would straight break open into *Grace's* Day.

90.

As when the *Moisture* which contented was
To dwell below, and nestle in the Earth,
Is by the powerfull Sun entic'd to passe
Unto an higher Home: it issues forth
With gentle Resignation, and doth rise
In meer submission to dwell neer the Skies:

91.

So now the lowly *Virgin* conquer'd by
The potent Pleasure of her loving *Spouse*,
Exceeds her old, by new *Humility*;
And with her selfe, her former Meeknesse throws
Before his feet, content to be whate'r
His most victorious Love would make of Her.

92.

Behold, said she, *The Handmayd of the Lord*,
(For he hath given Me leave to use that Stile,)
Since *Heav'n* will have it so, may thy great Word
My worthless Bowells with Performance fill:
To Him who made Me, I my Selfe resign;
'Tis fit His Pleasure, and not mine, be Mine;

93.

This blessed Word no sooner brake from her
Sweet Lipps, but to the Top of Heav'n it flew;
Where in the Mouthes of all the winged Quire
It found its Echo, and was made a new
And pretious Anthem; for the Sphears that Day
Measur'd their high Dance by this onely Lay.

94.

All *Nature* heard the *Sound*, which in her Eare
Spake Life, and Joy, and Restauration.
O blessed Musick, which so cheated Her,
That her old Wrinkles into Smiles did run;
Fresh Fire she glowing felt in every Vein,
And briskly thought of growing young again.

95.

For now that *Spirit* which first quickned her
Return'd again, and flew to *Maryes* breast.
O what Excesse of Sweets and Joyes did bear
Him company unto his Virgin Nest!
O what pure Streams of Light, what glorious showrs
Of most enlivening, and prolifick Powers!

96.

With these flew down *Eternities* great Son
To be a Son of *Time*; and parting from
His *Fathers* Bosome, Glories sweetest Throne,
Chose Ashes for his House, Dust for his Home.
Having taught *Exaltation* to bow,
And of the *Most High* made Himselfe *Most Low*.

97.

In vain should I, or all the Angells strive
To reach at that impossible Eloquence
Which might a parallel Description weave
For that immense mysterious Confluence
Of purest Joyes, with which in this Imbrace
The most enobled *Virgin* ravish'd was.

98.

Onely her spatious Soul, the blessed Sea
Where all those Floods of pretious Things did meet,
Knew what it comprehended: Glorious She
Did taste the rellish of each mystick Sweet
In one miraculous Instant, and did trie
The various Dainties of *Divinity*,

99.

For though this *Generation* had been
The deepest Project of *Eternity*,
Yet were its Wonders all transacted in
Durations most concise Epitomie.
One single *Moment* crowned was with this
Exploit of most unbounded Power and Bliss.

100.

O mighty *Moment*! at whose feet, all Dayes
And Moneths, and Years, and Ages, homage pay:
Upon whose Head *Time* all its Glories lays,
Wishing that thou might'st never slide away:
Eternity holds it selfe deep in debt
To thee, in whom its sweetest Wonders meet.

101.

This *Universe* for ever thou dost tie
Close to its greater *Maker*: Thou dost join
These Mortall Things to Immortality,
And in one Knot both Heav'n and Earth combine:
Thou giv'st *Fertility* a new-found Home,
And bid'st it flourish in a Virgin-Womb.

102.

For *Mary* now the Mansion-house became
Of her conceived *God*, who deign'd to take
His Pattern from her reverend Bodies frame
And borrow part of Her, thereby to make
A Garment for himselfe, that hee might be
As true and genuine Flesh and Blood as shee.

103.

O *Paradise* how poore a Soile art Thou
To the rare Richnes of this *Virgin Bed*!
That Tree of Life which in thy Heart did grow,
It self but as the shade of this was spread:
Here is the Garden where the noble *Tree*
Of *everlasting Life* would planted be.

104.

Blush all yee Heav'ns; the gallant Virgins Wombe
Hath left no Looks but those of shame for You;
All *Glories* here have chose their dearer Home;
And fairer shine, because They make no show:
Here dwells a *Sunn* whose Count'nance is a Book
So bright; your *Phebus* dares not on it look.

105.

The most resplendent equall *Character*,
The flaming *Brightnes* of the *Fathers Face*,
Hath now vouchsafed to exchange his Sphear,
And in this lesser Heav'n to plant his Rays:
Which yet He hath so sweetned and allayd,
That He consumeth not the tender *Mayd*.

106.

Thus, when to *Moses* He came down of old
Arrayed all in fire, and took his Seat
Upon a simple Bush; his flaming Gold
In mercie to the shrubb, reind in its Heat,
And all the leaves with harmlesse Brightnes fill'd,
Which He was pleased not to Burn, but Gild.

107.

When *Gabriell* had seen this wonderous sight
He bow'd his holy Head, first to adore
His new-conceived *Lord*, wishing he might
Have made his dwelling on this blessed Floor;
And then to take his reverent leave of *Her*,
Whom yet to Heav'n He in his mind did bear.

108.

Whether as He mounted up, the News He tells
To every Orb and Star; but cheifly to
Th' inquisitive *Spirits*, whose ears and hearts he fils
With all the Wonders He had seen below,
Till with applause from every Angels Tongue
The pretious Name of humble Mary rung.

109.

Thus *Phylax* spake. When *Psyche* fill'd with Joy
And Admiration, cri'd Why may not I
Have leave in this dear Mansion to stay?
Where can I better live, or sweetlier die:
Humilities own Palace best will fit
Me who through *Pride* stand most in need of it.

110.

If that be thy Desire, thou strait shalt see
Phylax reply'd, a fairer House than this,
Fairer in more transcendent Poverty,
And nobler farr in higher Lowlines.
With that, into the Chariot again
He takes her up, and gently moves the Rein.

111.

The ready steeds no more Monition needed,
For through the Ayr they Snatch'd their greedy way,
And o're the *Galilean* Regions speeded;
No Hills were high enough to bid them stay,
No windes out-ran them; but to *Bethlehem*
Well-neer as soon's their Drivers thought they came.

112.

There lighting down; Behold this Town, my Dear
The *Guardian* cri'd where *Fame* once lov'd to grow:
Jesse's illustrious *Sonn* was nurtured here;
Here reverend *Samuell* did prepare his Brow
For royall Honour, when upon his Head
The Crowns rich Ernest, holy Oile he shed.

113.

This chosen Root, in Kings was fertile, whose
Successive Hands through many Ages bore
The *Jewish* Sceptre; till with other Foes
Sin, stronger than the rest, combin'd and tore,
It from its guilty Owners farr from Home,
First unto *Babylon* and next to *Rome*.

114.

Rome holds it still; and makes this wretched Land
Pay that sad Debt its Wickednes contracted:
How oft has an imperious Command
Heavy blood-squeazing Taxes here exacted!
Drowning in Gall this servile Country now
Which did of old with Milk and Honey flow.

115.

(Such miserable Gains fond wilfull Men
Condemned are to reap, who needs will be
Driving the self-destoying Trade of sin:
To such heart-galling Bonds of Tyranny;
All those unhappy Nations make haste
Who from their Necks Heav'ns gentle Yoke do cast.)

116.

This golden Trick *Augustus* learned, and
Summon'd the People to a generall Taxe:
The Warrants strait awak'ned all the Land,
And every One to pay his Homage packs
To his Parentall Town, the Regester
Of Tribes and Kindreds being setled there.

This

117.

This cost good *Joseph* and his blessed *Spouse*
A tedious journey, for the Way was long,
But short the Days: in Winters inmost House
(Cold churlish *Capricorne*) the *Sunn* had clung
The Morning and the Ev'n so close together,
That there was left no room for cheerly Wether.

118.

The holy Travellers through Cold and Frost
And Northerne Blasts, took their unworthy way:
(What pious Heart would not have been at cost
Of its warme Sighs, that sharp Breath to allay!)
Yet slowly went, for *Maries* time was come,
And *God* lay heavy in her tender Wombe.

119.

Alas She to her Travell travelled,
And came at length all-weary to the Town:
Where the poor Court'sie of an hired Bed
To lay her weather-beaten Body down,
She hop'd to find: But Winter now had cast
On Men, as well as on the Earth a Frost.

120.

The Men were Ice; so were their Doors; for both
Were frozen up against poor looking Guests;
Wher e'r they knock'd, the surly Host was wroth,
And cri'd, my House is full. Indeed those Nests
Were onely courteous Trapps, which barred out
All Birds but those which feathers for them brought.

121.

The Inns by *silken* and by *purple Things*
Were taken up; each Gallant must have room;
Room for his great Self; Room for those He brings
To make Him greater; Room for what doth come
Swelling about Him, his fond State and Port,
Which in a Chamber must alone keep Court.

122.

Thus was the *Universe's King* shut out
Of his own World as He was entring in:
Long had the tired *Pilgrims* sought about,
And yet at no Door could Admission win:
And now Night crowded on apace, and drew
Their Curtains who as yet no Lodging knew.

123.

Amongst the other Beasts this made them call
For Pitty, seeing none was left with Men:
Observe that Rock, which all along the Wall
Lifts up its Head to meet the Easterne Sunne:
See'st thou the craggie Mouth it opens? That
Was then the Hospitable *Stables* gate.

124.

Come neer and mark it well: This Caverne was
The homely Lodging of an honest *Oxe*,
Whose Chamber-fellow was a simple *Ass*:
Neither the House nor Dwellers needed Locks
Or Barrs, or Hoste, to keep the door, and make
Intruding despicable Guests turne back.

125.

But to rejected *Joseph* and his *Spouse*
This Rock less stony proves, than all the Town;
The pair of courteous Beasts to them allows
Far more Humanitie than They whose own
Nature engag'd them to be Men, and kind
To those at least in whom Themselves they find.

126.

In went the blessed Travellers, and from
The Beasts, whose Hearts no Avarice had sear'd,
Borrow'd a portion both of their Room
And of their Straw; and there their Bed prepar'd;
Where to a Temple having turn'd the Cave,
Themselves to Rest they after *Vespers* gave.

127.

But though sleep sealed up the *Virgins* Eye,
Her Heart was watchfull and did Travell still;
It travell'd through a *Visions* Mysterie,
But of this Way no wearines did feel.
Her Womb seem'd all on fire, whence issued out
A flash of Lightning and whirl'd round about.

128.

It whirl'd about the World, and in its way
Devoured every thing compos'd of Dross,
Of idle stubble or of fainting Hay:
The silver Creatures beare some little Loss;
But those of genuine Gold, grew onely more
Illustrious and youthfull than before.

129.

The World refined by this searching flame,
In every part grew radiant and brave;
No Blemish, or Capacitie of Blame
Peep'd out from East to West; but all things gave
A fair account of their own selves, and by
Their perfect Beautie satisfi'd Heav'ns Eye.

130.

Whilst on this splendid Reformation She
Her Wonder pour's; Dame Natures vigilant Clock
Discovering Midnight, rouz'd her Piety
Unto its wonted Task: The earliest Cock
Had rarely crow'd e'r she began to pray;
But heer you know she faint and tired lay.

131.

Yet, to bring forth her Prayers, she rose: But now
A greater Birth was ripe; *Nights* silent *Fear*
With the grimme *Powers of Darkness* bold did grow,
And on the sleeping Worlds face domineer;
Little suspecting that an *High-noone Day*
From Mid-nights bosome could break out its way.

132.

When *LOE* the *Virgin* bringeth forth her *Son*,
Who by the Glories of his own sweet Face
Commands the dusky *Shaddows* to be gone
And to his full-tide *Day* resigne their place.
Her friends about Her, *Soveraign Pleasures* were,
Joy was the Midwife which assisted Her.

133.

No faintings chill'd her Heart, no Pangs did tear
Her Privileg'd Bowells, nor no Crie her Throat:
Those sad Revenues all entailed were
Upon polluted Bedds: She whom no Blot
Of *sinfull pleasure* could pretend to stain,
Advanced was beyond the Shot of *Pain*.

134.

No Circumstance of Shame, or Filth did blurre
The noble *Birth*, the Work was pure and clean:
Shame on those Hearts whose Thoughts deflowred Her
Accomplish'd Purities unspotted Queen:
Shame on their slovenish forgerie, whose Brains
Rais'd here a Fount to wash the *Infants* stains.

135.

Her dear Virginity remain'd the same
Unbroken Jewell that it was before:
As *God* into Her reverend Bowells came
Yet never stayd to open any door;
So He returned thence, that devoted She
Might still a Virgin, though a Mother be.

136.

Thus when the Virgin-Soul is big with Thought,
Without all Pangs, and Stains, and Ruptures, She
Deliver'd of Her Burden is, and out
Her Off-spring comes all clad in Purity.
Thus when the fire the beuteous flame brings forth
As pure it keeps as 'twas before that Birth.

137.

Thus when Heav'ns Light doth through the Window
It bears the Colours it found painted there, (press,
Yet neither breaks nor robbs, nor blurrs the Glass,
But makes its Beauties more advanc'd and clear.
Thus when a Brood of Odours fills the Air,
Their Mother flowres still no less Virgins are.

138.

Thus though great *Phebus* every Morning springs
From fair *Aurora*'s lap, yet she a Maid
Remains, as pure as are those smiling Things,
Those Roseall Blushes at her portall layd;
Heav'n being pleased to contrive this Way
To make Her Virgin-Mother of the Day.

139.

But ô, *Aurora*'s Day is Night to this'
Which in the Night from *Maries* womb did Rise:
This was the Day of Life, of Love, of Bliss,
The Day of Jewells and of Rarities,
The Day of Miracles, the conquering Day
Which never shall to any Night give way,

140.

The Day which made *Immensitie* become
A Little One; which printed more than *May*
Upon *Decembers* face; which drew the Summe
Of *Paradise* into one *Budde*; the Day
Which shrunk Eternity into a Span
Of *Time*, *Heav'n* into *Earth*, *God* into *Man*.

141.

Heav'ns twinkling Lights shut up their dazeled Eyes,
And payd their blinde Devotion to the Dawn
Of *Jacob's Star*: The Moon did sacrifice
Her silver Beams unto the golden Crown
Of Glories, which their royall Circle made
About the place where the bright *Child* was layd.

142.

His softest Feathers Winter thither sent
To be a pillow for the *Infant*'s Head;
And sure no Harm the honest *Season* meant
When in the Cave his flattering Snow He spread:
But at his Presence into Tears they fell,
Seeing a whiter chaster Spectacle.

143.

Fain would the most illustrious Hoste of Heav'n,
Whose Wings were up, whose Thoughts already flew,
Have hither march'd, and to their *Soveraign* giv'n
A Volley of full Praise and Thanks: But due
To the dear *Mother*'s brave Devotion
Was this great Grace, first to salute her Sonne.

144.

She therefore, (having with exuberant Joy
Beheld the Wonder which her self had bred;
And, opening through applauding Tears the way
To her exultant Spirit, offered
Her Self a prostrate Sacrifice before
His feet; and taught the World what to adore;)

Cri'd

145.

Cri'd, O my pretious *Son*, and more than mine,
How shall thy worthlesse *Mother* and thy *Maid*
With due Attendance wait on thy divine
Cradle, without thine own almighty Aid!
How shall my wretched Dust *Great Thee* imbrace,
On whom the brightest Angells durst not gaze!

146.

These words wak'd pious *Joseph*: Who when he
Beheld the *Infant*, stayed not to ask
Whose, or whence was that blooming Majesty,
But straight bows down himselfe to his due Task.
Those Beams of such convincing Sweetnesse were,
That He concludes his *God* must needs be there.

147.

With lowly Adoration on the Floor
The dear example of his heav'nly Spouse
He sweetly copied, and his Soul did poure
Forth in ecstatick Thanks, and Praise, and Vows:
For at the radiant Casement of those Eyes
God looking out, call'd for that Sacrifice.

148.

Those dainty Easts of gentle living Light,
Those diamond Quivers of divinest Love,
Those Wells of ever-springing Joyes, those bright
Mirrours of purer Beauties than doe move
About the silver Heav'ns when Night is fine,
Or when the Day in *Cancer's* height doth shine.

149.

As the Doves Eyes thrice wash'd in milk, upon
The neighbour Rivers Chrystall, move and play,
So on the *Mother* did this Spotlesse Son *Cantic.*
The Purity of his fair Looks display; 5. 19.
That by his Eye he might himselfe approve
Conceiv'd by none but Heav'ns eternall *Dove*.

150.

His skin, the seat of softest White and Red,
Did that delicious Conjunction shew
By which his *Mothers* Blush was married *vers.* 10.
Unto that lovely *Doves* all-Snowie Hue.
Ten thousand Ladies Pencills ne'r could teach
A Skin so rich perfection to reach.

151.

His goodly Head is of refined Gold *vers.* 11.
Being it selfe unto itselfe a Crown.
O that the fond bewitched Worldlings would
Exchange their Avarice, and once fall down
To worship this diviner Mettall, which
With surer Wealth their Coffins would enrich.

152.

The gentle Hillocks of his Cheek present *vers.* 13.
Two soft and living Beds of pretious Spice,
With which their flowrie Neighbours blend their sent,
And in one fragrant Combination rise.
His Lips, like Lilies, whensoe'r thy stir,
Thick blessing drop of odoriferous Myrrh.

153.

As Berylls marshalled in golden Rings, *vers.* 14.
So in his richer Hands are Graces set:
As Ivory which prides the Thrones of Kings
When Streaks of Saphirs Lustre garnish it,
Such is his lovely Bellie; onely this
Thrills through its Beauty, Warmth, and Tenderness.

154.

As slender Pillars of white Marble, which *vers.* 15.
On Sockets of the finest Gold do stand,
So his fair Legs are builded on his rich
And gracefull Feet. His Aspect doth transcend
The loftiest Excellence of Cedars, when
They look from their Majestick *Lebanon*.

155.

His Mouth the Gate of Sweetnesse is, and he *vers.* 16.
Is round array'd with nothing else but Love.
In this miraculous Epitomie
All choise Extremities of Glory strove
Which should be most Extream, and in that fair
Contention, every One was Conqueror.

156.

As *Joseph* with these Wonders Feasts his Eye;
The reverent *Mother* on her *Sons dear* Feet
A consecrated Kisse presents; and by
That Taste encouraged unto a sweet
Audacity, she ventured to sip
The roscall Dainties of his heav'nly Lip.

157.

O noble *Kisse*! which might a *Seraph* hire
His highest Orb to leave, his Mouth to wipe,
In hopes to drink in more delicious Fire
From this young Altar, than from all the ripe
Flames of the *Empyreum*; Fire which is
Fed with no fuell but pure Joy and Blisse.

158.

O *Kisse*, which fetch'd the *Mothers* joyous Heart
Into her lip, and seal'd it on her *Son*;
Which he receiving did his own impart
In answer to her sweet Impression:
O *Kisse*, the sacred Complement between
Heav'ns highest *King*, & Earths most lowly *Queen*.

159.

This done; her carefull and moſt tender Hands
Begin their duty to the noble *Childe*:
Whom having dreſs'd in ſimple ſwadling Bands
She to her Breaſt applies, whoſe Bottles fill'd
With Milk, but more with Joy and with Delight,
To his firſt Breakfaſt did their *God* invite.

160.

Then ſtepping to the Manger, on that Bed
(The onely Bed except her own ſoft breaſt,)
Where Hay and Straw were for the Coverings ſpred,
She laid Him down to take his hardy Reſt:
Forthwith the *Oxe* his *Infant-Owner* knew,
The wondering *Aſſe* his *Maſters* Crib did view.

161.

They both due diſtance kept, and, as they could,
Adored *Him* who ſaves both Man and Beaſt,
Him who alone did nourish and uphold
Them from the Field with a perpetuall Feaſt:
Their Manger Straw and Hay they well can ſpare
For his dear Service whoſe own Gifts they were.

162.

As there *He* lay, the holy *Mothers* Breaſt
Grew big with noble Contemplation:
Which as her Tongue brought forth, and ſweetly dreſt
In vocall graces, all the Cave begun
To imitate the Accents of her voice,
And in ſoft Echo's duplicate the Noiſe.

163.

Almighty Infant, who till now, ſaid She,
Wert round arrayed with celeſtiall Flames,
Whoſe Mantle was eternall Majeſty,
Whoſe Crown was Glories moſt unbounded Beams,
What condeſcent of mighty Love is this
Which of that ſupream Pomp doth thee undreſs!

164.

Could Clouts, and Raggs have ever hop'd to be
Exalted to this ſtrange Prerogative,
That wretched They ſhould unto naked Thee
The courteſie of their poor ſhelter give!
Surely henceforth all ſimple Weeds, which be
Of kin to theſe, ſhall pretious be to Me.

165.

Let Silks, and Gold goe puffe up Prince's Pride,
Who for their Stains doe need a beauteous Veil:
This home-ſpun Rayment will a Body hide
When friezing Cold, or melting Heat aſſail.
Thou art contented to be but thus fine:
Then let who will, for Me, their *God* out-ſhine.

166.

Thou art my *God*; this Veſtures duskie Cloud
No ſuch eclipſe can on thy Glory throw,
But through its gloomineſſe my Faith can crowd
And ſee to whom I adoration owe.
Loe I adore Thee, who art ſtill *Moſt high*,
Ev'n in this Bottom of *Humility*.

167

Fair was thy Throne when Thou did'ſt mounted ſit
At the Right Hand of thine Imperiall *Father*,
When all the Heav'ns were bow'd to be thy great
Chair of Majeſtick ſtate; when Earth did gather
It ſelfe up cloſe, and ready ſtand, to be
A faithfull Foot-ſtoole to thy *Sire* and *Thee*.

168.

When the vaſt Volumes of *Immenſitie*
Unto their utmoſt Bounds were ſtretched out
To ſpread a correſpondent Canopie
Over thy glorious Head: When round about
Brightneſſe and *Power*, to compleat thy Port,
Fill'd the brave Circuit of thy mighty Court.

169.

But now the Seeen is chang'd; now this poor Cell,
This Manour-houſe of ſhame and ſcorn, muſt be
Thy native Palace; now thy Throne doth ſwell
No wider than this Cratch; now *Poverty*
Has layd Hay for thy Pillow, faded Hay,
Which ſpeaks what Weakneſſe thou aſſum'ſt to day.

170.

Now all thoſe flaming *Hierarchies*, which did
With *Halalujahs* fill thy royall Eare,
Are left at home; now thou art furniſhed
With theſe dull Waiters which ſtand ſilent here,
This *Oxe* and *Aſſe*, the onely Servants Thou
The Worlds great *King* did'ſt ready finde below.

171.

Goe great Retinues, gaudy Palaces,
Goe Beds of down, of gold, of ivorie,
Goe wait upon your dainty Prince's Eaſe
And help to countenance poor Majeſty.
But yet lament your Prides diſhonor, ſince
You are not owned now by *Glories Prince*.

172.

But Thou, ô pretious glorious *Poverty*,
Enobled by this Morns bright Miracle,
Shalt my Delight, my Pomp, my Kingdom be:
Thy Raggs ſhall all Embroyderies excell,
Thy Cottages all Marble Towers out-ſhine,
Thy Hardſhip pleaſant be, thy Shame divine.

173.

And yet, dread *Infant*, give my Wonder leave
To gaze upon a greater Change than this:
Thou did'st from thy omnipotent *Sire* receive
Thy equall Selfe, and sweetly rest in His
Bright Bosome, where unbounded Pleasures swim,
Joying from all Eternity with Him.

174.

But now thou art a *Son of Time* become,
And of poor *Me*, a shorter thing than *Time*:
That Bosome thou exchangedst for my Womb,
Light's largest Heav'n for a dark narrow Clime;
Where of Mortality thou did'st lay hold,
And up in Dust thy gallant *Godhead* mould.

175.

All my amazed Thoughts are swallow'd quite
In this Abysse of thy Humility.
O vast Abysse! as deep as ever Height
It selfe was high: I yeild, I yeild, to be
In this miraculous Sea of Goodnesse drownd,
Which onely Thou, the *God* of it, canst sound.

176.

But ô how far thine Handmayd is beneath
That noble Accusation *Gabriel* layd
Unto my charge! Thy Condescention hath
Monopoliz'd all *Meeknesse*, and array'd
The World in Prides due shame, which though it seek
Lower than dust to stoop, now is not meek.

177.

Whil'st in this sweet ecstatick Passion
Of Piety, Her blessed Soul did flame;
A Flock of Shepheards, with an heav'nly Tone
Fresh on their echoing Tongues, in triumph came
Unto the Cave, which to their eyes did yeild
A fairer Sight than their late glorious Field.

178.

In *Joseph* they beheld the best of Men;
The flower of Females they in *Mary* saw;
The sweetnesse of all Infants in Her *Son*,
Who yet was farmore beauteous than his show.
This Sight determined their Vows; which they
Before the Manger with due reverence pay.

179.

For with a prostrate Soul, and bended Knee
Each one upon that simple Altar lays
A tender Lamb: The Offring smil'd to see
The innocent argument of its own Praise;
Beholding in the royall *Babe* how nigh
It was of kin to his meek Majesty.

180.

O sweet, and *Mighty Little One*, said they,
Deign thy Acceptance of these rurall Things,
The Cream of our poor Flocks: which whil'st they stray
About the Plains, may thy Protections Wings
Shelter both Them, and Us; to whom no *Pan*
Shall be a Diety, but Thou alone.

181.

Whene'r the hasty Wolfe, the hideous Bear,
Or raging Lyon challengeth his Prey,
O let the Shield of thy Defence be neer
Th' injustice of their Challenge to gain-say.
Alas, our Crooks are feeble Things, and We
As weak as they, repose our trust in thee.

182.

The venerable *Mother* joy'd to hear
Their humble Orison: And, What, said She,
My honest Friends, has call'd you from your Care
Thus to attend on this new Piety?
To Night and Dangers what has made you leave
Your other Lambs; and these why doe you give?

183.

Fair Queen of Grace and Blisse, the Men repli'd,
Bowing themselves before her reverend Feet,
No Fears nor Dangers can our Flocks betide
Whil'st We are come our new-born *King* to greet.
Heav'n sent Us hither; and We need not fear
But *Heav'n* is able to supply our Care.

184.

Whil'st in the open Field our Watch we kep'd
Befriended by the Moon and Stars, that no
Peril might wake our tender Flocks, which slep'd
Together with their tenderer younglings: Loe
There rush'd from Heav'n a sudden mighty Light
Which out of all the wide field chased Night.

185.

The Frighted Moon and Stars flew all away,
With unexpected Gold the Skie grew bright:
We never yet beheld the entring Day
Break from the East with such commanding Light.
'Twas Glories Morning this, and in our eyes,
No Sun but Majesty did seem to rise.

186.

With that, and with Amazement blinded, we
Fell down, supposing Heav'n had done so too,
And that the Beauties of Sublimitie
Came poste on some grand Businesse below.
And here we see what fetch'd them down; thy *Son*
May well wooe all Heav'n after Him to run.

187.

But as poor Bats, and wretched Birds of Night
Surpriſed by a ſudden-ruſhing Flame,
Are ſtrook with horror at the glorious Sight,
Which ſeals their eyes, and open ſets their ſhame:
So wee by this ſtrange Apparition were
Beſieg'd no leſſe with luſtre, than with Fear.

188.

When, as we trembling lay, a radiant Friend
Who gently hover'd in the neighbour Aire,
Did fan freſh comfort with his Wings, and lend
Our Hearts new Courage: 'Tis no Night of Fear
Said he, Look up, and view this Scene of Joy
Set forth in Heav'ns moſt feſtivall Array.

189.

We op'd our Eyes, and round about beheld
How *Sweets* and *Comforts* had bedeck'd the Place,
Which ſeem'd no more a common Countrey Field,
But *Paradiſe*'s own delicious face:
And ſuch wee ſhould have thought it ſtill, had we
Not higher come, and ſeen thy *Son*, and *Thee*.

190.

But yet a *Beauty* next to yours wee ſaw,
Almoſt as bright, as ſweet, as milde, as grave,
That *Angel* which did upon Us beſtow
That courteous Item; His Attire was brave, (Tongue;
His Looks, the Glaſs of Heav'n, moſt ſweet his
From which theſe bleſſed Words of Comfort rung:

191.

BEHOLD, I bring you Newes of greater *Joy*
Than kindeſt Heaven till now did ever ſend;
Joy which through every Heart ſhall melt its way,
And with the Sun its equall Courſe extend:
Joy which ſhall know no Limits, but through all
The World diſplay its gallant Feſtivall.

192.

For unto you, and your's and Bliſſe, this Morn
In royall *David*'s City, *Chriſt* the *Lord*
Of Him, and You, and this whole World is born:
A mighty *King*, who cometh to afford
The often-promis'd long-deſir'd Salvation
Unto his fainting, and decayed Creation.

193.

Stagger not at the Newes; but let this Signe
Aſſure your Faith, and baniſh needleſſe Doubts:
You ſhall at *Bethlehem* finde this divine
Infant wrapp'd up in ſimple ſwadling Clouts,
And in a plain and correſpondent Bed,
The Aſſes Manger, reſting his ſweet Head.

194.

As we for Joy at theſe ſtrange Tidings ſtarted,
Behold, a ſudden Globe of flaming Light
Into a ſtranger Apparition parted,
And to new Wonders ſummoned our ſight:
For at a diamond Table fair and wide
A numerous Quire of Angells we deſcri'd.

195.

Soul-charming *Melodie* amongſt them ſate,
At her left hand *Applauſe*, *Joy* at her right,
Behinde her *Glory*, *Praiſe* before her, at
Her foot luxuriant, but pure *Delight*.
The Spectacle alone was raviſhing;
But ô what Raptures when they 'gan to ſing!

196.

Glory to God in all Sublimity,
Peace upon Earth, and unto Men Good Will:
This was their Dittie; but their lofty Key
Did not our mortall reach alone excell,
But ſurely poſ'd the Sphears, though theſe, they ſay,
In ſoveraign Muſick ſpend both night and day.

197.

O how our pretty Lambs did leap and dance!
What Troops of merrie Wolves came tripping in!
How were the Bears ſeiz'd with a gentle Trance!
How did this Harmony the Lyons win!
All Salvageneſſe was quickly charm'd aſleep,
And every Beaſt was now a gentle Sheep.

198.

The Stones look'd up and ſeem'd to wiſh for feet,
The Trees were angry that they ſtuck ſo faſt;
All Things deſir'd the Melody to meet,
And, as they could, unto the Dance made haſte.
With that, our ſilly oaten Pipes wee broke,
And then our Parts with cheerly *Nature* took.

199.

And though our Feet never more nimbly flew
Than in their Anſwer to this Muſicks Pleaſure,
Doing their beſt indeavour to trip true
To every Turn, and Point, and Aire, and Meaſure;
Yet in our joyous Breaſts we felt our Hearts
With more Activity, dancing their Parts.

200.

The *Anthem* finiſhed: That glorious Fire
About the *Company* its Arms did ſpread,
And homeward convoy'd the illuſtrious Quire.
We ſaw how wide a Gate Heav'n opened
To let them in: We ſaw it ſhut and yeild
Back to the Stars their free etheriall Field.

Thence

201.

Thence came We hither, and the Promise found
As true and noble as our Expectation:
Which from this Cave shall by our Tongues rebound
To every Ear we meet: By this Narration
Our Hearts shall eased be, least by the Wonder
Of this Heav'n-crowned Morn they split in sunder.

202.

But when the *Yeares* fresh youth returns, to deck
The Bed of Aprill in its vernall Hue;
The choysest sweets and Beauties We will pick,
And wreath a Chaplet for the fairer Brow
Of this our blooming *Lord*. Till when We place
Our Hopes of safety in his onely Grace.

203.

Here, with three Adorations to the *Sonne*,
They of the *Mother* and good *Joseph*, take
Their humble leave. But she, when they were gone,
Deep in her Bosome prints what they had spake,
The News, the Quire, the Song, the glorious Light,
Which duely she reads over Morn and Night.

204.

And well she div'd into the Reason why
That glorious Hoste kept distance from the Cave,
And to these Creatures of Humility,
These simple honest Swains, the honour gave
Of being his first Visiters, who came
To be at once a *Sheepheard*, and a *Lamb*.

205.

But when the Sunne seav'n times himself had shown
To all the World, and bid it idolize
His Beams no more, but fall down to its own
Almighty Rising *Phebus*, at whose eys
His Flames were kindled: *Janus* op'd the door,
And in her Armes *Aurora New-year* bore.

206.

And this was *Circumcisions* sacred Day;
Nor would the royall *Infant* spared be,
But under this sad bloody Yoke did lay
His tender Neck; that exemplary he
Who was through all Obedience to runne;
His Race of Patience might betimes begin.

207.

There sate He on his yerning *Mothers* Knee,
Who with all tenderness the Work dispatch'd:
O how much deeper in her Heart did she
Receive the Knife, when it the Infant touch'd!
But yet she knew her Wound would greater prove,
If she had broke the Law by too much love.

208.

Down fell the pretious purple Dew, and gave
The World sure earnest of what was behinde.
For 'twas resolved it at length should have
The utmost Drop his deepest Vein could finde:
Mean while, these few will serve to write the Bonds
By which he for the rest engaged stands.

209.

O liquid *Jewells*! happily have You
Be-sprinkled all the *Fore-head* of the *Year*;
The *Year*, which now on his be-decked brow
More beauties then the face of Heav'n doth wear;
The *Year*, which sealed is by You to be
From Sins and Mischeifs Impositions free.

210.

Thus when the *Paschal Lambs* lesse worthy Blood
Bedew'd th' *Egyptian* Doors of *Israels Sonnes*,
Peace and *Security* for Porters stood,
And stav'd *Destruction* from their Mansions.
Had but this Blush on other Gates been seen,
Both *Grace* and *Safety* had dwelt within.

211.

Now *Januaries Calends* washed be
By these dear Droppes, from all that guilty Gore
Which Heath'nish most unholy Sanctity
In lavish Floods upon their face did poure;
Fair shines the Day, thus reskew'd and releast
From Pagan stains, to Pieties pure Feast.

212.

And now is printed on the *Childe* that *Name*
Which sweetly sate upon bright *Gabriels* Tongue
When to his Mother with the News he came,
That *Name* which sweetens every *Cherubs* song;
That *Name* of Bowells, of omnipotent Love,
Of all the Ioyes that make Heav'n be above.

213.

JESUS ô what vast Treasures couched lie
In the rich bosome of this little Word!
A *Word* which spreads its mighty Majesty
Through Heav'n, & Earth, and Hell; all which are stor'd
With reverend Awe when e'r it sounds, and on
Their bended Knees adore the *Virgins Sonne*.

214.

JESUS ô *Name* of glorious Dainties, how
Unwilling are my Lipps with thee to part!
Yet shall thy Musick never cease to flow
In pretious Echo's all about my Heart.
JESUS ô sweeter *Name* of *Life* ô *Name*
Which makest famous ev'n eternall *Fame*.

Thefe

215.

These matchlesse Things, my *Psyche* hapned here
This simple Place with noble worth to crown.
But yet these were not all. Has not thine ear
Been fill'd with *Balaams* infamous Renown,
Whose innocent Asse was fain to use her Tongue,
And check her sillier Master for her wrong.

216.

This *Son of Avarice, and Heir of Hell*
By frighted *Balak* hired to enchant
And heap his Curses upon *Israel*,
Was by thy *Spouse* enforced to recant
His dire intentions, and change his Tone
Against his Nature, as his Ass had done.

217.

Thy *Spouse* did thrust that reverend Prophesie
Into his Mouth, of *Jacobs rising Star*:
Which he himself left as a Legacie
To all his Heirs, and charg'd them to have care
That no forgetfulness did blind their Eys (rise.
From watching when that promis'd Light should

218.

Amongst their mystick Notes these Words they laid
From Age to Age, and often read them o'r
With dread Devotion, being still afraid
The Star might chance to peep from Heav'n before
They were aware, and spie their souls asleep,
Whom *Balaam* had fore-warn'd their Watch to keep.

219.

No *Comet* on the World did ever look
But strait into their studies them it sent,
Where, after Counsell had with many a Book,
Through all its flaming Lineaments they went,
Examining the length of every Hair
By its own light, which Head or Beard did wear.

220.

But when *Eternities* sweet *Day* began
To rise not from the East, but this poor Cave;
A gallant *Star* into *Arabia* ran
And notice of the glorious Busines gave
To Everie Eye which was instructed how
To read the Characters of Heav'ns bright Brow.

221.

Three Venerable Men dwelt there, all Grey
As well within as they appear'd without,
Kings of the Villages and Fields, where they
Reign'd by their secret Wisdoms high Repute:
No Star but they knew well, for from the East
They had been long acquainted to the West.

222.

They, looking out that Night, their friends to view,
Espi'd a *Stranger* dress'd in bright Attire,
To which their wondering Contemplations flew,
And busie were about the radiant Fire.
The more they look'd, the fairer room they found
Where on more Admiration to ground.

223.

Eys which have gazed since the *Star* was set
Have read in it a flaming *Child*; upon
Whose golden shoulders a large Cross was put:
Such power has superstitious *Fiction*
To credit whatsoe'r it does espie
In the blind Book of its own Fantasie.

224.

A Book which cunning *Hell* improves so high,
That it has often cost poor *Truth* full dear;
For Lies embroidered upon Verity,
Makes ev'n the Ground-work fictious appear:
And when course Tares amongst pure Wheat creep
They spoyle the credit of the hopefull Crop. (up

225.

These sage *Observers* no such thing descri'd,
But onely a miraculous Beautie read
In this unusuall *Star*, whose Beams out-vi'd
All glories that bright *Venus* face could plead;
And when the Day drew on, displayed far
More cause why this should be the *Morning Star*.

226.

For when from roseall *Aurora's* door
Fair *Titan* shak'd his locks, and marched out;
Nor any of the other Spangles, nor
Brisk *Venus* could approve her self so stout
To stay in Heav'n and view his Soveraign Light,
But slipp'd aside, and waited for the Night.

227.

But this brave *Star* stayd still, and to his face
Told *Phebus* that he had as much to doe
In Heav'n as He; that his fire kindled was
To light a fairer *Day* than He could show;
A *Day* which sprung not from his vulgar East,
But chose its Morning where it pleased best.

228.

This Resolution of the *Star* did much
Amaze the *Magi*, who in all their old
Records of Wonders, could not meet with such
A venturous Apparition inroll'd
And why, said they at length, may this not be
The *Star* which *Balaam's* quick-eyd Soul did see.

Then

229.

Then throwing all their useless Books aside,
They to that *God* who *Balaam* did inspire
Address their Prayers to be satisfi,d
About the meaning of that wonderous *Fire*.
God kindely answered them, and taught them why
He check'd the Sunne by that fair Prodigie.

230.

Heav'ns mighty Love so universall is,
That through the Schoole of Magick Darknes it
Disdaineth not with gracious Beams to press;
Where in their black Profession it doth meet
The Sonns of Night with radiant Mercie, and
Them to the Day of Life and Bliss doth send.

231.

Their Sumptures now they in all hast provide,
Though yet uncertain which way they should tend:
When loe, the *Star* deign'd to become their Guide,
And with a moderate pace its course did bend
To *Palestine*, that it might not out-run
Their Dromedaries mortall Motion.

232.

Sweeet was their journey: O dear *Star*, said they
Who would not follow thy Direction!
What Error now can cheat Us of our Way
Who under Heav'ns illustrious Conduct run!
That derie Pillar, which led *Israel*, We
Now envie not, who convoy'd are by Thee.

233.

Thus travelling till *Salems* towrie Head
Had met their Eys, they thither turn'd their way,
Presuming there to find the Princely Bed
Whereon the New-born *King of Salem* lay.
But now the *Star* grew wroth, and hid its face,
To chide their doting Error on that Place.

234.

That chode in earnest: but mistaken They
Conceiv'd its Office here expired was,
Having unto the period of their way
Now brought them safe. Into the Town they pass,
Swoln big with mighty Hopes forthwith to see
Thy glorious *Spouses* Infant-Majesty.

235.

With their great Question every street they fill
Enquiring where the native Palace stood
Of *Him* who was *born King of Israel*:
By whose bright *Star* We from the East have rode
Said they, and come to represent our meet
And bounden Homage at his royall Feet.

236.

Much was the Boldness of the Men admir'd,
Who now within the reach of *Herods* spight,
So stoutlie for another King enquir'd
Plainly confuting his usurped Right.
But this the Valour was of *Pietie*
Which doth securely all the World defie.

237.

With fears and jealousies this News did pass
Through thousand ears, till it to *Herod*'s came;
The guilty *Tyrant* stung and startled was
At the strange broaching of that dangerous Fame;
His Heart throbbs high, his Sceptre seems to quake,
His Throne to totter, and his Crown to crack.

238.

Yet, to elude those threatning Omens, He
Muster'd up all his cruell Wit to lay
Some holie-looking Plot, whose subtiltie
Both his young *Rival*, and his Fears might slay.
His rage He cloak'd, and in a Synod sought
How to resolve the noble *Strangers* Doubt.

239.

The *Priests* and *Scribes* their reverend Records bring
And by inspired *Mica*'s Prophesie
About the mighty Point informe the King;
Who in his Privie Chamber did descrie
The business to the *Pilgrims*, and enquire
Each circumstance about their *Leading Fire*

240.

Which having heard at large: Goe then, said He,
And may *Success* your brave Devotion crown,
Yet grant your friend this easie Courtesie,
That you will not engross *Him* as your own,
When you have found the *Infant*, let me know;
That I may *Him* adore as well as you.

241.

No tedious Entertainment now shall stay
Your pious zeal, although mine Honor be
Ingaged, thus a while, to stop your Way:
But at your more convenient Leisure We
Shall take such royall course, that you shall finde
Our Court cannot to Strangers be unkind.

242.

Here taking leave, in *Bethleem* Rode they went:
When loe the *Star* which scorn'd its beams to shew
To cursed *Herod*, did again present
Their reconciled Convoy to their View:
Kindling fresh hopes and comfort in their Breast
To see themselves from their sad Night releast.

243.

For *Day* to them did wear no other face
But of black *Night*, till they espi'd this *Light*:
And *Phebus* posting to another place,
Did with his useleſſe beams but mock their ſight:
Onely this faithfull *Star* directed them
Their Way, till to its period they came.

244.

But then it ſtay'd (for all its Work was done,)
And pointing with a perpendicular Ray
Upon the Cave, bid them behold that *Sun*
Of which it ſelfe was but the ſhaddow: They
Down from their Beaſts with nimble gladneſſe light
To bleſſe their eyes with their deſired ſight.

245.

Their ſeverall Grooms the foaming Courſers took,
The Pages their Oblations ready made;
But wondering at the Stables ſimple Look
Which promis'd nothing leſſe, than what it had
To ſhew, the *Princes* turn'd their eyes to know
Of their bright *Guide*, if they were right, or no.

246.

But when they ſaw conſtant Aſſurance ſhed
It ſelfe down from the peremptory *Star*;
They march'd in cheerly and no ſooner had
Obſerv'd the humble Majeſty which there
Did keep its Court, but down they fell, and in
Proſtration their firſt Homage did begin.

247.

The *Mothers* Eyes call'd theirs to admiration,
As did the *Infants* unto Ecſtacie:
For in the ſoft and balmie Habitation
Of *Her* deare boſome *He* enſhrin'd did lie,
As in the pretious and gliſtering breaſt
Of Mother-Perl the Jewell makes its Neſt.

248.

They, having kiſs'd the ground, cri'd out, Behold
Great *King* of all the World, unworthy We
Whom by thy *Star* Thou ſendeſt for, are bold
To creep thus neer thy gratious Majeſty.
The Name of *King*, has flatter'd Us a while,
But We reſigne to thee that noble Stile.

249.

The fooliſh World ſurnames Us *Wiſe*; but wee
No more will that ambitious Title own,
Which now wee underſtand moſt due to Thee,
And at thy Foot-ſtoole here we throw it down:
Eſteeming this our greater *Wiſdome*, that
We by thy Grace this Lowlineſſe have got.

250.

Thou art that *King*, the Hopes of whoſe bright Birth
Have many fainting Generations cheer'd;
Thou art that *Jacobs Star*, whoſe Breaking forth
The ſhades of Propheſies and Types hath cleer'd,
Diſplaying to this groveling World, which lay
Till now in Darkneſſe, a Meridian *Day*.

251.

Thou art that *Wiſdome* which contriv'dſt at firſt
The Fabrick of this univerſall *Ball*,
By thy Direction it from Nothing burſt;
And in thy Counſells boundleſſe Circle all
Motions of Heav'n and Earth performed be;
Both *Change* and *Chance* are Certainties to Thee.

252.

Here each one having his Oblation
In his own Crown, which in his Hand he bore;
The firſt with triple Adoration 'gan
To tender up his Gift: And, Of this ſtore
Which thou, dear *Lord*, ſaid He to Me did'ſt give,
Vouchſafe this Tithe and Earneſt to receive.

253.

It is the pureſt Gold my Care could get,
But yet beggs to be gilded by thine Eye:
Unleſſe ſome Richneſſe Thou wilt glance on it,
Alas, it has not worth enough to buy
The credit which belongs unto its Name:
O gently ſhine, and deck it with thy Flame.

254.

Then came the Second with like reverence, and
His Offring in his royall Cenſer brought:
Accept, ſweet *Babe* from this my worthleſſe Hand
Said He, this *Incenſe*, which hath now found out
The next way to its *God*, and need not riſe
In labouring Clouds to reach the lofty Skies.

255.

It is the nobleſt I could pick and cull
From the beſt ſpicey Beds of *Arabie*,
Which in their firſt-fruits hither come to tell
That all that's left at home is due to Thee,
And craves thy leave to kiſſe thy gratious Feet
That from that Touch her Odours may grow ſweet.

256.

Theſe two fair Copies were tranſcribed by
The third, whoſe Preſent was delicious Myrrh:
And this to wait on thy *Humanity*
O Thou *Incarnate God*, doe I preferre,
Said He; that Nature which till now, was poor
Aſhes and Duſt, in thee We muſt adore.

The

257.

The *Babe* look'd up, and with a gentle Eye
Approv'd and prais'd their pious Sacrifice:
When loe, the *Mother*, with sweet Courtesie
Held forth his Hand unto the Kings to kisse.
O no, said they, Our foule lipps are too mean,
May they but kisse his Clout 's Hem, and be clean.

258.

They kiss'd it, and arose: But on the floor
Ambitiously they left their Crowns, that they
Might gain the Honour to be Foot-stools for
The royall *Infant*; whose illustrious Way
May well be pav'd with Diadems, since He
Raigns *King of Kings, and Lord of Majesty*.

259.

And now as much of Night as durst draw neer
This Court of noblest Light, was thither come:
This made the *Pilgrims* a meek suit prefer,
Begging before the door their Lodging Room:
Forbid it loyall Reverence, they cri'd,
That the same Roofe *Us* and our *Lord* should hide.

260.

Thus, having pitch'd their Tents without, and said
Their Prayers to their *God* they left within;
Themselves upon their beds to Rest they layd,
Which did no sooner on their Brows begin
To steal, but straight a *Dream* came close behinde,
Which op'd a Vision to their waking Minde.

261.

God in a mystick Voice, which well they knew
By its dear Rellish in their Hearts, came down,
Timely discovering to their wondering View
What desperate Dangers in their Way were strown,
If they returned by *Jerusalem*
Set thick with bloody *Herods* Traps for them.

262.

This Warning they when *Morning* had let in
The *Flaming Gyant* to his dayly Race,
With hasty Joy obey'd: Yet having 'gun
Their Journey, with as vehement a pace
Their Hearts recoyl'd, so did their Eyes, and in
The glorious Stable would again have been.

263.

Thus struggling homeward by a private Way,
Unreach'd by Harm they to *Arabia* came:
Where through th' astonish'd Countrey they display
The noble *Infants* most miraculous Fame:
Returning richer Gold, and purer store
Of Sweets, than they from thence to *Bethlehem* bore.

264.

The pretious *Name* of *JESUS*, would alone
Discharge that Debt, and purchase all the rest,
The *Gold*, *Myrrh*, *Incense*, which that Region
In all its richest Hills and Vales possest:
That *Name* would make each Part of *Arabie*
Derive its surname from *Felicity*.

265.

These Wonders have enobled this rude Place,
And made it, *Psyche*, worth thy journey hither.
But Time's at hand, which will erect *Disgrace*
On this Foundation of *Glory*, whether
One *King* shall send as studied Scorn, as Three
Did bring exact and costly Piety.

266.

This *Temple of Virginity* will He
Deform into black *Lusts* unworthy Stie;
Where in that reverend *Mangers* place must be
Rear'd the curs'd Altar of *Impurity*,
And *Venus*'s and *Adoni*'s Titles swell
JESU'S and *Marye*'s mention to expell.

267.

O then, said *Psyche*, (for the *Angel* heer
Closed his lipps,) may I that time prevent,
And consecrate this Night unto this dear
Birth-place of Purity! What though I want
Gold, *Incense*, *Myrrh*? I have an Heart, which fain
Upon this *Mangers* Altar would be slain.

268.

It would be slain, that it a Life might finde
Which will not give its noble Name the Lie:
For whil'st I linger groveling in this blinde
Valley of Sin, by Living it doth Die.
A *Mortall Life*, is but an handsome *Fiction*,
Nothing well dress'd, a flattering *Contradiction*.

269.

Here kneeling down, with liberall Tears she dew'd
The holy Relique, having blown away
The Dust with Sighs; and as the place she view'd,
With sharp-ey'd Faith *Him* she discern'd, who lay
Once in that Cradle; And wish'd she were worth
Ten thousand Hearts, that she might poure all forth,

270.

O what Contentions of Loves and Joyes
And pious Languishments throng'd in her breast!
How many violent sorts of amorous ways
Did her strong Soul trie to be dispossest
Of this dull clogging Body, that it might
Indeed lodge with her *Spouse* himselfe that Night!

271.

But tir'd by this mysterious Agonie
Her Spirits yeilded to the Powers of sleep;
Oft had they quickned up themselves, and by
Stout Zeal chas'd back the Shaddows that did creep
About her Eyes; which yet at length were closed,
Whil'st on the *Manger* She her Head reposed.

272.

Her Eyes were clos'd; but wide ope was her Heart,
And by clear Recollection did run through
The noble *Story*, reading every Part
And Circumstance, she knew not where nor how:
Whil'st *Phylax* for her Canopie, did spread
His tender guardian Wing upon her Head.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO VIII.

The Pilgrimage.

ARGUMENT.

LOves *Presentation solemnized: He*
Through the sad Desert, into Egypt *flies;*
Where by the dint of true Divinity
He dasheth down the forged Dieties:
And thence, when Herod *had the Infants slain,*
And Justice *Him; returneth home again.*

1.

O gentle *Nature*, how discreet art Thou
In marshalling those sober Courtesies
Which to thy labouring World thou dost allow!
Thou lett'st Us feel the Want, to learn the price;
Thou checkerest every Thing with such wise Art,
That *Ease* proves constant Successor to *Smart*.

2.

After *Nights* soot the face of Heav'n hath smear'd,
Dayes lovely Beauty all the Welkin gilds:
When *Winters* churlish Moneths have domineer'd,
The lively *Spring* with youth cheers up the fields:
When Clouds have weep'd their Bottles out, 'tis fair;
When Windes are out of breath, Thou still'st the Air.

3.

But yet the dearest of thy Blessings, is
Soft *Sleep*, which thou dost to no Pains deny.
When *Phebus* through all Heav'n has speeded his
Long smoking Course, Thou giv'st Him leave to lie
Upon the Pillows of the watery Main,
Untill *Aurora* wakens Him again.

4.

When Trees have all the Summer labour'd hard
Their blossoms, leaves, and fruit in bringing forth,
The night of Winter thou dost them afford
And bid'st their Vigour goe to Bed in Earth:
Down to the Root strait runs the weary Sap,
And sleeps close and secure in *Tellus*'s lap.

When

5.

When Rivers many tedious Moneths have runne
Through cragged Rocks, and crooked peevish waies,
Thou mak'st stern *Boreas* pittifull, who on
Their necks a seasonable Bridle lays,
This bindes them up in Glasse, and makes them rest
Till they are wak'd by Summers Southern Blast.

6.

When Man has travell'd with his Hand, or Minde,
(For this both toiles and sweats, as well as that:)
Thou in a tender mistie Veil dost binde
His heavy Head, untill his Eyes have shut
Our Greif and Pain, and Wearines; and He
Repos'd in *Sleeps* all-downie Bosome be.

7.

Yet other Creatures little finde in *Sleep*,
But the dull pleasure of a gloomy Rest,
Which they themselvs perceive not when they reap:
Man onely by this privilege is blest,
That Sleep it selt can be awake to Him,
And entertein Him with some courteous Dream.

8.

He, when his Touch, his Tongue, his Eye, his Ear,
His Nose, in Sleeps thick Night are muffled up,
Can feel, can taste, can smell, can see, can heare,
And in his quick Dispatches finde lesse Stop
Than when He wakes: for now his Soule alone
Through all his mystick Busines doth run.

9.

O sweet Prerogative! by which we may
Upon our Pillows travell round about
The Universe, and turn our Work to Play;
Whilst every Journey is no more but Thought:
And every Thought doth with as quick a pace
Run through its longest, as its shortest Race.

10.

Nor is the Body more befriended, then
The Soule, in its Digestion, by *Sleep*:
This is the undisturbed Season, when
The Minde has leisure to concoct that Heap
Of crude unsettled Notions which fill
The weak Brains over-charged Ventricle.

11.

In this soft Calm, when all alone the Heart
Walks through the shades of its own silent Breast,
Heav'n takes delight to meet it, and impart
Those blessed Visions, which pose the best
Of waking Eyes, whose Beams turn all to Night
Before the Looks of a spiritual Sight.

12.

By this time *Psyche* having sailed through
The *Infant-Story*, whilst her Dream did steer
Her Soules mysterious Bark: she felt her Brow
Eas'd of its cloudy Weight, and growing cleer.
Strait *Phylax* spi'd her looking up, and cir,d;
'Tis well thou hast thy *Spouses* Lodging tri'd.

13.

How dost thou think this Manger could agree
With the most tender *Infants* dainty Head!
But by this Copie He commends to thee
The scorn of Wantonesse's plumie Bed.
Thou seest sweet Sleep is possible upon
A cold and churlish Couch of Bord or stone.

14.

Learn then, that 'tis not any thing without
Which can with genuine softnes clothe thy Rest.
Down, proves but pretious Thorns, and Silk doth flout
His hopes of quiet Sleep, whose treacherous Breast
Though with externall Unguents sleek, within
Is harsh and rugged, being lin'd with Sin.

15

If *Vice*, and *Vengeance* had not Us prevented,
We to the *Temple* now our way should take:
But they long since were there; and the lamented
Ruines too late their sad confession make.
Fire, and the *Roman* Rage on it have preyd,
And all its Glory in the Ashes layd.

16.

Whilst yet it stood; the *Virgin-Mother*, when
The *Law* did cite her to *Purification*,
Hast's thither with her offrings, and her Sonne,
To pay obedience to that needlesse Fashion:
Needlesse to Her, who of no Humane Seed
Had ever been the spotted Soile and Bed.

17.

Can *Ceremonies* think themselvs so clean,
As to presume to wash the *Mornings* face
When she hath brought forth *Glory's Sunne*, and been
New gilded by that Birth, with fairer grace!
How shall the *Virgin Christall* purer grow!
What *Legall Rites* can purge and whiten *Snow*!

18.

Yet is the gallant *Morn* content to goe,
So is the spotlesse *Chrystall*, and the *Snow*,
And own Pollution, rather then not doe
Their ready homage to the reverend *Law*,
Which by a stronger backed was; for *She*
Went, summon'd by her own *Humilsty*.

19.

And there arrived; She unto the *Shade*
The *Substance* brought; and *Truth* unto the *Type*:
Broad *Day* She of a glimmering *Twy-light* made,
Long breeding and crude *Hopes*, She turn'd to ripe
Fruition, whil'st She, with her Offerings,
A fairer *Temple* to the Temple brings.

20.

A *Temple* where not one, but every Gate
Was *Beautifull*: a *Temple* where each Roome
Most Holy was: a *Temple*, where, though State
Shin'd not without, Heav'ns *Prince* did make his Home:
A *Temple* which had its foundation
Above; a *Temple* which was *God and Man*.

21.

When He drew neere, the Walls and Pavement smil'd,
The Roof would fain have bow'd to kisse His feet;
The pious Incense smelt the sweeter *Childe*
And chang'd its usuall Path, with Him to meet:
It soar'd not up, but to the Doore did stretch,
Finding that neerer way its Heav'n to reach.

22.

The *Cherubs* which dwelt close behinde the Veil,
Had much adoe to keepe themselves within,
Knowing that from their secret Oracle
The outward Temple did the Glory winne,
In which was now a Higher Preist then He
For whom alone that yearly once was free.

23.

O how the second Temples Lustre now
Dazells the first! That fabrick reared by
Davids wise Sonne, did long aforehand bow
Unto this younger Temples Majesty,
And kiss the Dust, resigning up its place
To this, which *Jesu's* Presence was to grace.

24.

And now the *Mother* on her bended knee
Before the Preist, presents to *Heav'n* her *Sonne*.
Was ever heard of such a Preist as She
Who offers *God* for an Oblation!
To Her th' Eternall *Father* sent Him down,
And noble She returns Him back his owne.

25.

When reverend *Johazar* receiv'd the *Childe*
A secret Joy through all his bosome ran;
Much did he marvell how his Heart came fill'd
With more than usuall Devotion;
Nor did He know that in his Arms much more
Than *Paradise*, or than all Heav'n He bore.

26.

But then (being so admonish'd by the Law)
She payes five Shekells, and receives her *Sonne*.
Were all the World her owne, She would bestow
It, and her Selfe, for his Redemption:
But this poore Price serv'd Her to ransome Him,
Who came Her and the whole world to redeeme.

27.

Then two white Pidgeons (her own Emblems) She
Presents, as Duties of Purification:
The gentle Birds a mourning fell, to see
That they must leave their dearer Habitation:
Lesse sweet they thought the Altar, and would faine
Be nestling in her Breast, or Lap againe.

28.

But holy *Simeon*, whose stout Expectation
Grounded upon Heav'ns Credit, did sustein
His aged Life, by potent Inspiration
Forgot his leaden pace, and flew amain
Into the Temple; for the nimble Blast
Of *Gods* owne *Spirit* lent him youthfull haste.

29.

O how his greedy Soule did Worke and Beat,
And thinke the time an Age, till He was come
Unto his Blisses Shore; where in the heat
Of hastie Zeale, He snatch'd his *Saviour* home
Into his longing Armes, and Heart, which now
Broke from his Lips, and in these Words did flow.

30.

O Life, thou now art out of debt to my
Long-stretch'd Attendance, and can'st nothing show
Of further Worth, wherewith to charme mine Eye,
And make it still be hankering heer below:
No; I have seen, what I did live to see,
The worlds Hopes, and mine owne; and heer they be.

31.

Deare *Lord of Heav'n*, heer is that hop'd-for *He*
In whom lie treasur'd up Power and Salvation,
Which now thy love exposed hath to be
The blessed Theame of humane Contemplation,
All Eyes may see this Face, as well as I,
And cleerly read their owne Felicitie.

32.

This noble Face; by whose Soule-piercing Rayes
The *Gentiles*, untill now damm'd up in Night,
Admonish'd are to understand their Wayes,
And tread the open Paths of High-noone Light:
This Face, whose more than golden Beauties be
The glorious Crown of *Iacobs Progenie*.

O

33.

O Death, if thou dar'st draw neer Life's great King
Come take possession of my willing Heart,
That I a swarthy and unworthy Thing
From his too radiant presence may depart:
I am too blest to live, and cannot bear
The burden of this heav'nly Lustre here.

34.

The good Old man thus eas'd his pious Zeal;
And having sacrific'd a Kisse upon
The *Infants* royall Foot, began to feel
His Prayers were heard, and that Death hasted on:
Which He to meet, went home, and order gave
With sweet and hasty Joy about his Grave.

35.

As Echo unto his Devotion, Loe
The venerable Matron *Anna* came;
She whose Prophetick Heart did bid her goe
To wait upon, and to adore the same
Young *Son of Wonders*; that her Sex in Her,
As His in Him, its duty might prefer.

36.

And here she met a full reward of all
Those nights and dayes which in that place she spent:
Her Fastings now turn'd to a Festivall;
Her longing Prayers which unto Heav'n she sent
To pull it down, now found it ready here,
For in the *Infants* Face it did appear.

37.

So cleerly it appear'd, that She could not
Restrain her Tongue from being Trumpet to
The Dawne of its convincing Brightnesse, but
Through *Salems* longest thickest Streets did goe,
Spreading her Proclamation to each Eare
And Heart, which long'd that heav'nly News to hear.

38.

This call'd so many wondering Eyes to gaze
Upon the *Mother* and her fairer *Son*;
That from the glory of that populous Place
To poor and private *Nazaret* she did run,
Where, in her humble House she hop'd to hide
Her kumbler Selfe from Honours growing Tide.

39.

But *Honour* loves to scorn the Zealous Chase
Of most ambitious eager Hunters; and
Pursues those modest Soules from place to place
By whom she sees her orient Presence shunn'd.
Nor is she e'r out-run, or fails to raise (Bays.
Their Names with Trophies, and their Brows with

40.

But when in *Salem* the great News grew hot
And flam'd to *Herods* Court: the Tyrants Breast
Swell'd with new Rage; for much he feared that
This Fire might reach his Throne; which made Him cast
Deep desperate Counsells in his jealous Minde
How for this Danger he some Curb might finde.

41.

Mean while, as holy *Joseph* sleeping lay
To gain new strength to work; his *Winged Friend*
Rouz'd up his Soul by a Celestiall Ray,
Bidding him his swift flight to *Egypt* rend,
For *Herod* now contrives to slay, said He,
The *Childe*, and in *Him*, both thy Wife and Thee.

42.

O that my Wings might be his Chariot! But
This noble Favour Heav'n reserves for thee.
Flie then: But see thy selfe thou trouble not
With thy Return; for when the Storm shall be
Cleerly blown over, I will thither come,
And from thy *Gods* own Mouth recall thee Home.

43.

This said; his neerest way the *Angel* took
To Heav'n and flutter'd loud as He went up:
The noise made *Joseph* start; who straight awoke
And look'd about; But He had gain'd the Top
Of heav'n, and in the Spheare inclosed was
E're *Josephs* mortall Eye could thither passe.

44.

Yet by the blessed influence He behinde
Had left, the *Saint* did Him intirely know:
The priviledg'd Eyes of his religious Minde
Had long acquainted been with him, and now
He doubts not but this was his *Guardian*, who
Had taught him oft what He in straits should doe.

45.

Whil'st by her sable Curtains *Night* as yet
Muffled up Heav'n, and kept the World in Bed,
Himselfe He dressed, and made all things fit
For his long journey: On the Asse He spred
His Coverlet, and his own Pillow (sweet
And cleanly Hay) he gave him for his meat.

46.

The Beast thus baited: He his Axe, his Saws,
His Planes, Rules, Mallets, and his other Store
Of busie honest Implements bestows
In his large Bag, the Treasury of his poor
Industrious subsistance; which he ties
Fast to his Staffe, and on his Shoulders tries.

Two

47.

Two Bottles then (all that the poor Man had)
Fresh filled at a neighbour Fountain, He
Puts on his Girdle, with three Loaves of bread
In a plain Pouch. Then stepping reverently
Unto the Bed where the great *Mother* lay,
Arise, said He, for *Heav'n* calls Us away.

48.

When She the busnesse heard, and saw how He
Had all things ready for their journey made:
Far be it, she repli'd, that I should be
At any houre to follow *Heav'n* afraid:
Or that I for the Mornings light should tarry
Who in my Arms my fairer *Day* doe carry.

49.

I can be no where lost, deare *Babe*, whil'st I
Travell with *Thee*, who never canst depart
From thine own Home: Wherever *Thou* dost flie,
Thine own Land still will meet Thee, for thou art
By thine eternall Right, the Prince as well
Of *Hum* and *Egypt*, as of *Israel*.

50.

Arabia's Devotion has long since
Supplid thee with this sacred Treasure, to
Defray thy Charges: Thine own Providence
Thy Purveyer was; Thou knew'st we were to goe,
And hast layd in Provision, e'r wee
Could dream of any such Necessity.

51.

And yet *Necessity* is no such thing
To mighty *Thee*, whose all-commanding Hand
Doth hold the Reins of *Fate*: the bloody *King*
Musters his Wrath in vain, would'st thou withstand
His Spight in open Field: But thou know'st why
It will be now more glorious to Flie.

52.

This Journey's but a step to *Thee*, who from
The Pinnacle of all Sublimity
Thy *Fathers* bosome did'st a Pilgrim come
And take up thy abode in worthlesse Me:
Me, who from Heav'n much further distant am,
Than *Memphis* is from fair *Jerusalem*.

53.

With that, She wrapp'd the *Infant* close, and took
The Asses back; whose bridle *Joseph* held,
And long before the drowsie Town awoke,
Led him far out into the quiet Field:
Darkness and *Silence* clinged round about,
Barring *Discovery* and *Suspition* out.

54.

Thus did the *Heir of Heav'n* betimes begin
To paint out Patience to his World below,
To sanctifie all Persecution,
And make it by his owning, glorious grow:
Who but new born, designed is to die,
And long e'r He can goe, is fain to flie.

55.

Aurora now, the Porter of the Day,
Gat up, and op'd the door unto the Sun;
Who peeping out with an abashed Ray,
Beheld how far these Travellers had gone
E'r He awoke, and doubted whether He
Should in that Dayes Horizon needed be.

56.

For He observ'd the *Babe* abroad, whose sight
Cost Him a deeper Blush than that which dies
His morning Cheeks: Yet He cheer'd up his light,
And venturing on, resolv'd to trie his Eyes
Upon that *Infant-face* of full-grown Blisse
As Eaglets use to doe their own at His.

57.

Now Love and Piety forbid, that thou
My *Psyche* should'st disdain to trace their way,
Since I so faire a Convoy thee allow
Which neither Dangers feareth, nor Delay.
Thy *God* was glad to travell on an Asse,
But in this Chariot gives thee leave to passe.

58.

That leave too noble is, cry'd she, for Me,
A meaner thing than what He rode upon:
Might I on foot, or rather on my Knee
Crawle in his royall Path, no Princes Throne,
Should tempt Me from my greater Honor: — 'Tis
Enough, said *Phylax*, now no more of this.

59.

And here He took her up, and shook the Reins:
That Item strait the greedy Coursers caught,
And, scouring through the soft aereall Plains,
Unto their View the Fields of *Nazaret* brought:
Psyche soon knew the Place again, and cri'd, (ride.
How much doe these thy Steeds my Thoughts out-

60.

Pitty thy *Lord* then, said the *Guardian*, who
Though drove by Fear, was forc'd to use a pace
Below the Name of Speed: *Joseph* did goe
Before on foot, and lead the laden Asse:
He led Him, and although He made no stay,
Alas his very Going was Delay.

Besides,

61.

Besides, a thousand Cares more heavy lay
Upon his Heart, then on his back the Load
Of all his Tools: What Thoughts about the Way,
What studies how to scape the full-ey'd Road,
What Tenderneſſe to keep the *Mother* warm,
What dainty Fears that *God* should take no Harm!

62.

See'st thou this private Path, which ever since
With Lilies and with Violets hath smil'd,
Which it received from the influence
Both of the passant *Mother* and the *Childe*?
The Country wonder'd at the beautious List,
But from what cause it sprung, they little wist.

63.

As to the Sea, the silver River through
A thousand by-pathes steals its secret Way;
So into *Egypt* this sweet Tract doth flow,
Declining all things that its course might stay.
Doubt not the Windings, but securely ride,
For now the *Way* it self's thy fragrant Guide.

64.

Look how the *Galilean* Villages
Their distance keep, and give the *Path* free leave
To stretch it self through all these Privacies:
Look how the friendly Trees doe interweave
Their Arms, and offer their Protection to
Whoever here in Secresie would goe.

65.

There did the carefull *Mother* light, to give
Her *Sonne* his Dinner from her blessed Breast;
Whom with fit Entertainment to receive,
Kinde *Earth* that tweetly-swelling Cushion dreſt:
Where'r you see th' officious Flowers meet
In such a Junto; know it was her Seat.

66.

But yonder Stable which thou seest shut
Quite out of Town, and standing all alone,
Did in its hospitable Litter let
The *Pilgrims* take their first nights station.
They with such Lodging long acquaintance had,
And thou knowest what thy *Lord* his Cradle made.

67.

Such Inns as this did carefull *Joseph* chuse
And scap'd Observance all the way He went
Neither the *Galileans*, nor the *Jews*
Discovering his provident intent.
With painfull Patience He his way did finde,
And at the length *Judea* left behind.

68.

He left *Judea*; but first left by it,
Since now to finde his *Charge*, the *bloody Prince*
Deeply consulted. Thus thy *Spouse* thought fit
To teach his future Exiles, that the sense
Of their sad Suffrings sate full neer his Heart
Who in this Banishment bore so deep a Part.

69.

The freedome of the Reins here *Phylax* threw
Upon his Coursers Backs, who cheered by
That liberty, with sprightfull fervor flew
And scorn'd the Towns which farre below did lie,
Flinging their gallant foam, and snuffing up
The Air, which seemd to them their Course to stop.

70.

The Clouds took notice of their resolute hast,
And stepp'd aside to make their Passage cleare;
Through which their smoking wheels did whirle as fast
As *Phebus's* down the hill of his glib sphear:
Which instantly so tir'd the *Northern Winde*,
That puffing he and lagging came behinde.

71.

Thus having lost *Judea* in a Mist
Of farre-removed Aire, they rush'd into
The famous *Deserts* unperceived list,
Where their impatient Fire did spur them so
That *Phylax* check'd them thrice, e'r they would heat
His Hand, and stop their vehement career.

72.

And then: Consider *Psyche*, well, said he,
This squalid Sceen of churlish *Desolation*,
This proper Region of *Perplexity*,
This Soil all planted thick with *Desperation*,
This storehouse of a thousand *Famins*, this
Fountain of Droughts, this Realm of *Wretchednesse*:

73.

This Country, which doth by its Neighbour-hood
To *Canaan* (that wide-spread Chanell, where
Hony and Milk conspir'd into a flood
Of costlesse, but incomparable Cheer,)
Advance the value of that blessed Soil,
And its own vilenes aggravate the while.

74.

Thus sticks black Night as foile unto the Da
And by its Blacknes lends it fairer Beams:
Thus Sorrow stings inhance the sweets of Joy;
Thus Floods of Gall commend the Honey streams;
Thus Darknes cleaved fast upon the backs
Of Looking-Glasses, them illustrious makes.

75.

Well knew wise *Heav'n* Men would not understand
Its royall Favour in'affording them
The gentle Riches of a fertile Land,
Were they not tutored by some such Clime
Of Woes and Horrors, and forc'd to confesse
A Gardens Blessing, by a Wilderness.

76.

Behold these needlesse Banks of Sand, which have
No Seas to bound, but this vast Ocean
Of *Barrennesse*; where when the *Windes* conceive
High-swolln Displeasure, and to Battell run
Bandying their mutuall Blasts a thousand waies
At once, a drie and parching storm they raise.

77.

For the wilde Soile impatient to be plow'd
At *Eolus's* pleasure, flies full in his face,
And climbing up into a Tawny Cloud
With smoking Rage torments its new-gaind Place,
Whilst blinded Passengers amazed stand,
And all the Aire is nothing else but Sand.

78.

This frighted gentler *Nature* farre from hence,
Who in her bosome all her Blessings bore,
Her teeming Springs delicious Influence,
Her Summers Beauties, and her Autumns store:
And all the best of Winter too; for here
This sandy Mischeif schorcheth all the year.

79.

The Trees, You see, are all dispers'd and fled,
For fear of being onely Fuell here,
And that before the Axe had summoned
Them to the Hearth. The cheerly Birds which were
Th' Inhabitants of their Bows, did them persue,
Panting their sad layes all the way they flew.

80.

This most inhospitable *Earth* will keep
No Entertainment for tame honest Beasts,
Goats, Asses, Camels, Horses, Oxen, Sheep,
Can at her wretched Table be no Guests.
No; this is onely *Mischiefs* cursed stage,
Where Beasts of Prey, and Monsters act their rage.

81.

Look where a pair of dreadfull Tigres lie
Couching in Ambush to attend their prey;
How should a fainting Traveller get by
When two such hungry Deaths beset his way!
There runs a Lyon, with his hideous Note
Tearing, for want of meat his greedy throat.

82.

At the same Busines there's a female Bear
In meat and drink two days and nights behinde,
Whose pined Whelps all yelling in her Ear
Chode her abroad some Sustenance to finde.
There runs a Bore, and whitens all his Path
With foam, the scum of his intemperate Wrath.

83.

But mark that Cave, before whose nasty Door
An heap of excrementall Poisons lies,
Next which, a Quakemire of congealed Gore
Raild round about with naked Bones, descries
What part fell Fury there hath play'd and who
Dwells in that House whose Porch is trimmed so.

84.

That gloomy Cloud which dams the Dens mouth up
Is but the *Tenants* breath which keeps within,
Who by our Talk is wakened unto hope
Of some neer Prey: See now He doth begin
To rouse Himself; the Fire he spits before
Is but the Porter to unlock his Door.

85.

Though *Psyche* now had cheer'd, & wrought her Heart
Unto a more then female Valour; yet
She could not curb her Fear, but gan to start
At that all-flaming Dread the Monster spit:
When *Phylax* smiling on her horror, cri'd,
Fear not, for *Heav'n* and I am at thy side.

86.

Of his own Comming, by his cruell Hisse
He warning gives; that stream of cole-black Blood
He spews so thick, his wonted Usher is.
Thus when some noise *Feind* breaks from Hell, a flood
Of stinking Sulphure paves his dismall way,
Abashing all the Aire, and poisning Day.

87.

Behold his Eys like two bright Firebrands plac'd
In Cakes of blood, their fatall beams display
So with long flakes of glaring Raies enchased,
Unto Heav'ns Anger *Comets* light the Way,
Pointing with every beam, to Cities, or
To Realms, and Countries, Famin, Plague, or War.

88.

His Mouth which Foams with Venome, is the Gate
Of helpless *Misery*: his Jaws the Mill
Of deplorable, and untimely *Fate*,
His tongue a Weapon, on whose Fork doe dwell
A thousand Deaths; his throat, so black and broad,
To his unhappie Preys the beaten Road.

His

89.

His lethern Wings are those which lend its speed
Unto *Destruction*; his iron Paws
Are *Spights* and *Rages* Hands; his direfull Head,
The Oracle whence Tyrants draw their Laws;
His scaly skin, the thick Embroydery
Of confident remorseleſſe *Cruelty*.

90.

His knotty Taile, pointed with ſtinging Fire,
Which on his back in ſullen ſcorn he throws,
Is *Deaths* dread Chain; that unrelenting Ire
Which ſits ſo high upon his craggie Brows,
Is an afore-hand Sentence unto All
Beaſts, Birds, or Men, that in his way doe fall.

91.

Hark how the bruiſed *Aire* complains, now He
Moves the huge flailes of his moſt boiſtrous Wings:
For the ſoft *Nymph* elſe-where was us'd to be
Beaten with Fethers, or melodious Strings: (ſtream;
Look in what ſtate He through the Clouds doth
The ſmoke before him rolls, behinde the Flame.

92.

As when the martiall Griffen hovers neer
The greedy Kite forgets his chaſed Prey,
And turning Partner in the Sparrows fear
With her into ſome Corner ſneaks away:
So doe all Monſters here acknowledge this
Their Soveraign in all Rage and Dreadfulneſſe.

93.

Thou now ſeeſt neither Lyon, Boar, nor Bear,
This Dragons Preſence chas'd them all away
Unto their cloſeſt Dens, and Caverns, where
They trembling lie, and durſt not look on Day.
So doe all other ſtrange portentuous Things
Frighted hence by the Thunder of his Wings.

94.

For elſe, thou here had'ſt Troops of *Centaurs* ſeen,
A ſtrange Compoſure of Horſe-Infantry:
Elſe *Sphinx*, and her ambiguous Brood, had been
Abroad in all her fore-front Braverie,
And with her poliſh'd Mayden face contended
Her grizely Lyons Parts to have amended.

95.

Elſe had unſatiable *Harpies*, het
Neer Coſen Portents in the Winged Crew
Boldly about this correſpondent ſphear
With Virgins Looks, and Vultures Tallons flew:
Elſe the ſalacious *Fauns* had here been skipping,
The *Satyrs* dallying, and the *Silvans* tripping.

96.

Elſe had that Riddle of Deformity,
That Combination of all foule Diſgrace,
Who by the Belly of a Goate doth tie
A Dragons Tail unto a Lyons Face,
Ranged about theſe Sands, and ſought what Prey
Its equall-monſtrous Hunger might allay.

97.

Haſt thou not heard how when old *Iſraels* Race
Did through the Tryalls of this Wilderneſſe
Unto the well-deſerving *Promiſe* paſſe,
They fell a Murmuring, becauſe *Succeſſe*
Poſted not on as faſt as their Deſire,
And yeilding to the Way, began to tire?

98.

This made the Juſt *Creator* grant Commiſſion
To *Vengance*, his moſt truſty Factreſſe, who
Mounting upon the back of *Expedition*
Down to the Bottome of the World did goe,
Whoſe choiſeſt Dens of Horror having ey'd,
Unto *Erynni's* Grott ſhe turn'd aſide.

99.

The *Fury* ſtarted, and upon her head
Straight up, ſtood every Snake: She ne'r till now
Had ſeen a ſight ſo full of fatall Dread,
Though oft ſhe view'd the deepeſt *Deeps*, and though
She daily uſed for her Looking-glaſſes
Her correſpondent *Siſters* monſtrous Faces.

100.

For in the *Strangers* furrow'd Brows were ſown
The Seeds of everlaſting *Indignation*;
Her Eyes were conſtant Lightning, flaſhing down
Upon her fiery Cheeks, and with their Motion
Glancing a more than High-noon-day upon
The frighted Night of that black Region.

101.

Her ſturdy Breaſt was made of burning Braſſe,
Her maſſie Arms compos'd of ſparkling Steel;
Her adamantine Hands did ſway a Mace
Of red-hot Iron; at her Back did dwell
A Quiver ſtuff'd with forked Bolts of Thunder,
Well-skill'd in tearing Clouds and Rocks in ſunder

102.

Fear, Anguiſh, Pain, Aſtoniſhment, Diſpair,
Diſſention, Tumult, War, Plague, Famine, Drought,
Confuſion, Poyſonous and Tempeſtuous Aire,
Everſion, Deſolation Crying out, (*Groans,*
Wringing of Hands, Gnaſhing of Teeth, Sighs,
Soule-gnawing Worms, were her Companions.

103.

So were Schiſme, Error, flintie Obduration,
With *Pride*, and *Impudence in Villany*,
And She, who though her fairer Garb and faſhion
Seem'd to ſuit more with lovely Company,
Was yet as ranke a Curſe as they, for She
Was *zealous*, but *blinde* and *falſe ſanctitie*.

104.

But *Vengeance* ſpying her *Erynnis* quake,
Conſtreind her dreadfull Aſpect to remit
Part of its Awfulneſſe; and tri'd to ſpeake
As milde as She lookd fierce: yet when She ſet
Ope her Mouthes fornace, unto all the Cave
Loud Thunder notice of her ſpeaking gave.

105.

Feare not, ſaid She, I on an errand come
Which well will ſuit with thy revengfull thought:
The *Sonnes* of *Iſrael* thou know'ſt, with whom
My *Soveraigns Patience* long time hath fought:
Indeed He leads them through a Barren Earth,
Bur yet He makes Heav'n bring their Victuals forth.

106.

Yet Peeviſh murmuring they have forc'd Heav'n to
Repent its Kindneſſe: Wherefore thou muſt ſpare
Some of thy Locks, which I am ſent to throw
About that Deſerts now devoted Aire;
Where they ſhall laſh the Rebells, till they ſee
What 'tis to kick at *God*, and Waken *Me*.

107.

Me, whom ſoft *Mercie* long a-ſleepe had kept
Upon a Bed which She her ſelfe had made:
Me, who for ever might in Peace have ſlept
Did *Mortals* not take pleaſure in this Trade
Of ſending up their ſhameleſſe ſinnes, to teare
By their bold cry, my moſt unwilling Eare.

108.

Me, who did never move this Hand in vain,
Nor knew what 'twas or Stroke or Aime to loſe;
Me, who cannot be charmd a-ſleep again
But by the dying Groans of my proud foes;
Me, whoſe ſure Power it ſelfe full deep did ſeale
On *Lucifer*, and ramm'd him downe to Hell.

109.

Erynnis glad to heare this Meſſage, tore
Two handfulls of her Treſſes from her Head:
Which *Vengeance* forthwith to this Deſert bore
And through the trembling Aire their volumes ſpred;
Firſt having breathed on them warlike fire
Which all their breaſts fill'd with miſcheivous Ire.

110.

No ſooner were they toſſed up, but they
Perceiv'd themſelves increaſed round about:
Their Tails reach'd out themſelves an hideous way,
And from their ſides a pair of Wings burſt out;
Whoſe motion puffed and encreas'd the flame
Which over all their monſtrous Scales did ſtream.

111.

Their owne Inſtinct taught them the readieſt way
To the rebellious Camp of *Iſraell*:
Where ſeizing ſtrait upon their helpleſſe Prey,
Their fierie Poyſon they ſo thick did ſpill,
That all the Hoſte had their Burnt-offring been,
Had ſeaſonable *Mercie* not ſtepp'd in.

112.

Mercie ſtepp'd in, and by a Contre-plot
Rearing a *Brazen Serpent* up, did heale
All that were ſtung with fire, if they would put
Truſt in the Medicine of that Spectacle
They gaz'd, and ſaw their Helpe, but could not prie
Into the bottome of that Myſterie.

113.

That *crucified Serpent* did preſent
Thy *Spouſe*, who raigning on his Croſſe, did by
His potent Dying gallantly prevent
The Plot of *Death*, which more than He, did dye;
And cruſh the old red *Dragon*, who had hurl'd
His monſtrous Venome all about the World.

114.

And now thou knowſt the Pedigree of this
Feirce Portent, which enflames and taints the Aire;
His fierie Looks, and ſmoking flight confeſſe
Of what Progenitors He is the Heire.
Thinke now how ſweet a Pilgrimage it was (paſs.
When thy young *Lord* did through ſuch Monſters

115.

Yet ev'n this Paſſage, *Pſyche*, ſhall appear
So pretious unto future Saints, that They
Will ſeeke their Habour no where elſe but heer,
And make theſe Sands the Shore where they will lay
Their Veſſells ſafe from all thoſe ſtorms which rage
Upon a ſecular Lifes unfaithfull Stage.

116.

This Paſſage they will judge a Dedication
Of all this Tract, to holy Privacie,
Where they in undiſturbed Contemplation
Of Heav'n, ſhall ſweetly live, and ſweetlier die;
Fearing no longer other Monſters, when
They once have reskewed themſelves from Men.

Heer

117.

Here will they build so strongly-mean a Cell
As shall no Tempest nor no Plunder fear:
Here they with *Health* and *Industry* will dwell,
With *Pains* and *Providence*, but not with *Care*:
Here they will importuned Earth intreat
With Herbs or Roots to recompense their Sweat.

118.

For neither stubborn Flint, nor arid Sand
Their Barrennesses Priviledge will dare
Strictly to urge against the painfull Hand
Of pious *Poverty*: Those Charters are
Of *Natures* giving, and must needs give place
Unto the grand Prerogative of *Grace*.

119.

Here will their Eyes not interrupted be
With fond Allurements of the newest Fashions,
Whose Commendation speaks their Vanity,
It being onely built upon Mutations.
Their simple Sackcloth in one cut and guise
To hide their Dust and Ashes will suffice.

120.

Here shall no noise of chincking Money be
Rebounded by their Hearts inchanted strings;
That Noise which with such charming Melody
Through all the Worlds unhappy Quarters rings,
And gains more Altars far for *Mammon*, than
Will unto Heav'n allowed be by Men.

121.

Here shall no glancing Eye, no mincing Pace,
No sporting Locks, no dainty Red and White,
No wanton Dresse, no Tongues melodious Grace,
No bidding Coynesse, no inviting Flight,
Prevail upon their manly Hearts, to brook
The tickling Slavery of a Womans Yoak.

122.

Here no Ambition shall puffe up their Breast,
And in their Soule a foolish dropsie raise,
Who by themselves are freely dispossest
Of all those Gardens which can bring forth Bayes,
And live upon a Soil which nothing bears
But Poverty, and Roots, and Sighs, and Tears.

123.

Here shall they by no care of Wife and Child
Be call'd away in Conscience from their Prayers,
But shall by Virtues daily Progresse build
Unto the Top of Heav'n their mystick Stayers,
By which they once again the World shall leave,
Nobly rebounding upward from their grave.

124.

But now this long Discourse devoured had
The longer Way, and *Egypt* did draw neer.
Thebai's Fields and Woods, and Towns, were glad
That to the Desert they next Neighbours were,
And to these *Strangers* might the first afford
Kinde Entertainment, as once to their *Lord*.

125.

When, Loe, said *Phylax*, now the World grows tame,
And a milde hospitable Prospect yeilds,
These are the outmost skirts of populous *Ham*
Tufted with Woods, and lac'd with flowrie Fields:
A welcome Harbour to those Pilgrims, who
Have labour'd through this Deserts Sea of Woe.

126.

At the last Furrows end thus Rest doth stand
And gently leads the Weary Plowman home:
So hangs the Garland at the Race's end,
Smiling upon the Runners as they come;
So Summer cheers the pined Earth, when she
Has run through Winters totall Tyrannie.

127.

Hither this *Joseph* came; and brought with Him
Far more Salvation, then the *Other*, though
From Famins Jaws he *Egypt* did redeem,
And fed seav'n starved years with Corn enough:
Hither He came, and brought with him the *Bread*
By which the World eternally is Fed.

128.

How glad was hee to see his *Charge* was here
Arrived safe through all those perillous Wayes!
Upon the *Childe* he look'd, but through a Tear
Of Love and Joy, and paid their Safeties Praise
To him whose Providence had in that wide
Region of Dangers, to his Guides been Guide.

129.

Then passing to that Town thou seest there
Which from old *Hermes* borrowing its Fame,
The title of *Hermopolis* doth wear,
Neer unto that Religious Tree he came:
The Natives call it *Persea*, and with high
Esteem its Leaves and Apples magnifie.

130.

Observe them well: Each Leafe presents the true
Shape of a Tongue, which talks its whispering part
To every Winde: The dangling Apples shew
The perfect feature of a panting Heart.
O that the World would learn this of the Tree,
That with the Tongue, the Heart should joyned be!

131.

Blinde Superſtition had hallowed it
To *Iſis* honour; but the honeſt Tree
Made bold that fond Relation to forget
When thy great *Spouſe* drew neer: for inſtantly
With orthodox Devotion pliant grown
Unto the Earth her Head ſhe bowed down:

132.

Where ſhe with all her Hearts the *Childe* ador'd,
And, as ſhe could, with all her Tongues, did ſound
His Praiſe who is of Hearts and Tongues ſole *Lord*.
Then having with her Boughs ſweep'd clean the Ground
She roſe and gave Him way, yet out ſhe ſtretch'd
Her Neck, and after him her Arms ſhe reach'd.

133.

But when neer to the Cittie Gate he came,
Iſis, of ſtupid Marble made, and there
Set up, and wiſely faſtned on a Frame
Full as divine a ſtone as ſhe; with fear
And awe ſurpriſed was, and 'gan to quake
At firſt, and then to bend, and then to break.

134.

Poor *Idol*! which had never Senſe till now,
And now feels onely its own Ruine: Down
Tumbles the long adored *Goddeſſe Cow*,
Reſigning back that Worſhip to its own
True *Lord*, which ſhe had long uſurped by
The help of *Egypts* mad Idolatrie.

135.

Her fair ſpred Horns are ſhatter'd off; her Brow
Bruis'd out of faſhion; and quite broke her Neck:
The Dietie advanc'd to Rubbiſh now
Has Power to help the Country, if in thick
And mirey way diſpos'd: which ſure is more
Aſſiſtance than it ever gave before.

136.

Thus when the Reverend Ark of *God* was ſet
In *Dagons* Temple, down the Idoll fell,
And making haſte out at the Door to get,
Quite broke his Godſhip on the ſtronger Sell;
Where when his Servants entered, they found
The wretched Fiſh in its own Ruines drown'd.

137.

But in the Citties (and the Peoples) Heart
Upon a golden Pillar mounted high
And deck'd with all the wit and Pride of Art
Serapis ſtood; the Oxe of Majeſty;
Whoſe Glory by a conſecrated Crown
Wreathed about his mighty Horns was ſhown.

138.

As in that ſtreet the noble *Pilgrims* went
Enquiring for an Inne; the guilty *Beaſt*
His ſteely Knees, and braſen Body bent,
And by his maſſie Weight ſo ſtrongly caſt
Himſelf upon the ground, that to an heap
Of Fragments from his God-head he did leap.

139.

The People wonder'd at the Prodigie:
But *Joſeph* and his *Virgin Conſort* knew
To what mere powerfull Divinity
The Idoll did his due Obeiſance ſhew.
What by inſpired *Eſays* Pen had been
Pointed out long a-forehand, they had ſeen.

140.

He had foretold that into *Egypt* thy *Iſa.19.1.*
Great *Spouſe* ſhould on a ſwift Cloud mounted ride
And that the Idols ſhould be moved by
His potent Preſence; And they ſoon deſcri'd
This Cloud to be his Mothers Boſome, where
He ſhrowed rode the faſteſt pace of fear.

141.

This made good *Joſeph* travell up and down
To ſpred the Rume of Idolatry
Through every populous ſuperſtitious Town
Which did the *Horned Statues* Deifie;
His righteous Soule being tortured, to ſee
That Men ſhould more than Marble ſtupid be.

142.

And whereſoe'r upon Zeals Wings he flew
Equall *Succeſſe* ſtill bore him company;
Still the infernall *Spirits* their Lodgings threw
In peeces, as thy mighty *Lord* drew nigh.
Thou ſhalt no further goe; but I will tell
Thee here, what Wonders afterward befell.

143.

The Heart of *Egypt* melted down its Breaſt,
As from their Pillars their vain Gods had done.
The Prieſts and ſage Magitians broke their Reſt
To finde this Accidents Occaſion:
And all one night reſolv'd, at counſell met,
To ſpend their utmoſt ſpels and Charms on it.

144.

Jannes, a Man both of his Race and Name
Who *Moſes* did oppoſe, the work began:
'Twas in a Vault, where *Days* looks never came,
Untroad as yet by any mortall Man
Who was not full as black as they, and made
Solemnly free of their accurſed Trade.

In

145.

In this deep Temple of Infernall Arts
Lighting a Taper temper'd with the Fat
That grew about his Predeceſſors Hearts,
It in a dead Mans moſtie Skull hee ſet:
The Miſts and Stincks long wreſtled with the flame,
But at the laſt the Taper overcame.

146.

Then gaping wide, both with his Mouth and Eyes,
He ſpew'd ſeav'n ſolemn Curſes on *Day-light*,
Which though it ſaw the *broken Dieties*,
Would not detect what ſacrilegious Might
Had thrown them down: And then thoſe Gods he bleſt
Whoſe luck it was in gloomy Holes to reſt.

147.

For on a Shrine, ſtill ſtanding there appear'd
Serapis, *Iſis*, and a ſmokie Rout
Of leſſer Gods: The Altar was beſmear'd
With thick and bloody Gore; and round about
In ſcatter'd fragments lay Cheeks, Noſes, Eyes,
Hearts, Shoulders, Livers, Leggs, Arms, Bowells, Thighs.

148.

Theſe hideous Dainties, was the Breakfaſt for
A *Crocodile*, which in the Corner lay:
But tam'd by ſtrong Enchantments, durſt not ſtir
When ever to their Magick Buſ'neſſe they
Addreſs'd themſelves. No Monſter, but compared
With them, a milde and gentle Thing appeared.

149.

The Walls with *Leeks* and *Onyons* garniſh'd were,
For courteous *Egypt* had made Gods of theſe,
And from her well-dung'd Soil reap'd every year
A worthy Crop of young freſh Dieties.
Upon the Roofe did painted *Nilus* flow,
That *God* whoſe bounty makes thoſe other grow.

150.

Here *Jannes*, having thrice waſh'd his left Hand,
And ſtain'd with it *Cocytus*'s Streams, which hee
Had in a Laver by: He takes his Wand,
That Wand which once liv'd on a Cypreſſe Tree
Planted on *Acheron*'s Bank, but now was made
The deadly Scepter of their Magick Trade.

151.

A Scepter unto which the Moon, the Sun,
The Stars, had often ſtoop'd, and *Nature* bow'd:
Oft had it turn'd the courſe of *Phlegeton*;
Oft had it troubled Hell, and forc'd the proud
Tyrant, for all his Iron Mace, to be
Obedient to its monſtrous Witchery.

152.

With that hee draws a Circle on the Floor,
(Spred thick with Aſhes of a funerall Pile,)
Which with ſtrange Lines, and Hooks, and Forks, and Store
Of ſhapeleſs ſhapes and Figures he doth fill,
Wilde Heiroglyphicks, ſtark mad Characters,
Whil'ſt each Draught with his Neighbour ſnarls and jarrs.

153.

Into this Hell of ſcratches in ſteps hee,
(Almoſt as ſtrange a thing as it,) and there
Three groans he gave, three times he bow'd his Knee;
He thrice with blood beſprinkled his Left Eare;
Three times he ſtrooke the ground, and mumbled o'r
The Monſters hee had written there before.

154.

Then lifting up his hollow Voice, hee cri'd,
By *Jannes* and by *Jambres* our great Sires;
By *Pharaohs* adamantine Soul, which tri'd
A fall with *Iſraels God*; By all thoſe Fires
Which we have on your Altars layd, and them
Which in black *Styx* or *Erebus* doe ſwim:

155.

By theſe profound myſterious *Notes* which I
Have figured here; by dread *Tyſiphone*,
By ſtern *Alecto*, and *Megera*; by
Huge *Cerberus* his Heads Triplicity;
By Hells wide open Gates; by the divine
Scepters of *Pluto*, and of *Proſerpine*.

156.

By your own Heads, who onely here have your
Safe Sanctuary found; I you conjure
Serapis, *Iſis*, and each leſſer *Power*,
No longer your diſhonour to endure.
What boots it here to be a ſtanding God,
If ev'n the beſt of You falls down abroad!

157.

For from *Hermopolis* unfortunate Gate
Ruine ſet forth, and boldly made her Prey
On every publick *Dietie*, whoſe fate
It was to ſtand in her devouring Way.
Whence comes this Down-fall of Religion? Whence
Has ſpred amongſt the *Gods* this deadly Rot?

158.

Let Me but know, and I will make Heav'n bow
And kiſſe the feet of Hell: the Center I
Will in the face of ſcornfull *Phebus* throw,
And at high noon with Midnight choke the Skie:
But I will be reveng'd for you, and make
(Though they be all the World) your Enemies quake.

Here

159.

Here the black foam ſtopp'd up his Mouth; and He
With griezly ghaſtly face, with ſtaring Eyes,
With Breaſt tormented by Anxiety,
With languid Arms and Hands, with quivering Thighs,
Expect the Iſſue of his Charms to ſee,
And what his Oracles Reply would be.

160.

When loe, (for then thy *Spouſe* was comming nigh
That very place) a hideous Groan did fill
The mourning Vault, which was rebounded by
So ſtrong an Earthquake, that the *Idolls* fell,
And by their proſtrate fragments in the Cave
Did their own Temple turn into their Grave.

161.

Scarcely had *Jannes* and his frighted Crew
Time to eſcape the Ruine of their Gods:
But being out, their Books away they threw
In indignation, and brake their Rods;
And having nothing elſe whereon to poure
Their Spight, their lipps they bit, their hair they tore.

162.

His ſecret Vengance thus thy *Little Lord*
Sheath'd in the Bowells of *Idolatry*,
Whil'ſt puzzeld *Egypt* never ſaw the Sword,
Nor knew for whom it reap'd this Victory.
The *Angel* thus of old their *Firſt-born* ſlew,
When undiſcerned through the Land He flew.

163.

Mean while fell *Herod* buſie was about
The matchleſs Maſter-peice of Tyranny:
Which how it was Conceived, and how Brought
Forth, the dull Vulgar's Ey 's too dim to ſee,
For it was hatch'd as low as Hell: But I
To thee will ope all the black Myſtery.

164.

Miſchievous were that *Prince*'s Counſells: But
Proud *Lucifer* had deeper Plots than He
And fear'd his Crown more than did *Herod*, at
The new-born *Kings* high-fam'd Diſcovery;
For in his ears the *Shepheards* Storie rung,
And the ſtrange Muſick of the *Chriſtmas Song*.

165.

The Mouth of Thunder never yet had ſpoke
Such Terror to his Soul, as thoſe ſoft *Notes*,
Which tun'd to Joy's and Peace's Key, had broke
From the ſweet Neſts of thoſe bright *Angels* Throats.
Nor was this Omen all: for He had ſpi'd
That *Eaſtern Star* which did the *Wiſemen* guide.

166.

No Light did ever fright Him ſo, but that
Whoſe Darts did throw him headlong from the Top
Of Heav'ns ſublimeſt Pinnacle, and ſhut
Him up in deepeſt Night: where He keep'd ſhop
And every ſort of ſinfull Wares did ſell
To thoſe who with their Soules will purchaſe Hell.

167.

For now he knew his Trade would never thrive,
And that few Chapmen would delight to buy;
So long as that great *Infant* was alive,
With whoſe more profitable Diety
Shepheards and Kings to traffick had begun,
And taught the World which way for Gains to run.

168.

Ten thouſand Spawns of his deep plotting Brain
He tumbles o'r, yet none could pleaſe his Eye:
Again hee Thinks, and yet Diſlikes again:
But Vow's at laſt, how e'r, thy *Spouſe* ſhall die.
He Vow's by his own Head, and ſeeks ſome *Fiend*
Who might diſpatch the Buſineſſe to his minde.

169.

A Rock there ſtands neer to *Cocytus*'s Bank
Which to the River opes its monſtrous Jaws,
Sucking no other Breath, but what the rank
And Sulphury Vapour of that Water throws
Into its Mouth, which far more venomous make
The ſteaming Poyſon that from thence it takes.

170.

In winding Holes, and ragged Corners there
Whole Families of Adders, Vipers, Snakes,
Aſps, Baſilisks, and Dragons dwelling are,
Whoſe conſtant and confounding Hiſſing makes
The Language of that Mouth, and plainly tells
What kinde of Prodigie beyond them dwells.

171.

The Throat ſticks thick with bones of Legges and Arms
Which ravenous *Haſte* had there left by the Way;
With undigeſted Heaps the Stomack ſwarms
Which in that Sink and Den of Murder lay;
In whoſe immeaſurable Bottome ſtood
A reeking Lake of young and guiltleſs Blood.

172.

But at the Cavern, where the Heart ſhould lie,
Was hung a ſevenfold Door of maſſie Braſs,
Plated with Adamant, and conjur'd by
A thouſand Bars and Locks, to let no croſſe
Miſchance peep in; beſides as many Seals
Treading on one anothers crowded heels.

Above

173.

Above, a Watch-tower was, erected high,
Windows full; where Lynx stood night and day:
Before the Door an hundred Doggs did lie,
Upon whose ears no sleep did ever prey:
Next them, as many Cocks; and next to these
A vigilant Company of trusty Geese.

174.

Within were dark Meanders, dammed up
By frequent Doors, and by their Porters too,
Whose office never was to set them ope,
But see that not so much as *Thought* should goe
That way: They oft put out their Lights, for fear
Some cunning Beam might spie a Cranny there.

175.

Before the inmost Gate, a mighty Moat
The Palace far from Dangers did divide:
No Bridge it knew, and but one single Boat,
In which no more than one at once could ride;
And this unto the shore fast Pris'ner was
Under a Chain of Steel, and Lock of Brasse.

176.

Upon that shore in due Array was set
With Weapons ready drawn, a treble Watch,
That no *Disturbance* might presume to put
Its finger forth, or touch the jealous Latch:
They with a loud alarm all roused were
If but the Image of a *Noise* came there.

177.

But in that House, so dark and so profound
That Hell it selfe seems there sunk down in Hell;
A Thing, O how much more than Monster, drown'd
Yet deeper in selfe-torturings, did dwell
One who had chose Disquiet for her Rest,
One who all Furies is to her own breast.

178.

Suspition is her Name: Full is her Head
Of thoughtfull Eyes, which alwaies learning seem,
And alwaies wide ope; for they know no Lid
Which might betwixt Labour interpose and them.
They look on *Sleep*, as on a treacherous Thing
Who might bring Dangers under his black Wing.

179.

But chiefly upon One Another they,
Their jealous and misgiving Glances throw;
And 'cause they can no grounds of fear bewray,
Of the more deep-layd Dangers fearfull grow:
And whil'st they all thus mutually stare,
Each bids his brother of himselfe beware.

180.

Her large thin Ear stood always prick'd upright
To catch each Sound and Whisper that came neer:
Sometimes, as her own Fancie took its flight
But through her head, she thought some Noise was there.
Her hollow Cheeks had gaped long for meat,
But Doubts and Fears forbad her still to eat.

181.

In every Dish and Cup she seem'd to see
Some Poyson slily laid in Ambushment.
Alas, and could there any Venome be
So venomous as she, who might have lent
New power to Dragons stings; and mad each field
Of *Thessaly*, fairer Cropps of Poyson yeild.

182.

Her Garments were inpenetrable Steel,
Of the same Temper with great *Satans* shield;
A brazen Buckler did her left Hand fill,
And in her right, a mighty Sword she held:
Weapons with which she never did entend
To fight, but onely her own Head defend.

183.

Her Chair had fourty iron Feet; which all
Where double nayled to the ground; Yet she
Beleeved not but still the Seat might fall
By sudden undermining Treachery:
This made her seldome sit; and when she did,
Over her shoulder still she turn'd her Head.

184.

No Morning pass'd, but some on Work she set
To make her new Keyes; being jealous still
Her Foes might patterns of her old ones get.
Seav'n times a moneth she changed her broad Seal;
As her own Selfe she would have done, had she
Known how to alter her Deformity.

185.

With contradicting Thoughts her Breast did rise,
Which were no sooner liked, but rejected:
She boulted every Counsell twice or thrice,
And what did first seem, she most suspected.
Oft would she skip and fling about, and start,
Sometimes at the meer Motion of her Heart.

186.

An Oath of strict Allegiance thrice a day
She forc'd her numerous Family to take;
And chang'd their Offices as oft, least they
Themselves too strong for her Commands might make.
Strange *Officers*, yet fitting to attend
Upon so true and Soveraign a *Fiend*.

187.

The first was tall and big-bon'd *Cowardize*
Whose lazy Neck upon her shoulders lay,
And both her Hands upon her Head; her Eyes
Were alwayes winking least the dint of Day
Should them surprise; between her leggs she hid
Her Taile, which, as it touch'd them, shivered.

188.

Next Her, stood *Cruelty*, supported by
Advantage; in her Hands all Engins were
And fell Inventions of Tyrannie: (were there,
What Hooks, what Forks, what Whips, what Racks
What Insultation, what Wrath, what War,
What Wounds, what Salvagnesse, what Massacre!

189.

Close in the Corner stood pale *Thoughtfulnesse*,
Upon whose lips fast sealed *Silence* sate:
Her businesse was a thousand things to guesse;
She stamp'd, her head she scratch'd, her breast she beat,
Her wearied Eyes she nailed on the ground,
And in her endlesse selfe, her selfe she drown'd.

190.

About the Room ran furious *Discontent*,
And when all others did escape her War,
She wag'd it with her selfe; her Clothes she rent,
Her cheeks she gashed, and she tore her hair:
But *Malice* slily crept, and dealt her spight
Unto her Neighbours in a secret Fight.

191.

Yet slippery *Guile* was nimbler than the rest:
Her quaint Attire was of *Chamelions* skins;
She in two minutes could become at least
An hundred *Virtues* and as many *Sins*;
All *Polypusse's* feet she had, and was
Fortunes true Echo, *Proteus's* looking-glasse.

192.

With Her, was complementall *Flatery*,
With silver Tongue, and more than golden Words:
Her hand she alwayes kiss'd, and bent her knee,
But in her Mantle hid two poys'ned swords.
Of these, and thousand others like to them,
Did foule *Suspition* her house-hold frame.

193.

When *Lucifer* had raked many Dens
And found no *Fury* furious enough
To manage his Designe; at last he runs
Down to this sinck, where as He 'gan to show
His sulphury face, the Porters quickly knew
Their *Sultan*, and the Gates wide open threw.

194.

The Boat flew from its chain to meet His feet
And wafted Him unto the Privy *Watch*;
Down fell their Swords; up went their Hands, to greet
Their *Soveraigns* Comming, and to draw the Latch:
Suspition started as they op'd the Door,
And wonder'd why her Doggs bark'd not before.

195.

But dread and Awe had stopp'd their Mouthes, as now
They seal'd Hers too, to see grand *Lucifer*;
She fear'd the worst; and thought that in his brow
She read some lines of Wrath and Spight to Her.
But He wip'd from his Lips the Fire and Smoake,
And, with a Kisses Preface, thus He spoke.

196.

Madame, be not afraid, for well I know
And love my Friends, and thou art one of them;
Witnesse that mighty Trust which I will now
Treasure in Thee; it is my Diadem,
My Diadem is lost, if thou dost not
Procure Destruction to *Maries Brat*.

197.

Herod will doe his best, (I know him well,)
If he be aided by thy Inspiration;
There's not an Heart that lives, where more of Hell
Has taken up its earthly habitation:
Adde but thy Power, and He will be compleat,
And bravely venture on the barbarous Feat.

198.

Thy Handmayd *Cruelty* alone will be
Sufficient; take but Her along, and goe.
When Thou that *Baby-Gods* Blood bring'st to Me,
I'le plant a Crown upon thy worthy Brow,
And set Thee on an ever-burning Throne,
Wher thou shalt raign *Queen of Perdition*.

199.

Glad was the *Hag* to hear the businesse, and
Promis'd her *Lord* her utmost Faith and Care;
Who laying on her head his sooty Hand,
Cri'd, Take Hells Blessing with Thee, ô my Dear,
Successe attend thy Loyalty, and may,
Heav'ns envious Tyrant not disturb thy way.

200.

Forthwith, through *Asphaltite's* odious Lake
She tore her Path, and in the mid'st boil'd up:
The *Sulphure* started, and the Banks did shake,
Down to the *Bottome* fled the frighted *Top*;
That most victorious *Stinck*, which there did dwell
Till now, could not endure Her stronger Smell.

Horo

201.

Horror on all the Elements did ſeize,
And taught the reſt, aſwell as Earth, to quake.
Blaſting deflour'd the Medows, and the Trees;
Her Noiſe a thouſand Witche's Ghoſts did wake,
And made the Night-ravens croke, the Scritchowles
The Dogs houle, & the fatall Mandraks ſhriek, (ſqueek

202.

All Men and Beaſts fled from her frightfull Face;
And Heav'n it ſelfe would fain have run away,
Had it but known of any other Place
Beſides its own, where to have turn'd that Day.
Yet *Phebus* made a ſhift to lurk and crow'd
His Eye behinde the Curtaine of a Cloud.

203.

But when ſhe mark'd how *Nature* ſhunn'd her ſight,
She with Inviſibility array'd
Her ſelfe, and, unſuſpected as the Light,
To *Herods* Palace ſtole; where *Care* had layd
The *Tyrant* faſt aſleep; Into whoſe breaſt
Her Conſort, and her Selfe the *Fury* thruſt.

204.

As when a Viper ſqueas'd into his Bowle
By *Treaſons* ſecret hand, a heedleſſe King
Drinks down; the Poyſon in his Guts doth roule,
And with a War of Pangs his Entrails wring:
So did this Monſter with tempeſtuous Smart,
Rage in the Bowells of fell *Herods* Heart.

205.

A thouſand Fancies and ſelfe-thwarting Fears
Ran through his Soul, and chas'd Sleep from his Eyes:
When, ſtarting up, his griezly Beard He tears,
And round about his Chamber curſing Flies:
He curs'd Himſelfe, and Heav'n, and all its Stars,
But chiefly that which pointed out his fears.

206.

Have I, ſaid He, thus long attended on
My petty Buſineſſe, whil'ſt my Crown and Head
Lie at the Stake! Have I let Treaſon run
And gather ſtrength upon my life to tread!
Fie *Herod*, fie! Wert thou that onely He
Who did a Scepter count Felicity!

207.

What Madneſſe made Thee ſuffer thoſe bold *Kings*
Who blaz'd the Birth of the *Jeſſean Prince*,
To prate in *Salem* of ſuch dangerous Things!
Hadſt thou not fire and ſword to chaſe them thence!
Could not thy flaming Steel have ſhined far
More potently than their enchanting *Star*?

208.

But all the Furies ſtings are due to thee,
For truſting their bare Word, for their Return.
Art thou that famous King of Policie
Who by thy Brain didſt for thy Temples earn
The Crown they wear! and canſt thou coſened be
By three old doting Mens poor ſubtilty?

209.

See now how for thy credulous Courteſie
Thou art repayd: Thoſe Kings the News have ſpred
Through all the Regions of *Arabie*;
And by a joint conſent have made an head
To tear fool'd *Herod* from his Throne, and ſet
That Infant, as a wiſer Prince, on it.

210.

Me thinks I ſmell the Battell drawing neer,
And ſee the Veng'ance of my careleſſe Brain;
Me thinks the Thunder of their Arms I hear,
And ſee their Lightning flaſhing on the Plain:
Me thinks the Aire about my Ears doth ring
The ſhouted Name of *Iſraels new-born King*.

211.

The Superſtitious *Prieſts* will all comply
With the new *Powers* againſt deſpiſed Me,
And triumph that their reverend Propheſie
In my dethroning They fulfilled ſee.
My *Idumean* Stock too well they know,
And much adoe I had to make them bow.

212.

As for the giddy *Multitude* whom I
Have with an heavy Scepter preſſed down,
All Change to them will ſeem Felicity,
Who all Conditions like before their own:
But when Religion calls to Innovation,
What Banks can curb a *popular Inundation*?

213.

My *Nobles* all will take the ſtronger ſide
In hopes to ſerve a gentler Prince than I:
Good ſtore of Coin they have to looſe, with wide
And fair poſſeſſions, which will cloſely tie
Them to the Eaſtern Powers, and make them run
With them to idolize the Riſing Sun.

214.

Heav'n is a Thing which owes Me no good Will,
Nor have I reaſon to expect its aid;
'Twas ever my Deſire, and is ſo ſtill,
To be mine own God: I confeſſe I layd
Some Moneyes out upon the Temple, but
To mine own Ends I dedicated it.

215.

None have I left to truſt but onely Thee,
O Thou my high and once Heroick Heart!
Why may not ſome exploit of Crueltie
Heightned beyond Example make Fate ſtart?
Why may not *Herod*'s Sword cut out that Leaf
Of *Deſtinie* which doth enroll his Grief?

216.

It muſt and ſhall be ſo: I will not own
A Tyrants Name for Nothing: let the Head
Of *Ceſar* weare the Worlds Imperiall Crown
With love and gentleneſs embelliſhed;
So I may ſafely reign, and ſhew this Age
The *King of Wrath*, and *Emperour of Rage*.

217.

And let *Heav'ns Soveraigne* thank himſelf, if I
Torment him with a ſtouter ſin, than yet
In his ſcorn'd face from Earth did ever flie:
Who bid Him wake my Fears? Who bid Him ſet
An ominous Comet to out-ſtare my Reſt,
And light Warrs journey hither from the Eaſt?

218.

From two years old and under, every Childe
That breaths in *Bethleem*, and the Quarters round
(That of my purpoſe I be not beguild)
Shall be my ſacrifice: and if no Wound
Amongſt all thoſe can finde my *Rivalls* Heart,
Then let Him ſcape; I ſhall have done my part.

219.

But ſure it cannot miſs: And then I wonder
What can the vain *Arabian* forces doe:
If the foundation once be ſplit in ſunder,
On in their building they will never goe;
If I their *Infant* in his Budde doe crop,
Surely the dangerous floure will ne'r grow up.

220.

This ſaid. He nodds his ſpeciall ſervant, (one
Who might have Engine been to *Pluto*, and
The deadlieſt buſ'neſs of all Hell have done,)
Who joying in his Soveraigns Command,
The black Commiſſion writ, which was to be
In blood tranſcribed by the Souldierie.

221.

For *Herod* had an armed Crew, which He
With mighty Care and Coſt had pick'd and choſe
From *Idumea*, *Scythia*, *Barbarie*;
Men ruder than their Countries; all ſworne Foes
Unto Humanitie; their Looks of Braſs,
Their Hands of Steel, their Heart of Marble was.

222.

As practiz'd Tigres in the Theatre
Let looſe unto their keen and hungry ſpight,
With dreadfull joy haſt to their wiſhed War;
Where with their looks the helpleſs ſlaves they fright
Out of their lives, and then their Bodies tear,
Slaying again what firſt they kill'd by fear.

223.

So did theſe *Caytiffs* unto *Bethleem* run
With Knives and Fauchions arm'd, and with their more
Inhumane Weapon, their *Commiſſion*,
Counting Delay their Torment. With a Roar
They entered the Town, and could not chooſe
But ſignifie all Hell was now broke looſe.

224.

There they, in *Herods* Name proclaim, that they
By Him were ſent a punctuall Liſt to take
Of all the Infants which from ſuch a Day
In *Bethleem* and its Coaſts were born: for lack
Of every ones appearance, threatning to
The Infant Death, and to the Mother Woe.

225.

Theſe Summons through the Town and Country flew;
And when the next Days Sun had reach'd its height,
Into the Market place all Mothers drew
Who in their Arms their tender Burdens brought:
A Sight which might all Beaſts unbarbarize,
Yet drew no Pitty from theſe Souldiers Eys.

226.

For they a Watch at every corner ſet,
And then with all Extremities of Rage
Their monſtrous Charge in Execution put.
The Sun's Eye never yet beheld a Stage
So full of Tragedies, nor Hell ſpred forth
In ſuch a ſalvage Pageant on the Earth.

227.

In vain the lamentable Mothers Cries
And Tears, and Prayers, and loud Expoſtulations
Mix'd with their Infant Shrieks; although the Skies
They fill'd, and rent with their ſtrong Exclamations:
For ſtill the unrelenting Souldiers Ear
Nothing but *Herod*'s fell Command would hear.

228.

Their Preys they by the Arme, or Leg, or Head
From their ſofte native Sanctuaries tore;
Whoſe blood as in that barbarous ſtrife they ſhed,
They daub'd the Mothers with the Childrens gore,
And then their Bowells in their faces threw:
Sure they had none, who thus could others ſhew.

The

229.

The Townsmen who this Massacre beheld,
Could lend no Succour to the Infant's Crie;
By stiffe Astonishment some being kill'd,
Others by cruell Fear enforc'd to flie,
Not knowing but the Souldiers dire *Commission*
Might adde the Fathers to their Babes Perdition.

230.

Heer *Sarah* kiss'd an Arm, *Rebecca* there
A Legg; all that was left of eithers Son:
Heer *Rachel* Earth, and Air, and Heav'n did tear
With her impatient Lamentation,
Having but two bemangled Hands to show (now.
Of those sweet Twinns which suck'd her breast but

231.

Thus this most harmless flock of tender Lambs
A wo full Heap of fragments did become,
Their milkie fleeces, and their whiter Names
Being dyed deep in rubie Martyrdome:
Thus fruitfull *Rama*, now made childeless mourn'd,
Thus all the Market was to Shambles turn'd.

232.

One Nurse was there, who when the Souldier caught
Her *Infant* by the throat, cri'd out, Beware,
This is great *Herods* Sonne; and if you doubt,
An hundred Witnesses heer ready are.
She cri'd; but e'r she had pronounc'd that Word,
The Infants Heart was bleeding on the Sword.

233.

Thus provident Veng'ance met the *Tyrant* in
The forefront of his Crime, whilst blinded by
His hasty Feats, his Rage he doth begin
At his own Bowells: *Herod's Sonne* must die,
And *Heavn's* escape the Sword, though He alone
Was the aime of this vast destruction.

234.

This, when the slaughter *Fame* at *Rome* had told,
And *Cesars* ear with just amazement fill'd
Made Him crie out: Were I to chuse, I would
Be *Herod's* Hog much rather than his Child.
But *Cesar* knew not what the Babe did gaine,
Nor that He now more than himself did reign.

235.

These roseall Budds of early Martyrdome
Transplanted were to *Paradise*, and there
Beyond the reach of *Herod*, did become
Floures of eternall bliss, whose Temples are (Palms
Imbrac'd with crowns of joy, whose hands with
Whose eyes with beams, whose tongues are fill'd with
(psalms.

236.

But now the *Blood-hounds* back to *Herod* went
And brandish'd on their stained Swords the Sign
Of their owne guilt. The sight gave high content
To their fell *Soveraign*, hoping the Divine
Infant was now destroyd, and that his Crown
In spight of all *Arabia* was his own.

237.

Yet to make sure (for in a *Tyrants* breast
Suspition like the *Vulture* faind to gnaw
On *Tytius* Soul, makes its eternall feast,)
The Jews he summons by a rigid Law
Without the least exception, to swear
Allegiance unto Him, and to his Heir.

238.

Alas, He little thought his slaughterd *Son*
Was now become a stronger Foe, than those
Arabian Kings his own Suspition
Had arm'd against himselfe; or that there rose
From the massacred Babes, a mighty Band
Which scornd the power both of his Head & Hand.

239.

For now these *Infants* Blood to Heav'n did send
A louder Crie than had their Mothers done:
Nor doth the great *Creators Justice* lend
A readier Ear to any Plantiffs Moan,
Than unto this: although Mortality
Belongs to Man, Mans Blood can never die.

240.

Next neighbour to the Dead Seas poys'nous shore
There stands a gloomy Grove, where cheerly Day
Had never roome to shew her face, such store
Of Box, Yew, Cypress, dammed up her way;
Whose fatall Brows and Branches every where
With Owls, and Batts, and Ravens impeopled are.

241.

Beside, a sturdie Mist of Stinck doth stick
Upon the wretched Air, and her defloure
Unwholsome Vapors gathering black and thick
Drop morn and ev'n into a venomous shour,
Where drunk up by the curs'd Earth below
It makes the Hemlocks and the Poppy grow.

242.

Amidst these dismall shades, is sunk a Cave,
At whose black Door, unceasant *Cries*, and *Groans*,
And *Ejulations* the Office have
Of never sleeping Porters: all the Stones
Hang thick with Tears, being mov'd to that Com-
By the sad *Genius* of their Habitation. (passion

243

The Mistresse of the House doth alway lie
Upon her weary Bed; which hedged in
By melancholick Curtains, doth supply
The Graves dark Office, and aforehand 'gin
To teach her what her Coffin ment, and what
Her Herse, which ready by her Couch were set.

244.

Her Pillows were of softest Down, but yet
On churlish Thorns and Stones she seem'd to lie:
Oft did she tosse and turn and tumble, but
Could never shift her sturdy Griefe, which by
That Motion onely wakened was, and did
But gather strength to roll about the Bed.

245.

Shootings, and Megrims raged in her Head,
A desperate squinsey dammed up her throat,
The tawny Jaundise in her Eyes was spred,
The Tooth-ache of her Jaws full Power had got,
Stark-raving Madnes sate upon her Tongue,
Ten thousand Cramps her shrivel'd Body wrung.

246.

The Fever, Colick, Griping, Strangury,
Gout, Apoplexie, Scurvy, Pestilence,
Stone, Rupture, Phthisis, Dropsie, Pluriſie,
Flux, Surfet, Asthma, and the confluence
Of all divided Deaths, united were
In one strange Masse, and learn'd to live in Her.

247.

The odious Scab, the ever-gnawing Itch,
The stinging Bile, the wasting Leprosie
The banefull Pocks, the Wolf and Canker (which
On her make fat their dreadfull Luxury,)
Conspire with every sort of horrid Sore
To clothe her round with most infectious Gore.

248.

Pots, Papyrs, Glasses, sweet and stinking Things,
Were marshal'd on a Cup-bord standing by,
Which *Physick* brought to ease those Pangs and Stings,
Or at the least cure her own Poverty.
Costly Additions unto Pain were these,
And onely eas'd the Purses Pluriſies.

249.

For though full many a dear Docter there
Talk'd words as strange as her Diseases; yet
Her pertinacious Torments would not hear
Either there Druggs of Nature or of Wit,
Nor minde their Stories, or regard at all
Their Oracles out of the Urinall.

250.

Her whining Kindred stood about the Bed,
And, though, alas, her case were too too plain,
With tedious Love, still ask'd Her, how she did,
Heaping that Crambe on her other Pain:
Their fond Remembrances would never let
Her any one of all her Pangs forget.

251.

Down to this Loathsome She, sterne *Justice* came;
Tall was her Person and her Looks were high,
Strength in her martiall Sinews made its home;
Darts of keen fire did stream from either Eye;
For she, what e'r Men Fancy, Eyes can finde;
Alas, Earths *Justice*, and not Heav'ns, is blinde.

252.

Her right Hand held a Sword of two-edg'd flame,
Her left a Ballance: in one Scale did lie
A mighty Masse inscrib'd with *Herods* Name,
A Masse of Pride and bloody Tyranny,
Which press'd it down to Hell: Mean while the other
Fill'd with vain Winde, flew up and left its Brother.

253.

When *Sickneſſe* (for that was the *Furies* Name)
Beheld her Soveraign Queen, she rais'd her Head,
And to obeysance did her Body frame;
Black Streams of poys'nous Gore straight issued
From all her Sores, and with outragious stinck
Ran down into her Beds contagious sink.

254.

Up up, said *Justice*, and be dress'd apace;
I on an earnest errand thee must send:
Time was when thou a tedious Way did'st trace
At *Hells* and envious *Lucifers* Command;
Usurpers, which have no just power on thee;
'Tis fit thou doe as much for Heav'n and Me.

255.

Unto the Land of *Uz* they made thee run,
And poure the bottome of thy whole despight;
Upon the reverend Body of a Man
Which was with matchlesse Purity bedight.
More fair and bright was *Job* in Heav'ns esteem,
Than thou to Earth did'st make him Horrid seem.

256.

He heap'd this Scale as full of Virtue, as
Fell *Herod* has repleniſh'd it with Vice:
That empty one, so lightly hovering, was
His Score of faults, but meer Vacuities;
Thin as the Aire, which though it dusky be
Sometimes with Clouds, regains its purity.

257.

See now thou recompence that Injury
By righteous Vengance upon *Herod*: Loe
I here unbridle thy Extremitie,
And give thee leave in free carreer to goe.
Goe then, and fully use thy full Command;
His Body and his Life are in thy Hand.

258.

So spake the *Queen of everlasting Dread*,
And in her Black Cloud mounted home again.
When *Sicknes* leaping from her nasty Bed,
And in feirce haste forgetting her own Pain,
Furnish'd her self with every bitter sting
Which most might torture the Condemned King.

259.

Then to her gloomy Chariot she went,
Which of a poisnous Vapour framed was:
Her speed was headlong, so was her Intent,
And into *Herods* Court she soon did presse;
For she by no slow paced Coursers Drawn,
But by a pestilentiall Blast was blown.

260.

Unseen she came, and did so sliely guide
Her stealing Chariots silent Wheels, that she
Quite down the *Tyrants* cursed throat did glide
As does his unsuspected Breath, which he
Lets in to fan his heart: But this Blast came
Quite to blow out, and not to puff his flame,

261.

Yet e'r it blew it out it strove to frie
His black Soule in the fornace of his Breast.
Forthwith his Entrails sing'd and scalded by
An hidden fire, frighted away his Rest:
He would have rise, but strait he felt his Pains
Had with their Fire-branes mixed heavy Chains.

262.

His Strength deceiv's him, and his Bed is now
His onely throne, where he the King doth raign
Of mighty Torments; all his Bowells grown
Exulcerated with deep-gnawing Pain;
And Water swelling underneath his Skin
Adds scoffing torture to the fire within.

263.

His shamfull Parts are made more odious by
Right down *Carruption*, which grew fertile there
With monstrous Vermin, whose impatient frie
Their most unpittied Prey aforehand tear;
The leisure of his grave they scorn'd to stay,
But undermine his Heart, and eat their way.

264.

And yet a *Worm* far worse then those, was got
Thither before, which did his Conscience gnaw;
To stifle which, long did He labour; but
The trusty Torment still did stronger grow,
And wound about his guilty Soule so close,
That no Inventions power could get it loose.

265.

His Sinews shrunk, and all his Joynts forgot
The ready service of their wonted motions.
The Aire which He had long defil'd would not
Wait on his Lungs, but frequent Suffocations
Forc'd him to die as many deaths, as He
Indebted stood for by long Tiranny.

266.

Oft did he call his Freinds; but neither they
Nor his Physitians durst come neer his Bed:
For his hell-breathing stinck obstructs the way
To Physick and to Freindship. Never did
The Feinds below more loud for Pitty crie,
Nor finde lesse comfort for their Misery.

267.

The dismall scene of *Bethlehem-slaughter* now
Was open layd unto his burning Soule;
The running shreiking Mothers there he saw,
And all the Infants Blood; which seem'd to roule
Into his Bosome in a violent stream;
Yet not to quench, but to augment the flame.

268.

An hundred Furies at hot contestation
Which first upon his bloody Heart should seize,
With Hells wide mouth, and the grand Preparation
To entertain him there; at large he sees:
And seems to hear all Ages poure a stream
Of cursing Detestations on his Name.

269.

To Heav'n He would not, and he could not cry,
But let the reins loose to wilde *Desperation*:
And now resolved once for all to die,
Contrives how He might his owne murther fashion;
And by his never-daunted cruelty
Upon himselfe conclude his Tyrannie.

270.

He thought of Poyson: but He had no friend
Who would that cruell Courtesie supply:
Besides, he fear'd no Venome could contend
With his extreemly-poisnous Malady.
At length, by woefull Fortune, He espi'd
His Faucnion hanging by his Couches side.

Which

271.

Which as He ſnatch'd, a venturous Page ran in
And ſtopp'd the ſtroke: but could not ſtop his throat,
Which ſtraight He opened to an equall Sin
And in the face of Heav'n ſpew'd out his hot
Impatient Blaſphemies; next which, He threw
His Courſes upon all the World he knew.

272.

Mean while, to priſon, where his Son in Chains
He kept, the falſe News of his death was ſpred:
Which whil'ſt *Antipater* gladly entertains,
His Smiles became the price of his own head.
Herod but heard he ſmil'd, and now the Worms
Had eat his Bowells, at his Son he ſtorms.

273.

Yet ſhall that Villan know that I, ſaid He
Have Life and Rage enough Him to deſtroy.
Now by theſe ſinall Spirits which pant in me
I ſwear, His Life ſhall anſwer for his Joy.
Fetch me his Heart, that with theſe Vermin here
Their fellow-trayter, I, all torn, may tear.

274.

Their fellow-trayter, and their Fellow-Son,
For from my Body ſprung both He and They;
And both conſpire in my deſtruction,
By Gnawing they, by ſmiling He. Away,
Fetch me his Heart, that having bleſs'd mine Eye
With that deare ſight, I may the cheerlyer dy.

275.

Yet not content with this ſole Sacrifice
To his vaſt fury; he contrives a way
How all his *Nobles* to his Obſequies
No leſſe than all their Blood and lives might pay:
That Sighs and Tears might wait upon his Herſe,
If not for his own Death, at leaſt for theirs

276.

But Heav'n prevented this fell Plot; and He
Now having five dayes liv'd, and felt his Death,
No Prayers, but his wonted Blaſphemy
Repeated, and blew out his ſinall breath.
So an old Dragon when his Spirits flit,
Breaths his laſt Poyſon, and his Life with it.

277.

Hell had his Soul no ſooner ſwallowed
But pious *Joſephs Angel* hither came;
And as the Saint lay on his ſober Bed,
Painted the News unto Him in his Dream:
Bidding Him now return to *Jewry*, where
The ſtorm was over, and the Coaſt grown clear.

278.

Thus did th' *Angel* his own Word fulfull,
And juſtifie the *Prophets* Viſion;
For great *Hoſea* did of old fore-tell
That out of *Egypt God* had call'd his *Son*.
Joſeph awakes, and unto *Mary* ſhews
The long-expected, and now welcome News.

279.

His thrifty Houſe-hold-ſtuffe then packing up,
And tenderly providing for his dear
And mighty Charge; He makes no doubt or ſtop,
(A pious Breaſt allows no room for fear
When e'r Heav'n ſummons it:) but cheerly ſets
Onward his Way, before the Day permits.

280.

For now the *Morn* lay long before ſhe roſe,
And dull *Aquarius* would not wake the Sun
Till it was late. Thus did thy hardy *Spouſe*
In the Years moſt diſconſolate Portion
His journey take; and teach Thee what to doe
At any time when Heav'n ſhall bid Thee goe.

281.

This the Ninthe Winter was, which ſeal'd the Earth
With Ice, and covered his Seal with Snow,
Since by his own, to Wonders *He* gave Birth,
Who in a Soil moſt like to that did grow:
Bate but the cold and churliſh Qualities,
And what's a Virgins Womb, but Snow and Ice?

282.

This Age had more inabled Him to bear
A ſpeedy Journey, and did much allay
The ſcruples of his tender *Parents* Care;
Who now with greater haſte devour'd their way,
Than when to *Egypt* they did pick their Path;
And thus, in peace, reach'd their old *Nazareth*.

283.

Their *Nazareth*; for ſacred *Propheſies*
By adamantine Bands are ſurely tied
To their Effects: The Fire ſhall ſooner freeze,
All Mettalls in a Bank of Snow be tried,
The Sun becauſe of Night, of Drought the Rain,
Then Falſehood any *Prophets* Tongue can ſtain.

284.

Thoſe quick-ey'd *Seers* long agoe had ſeen
His Habitation there; and had foretold
His humble Surname ſhould be, *Nazarene*:
A Name of holy Dignity of old,
Which ſate fair on all pious Heads, untill
It was out-ſhined by the *Chriſtian Stile*.

And,

285.

And, *Pſyche*, what ſhould We doe longer here!
Come let Us follow their deare Steps, and ſee
Some further Marvells of thy *Spouſe*, and where
He proſecuted *Loves* ſweet *Myſtery*.
This ſaid: He gave his Steeds the Reins, and they
Together with the Winde ſnuff'd up their Way.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO IX.

The Temptation.

ARGUMENT.

IN the dead Deſert, Love; *Whom ſalvage Beaſts*
Acknowledged, by eager Famin *is*
Aſſail'd, who forty Dayes upon Him feaſts;
To her ſharp Teeth, ſlie Satan *joyneth his*
Soft Tongue; yet both their utmoſt Powers, ſet
But ope the way unto their own Defeat.

1.

WHat reach of Reaſon e'r could Fadome, why
Slight *Duſt* and *Aſhes*, vile *Corruptions Son*,
The Heir apparent to the Miſery
Which lives in Death, and blends Deſtruction
With all its Life, the Worms own uterine *Brother*,
The Modell of all Blots and Spots together,

2.

Should ſo inamour *Heav'n*, as to obtain
The Dignity of higheſt *Favorite*;
And in his *Makers* grace ſo freely raign,
That They ſhould ſervice doe to Him, whoſe bright
Extraction no acquaintance knows with Earth,
Nor did Pollution e'r deflour their Birth;

3.

Had not Almighty *Love* vouchſaf'd to take
This lump of Clay and mould Himſelfe in it:
By which intire Conjunction He did make
The totall Maſſe of worthleſſe Vileneſſe fit
To ſit on Honors Throne, and there receive
The Service Angells bluſh not now to give.

4.

For now the Heav'ns are well content to ſpare
Part of their *Quire* to wait on Us below,
Knowing their Maſters Brethren ſojourne here,
Who by their very *Duſt* that Kindred ſhow:
Thus is our Badge of ſhame advanc'd to be
The ſtamp of our ſublime Nobility.

5.

In love and reverence to *Jesus*, who
Upon the loftiest Creſt of all Creation
Has fix'd for ever our poor *Nature*, ſo
That under her high feet, full *Adoration*
Has room to kneel, their ſeadly Service they
Ev'n to the meaneſt of his Kins-folks pay.

6.

How little think vain Kings, who build their Pride
On th' arm'd Protection of their numerous Guard,
The ſimpleſt of their Slaves are dignifi'd
With Heav'ns illuſtrious Hoſte, who watch and ward
Their ſeverall Charges, which though ſcorned things
Below, are yet above deſign'd for Kings.

7.

With Arms diſplayed, and with open Breaſt
They ſtand to catch Us when we falling are
Into this hard and dangerous Life; and leaſt
The Fall ſhould hurt Us, with their ſofteſt Care
They ſtir their Fethers up, that in that Bed
Of Sweetneſſe we may reſt our infant Head.

8.

Alas our other Nurſes help were vain,
So were our Mothers tendereſt Care, did Theſe
Dear Foſterers not help them to maintain
Their proper Parts: And though thoſe chance to ceaſe,
Theſe ſtill perſue Loves Task; Hard Mothers may
Forget their Sons, but that will never they.

9.

O no: Theſe bleſſed *Guardians* are Things
Of tri'd and never-failing Tenderneſſe;
Such as their everlaſting Snowie Wings,
Such as the living Smiles and Joyes which dreſſe
The Court of Heav'n, Such as the dainty Aire
Which makes deer *Paradiſe* both ſoft and fair.

10.

Yet when juſt Cauſe awakes their noble Might,
No *Scythian* Rock ſtands halfe ſo ſtiffe as they,
No *Libian* Lyon marcheth to the fight
With higher Courage, nor afflicts his Prey
With deeper Terror, then theſe Champions, who
Into the Liſts in certain Triumph goe.

11.

Nor needleſſe is this potent Aid; ſince We
Are by ſpirituall Foes impugned, and
The *Powers of Darkneſſe*, and Artillery
Of Hell againſt Us in pitch'd Battell ſtand;
Whom *Belzebub*, their Generall, with Spight
And ever flaming Rage, fires to the Fight.

12.

What can poor Lambs againſt the Tygre doe?
How ſhall the Partridge with the Griffen fight?
How ſhall a Cockboat to the *Indies* goe
When Tempeſts Riſe, and make Seas ſtand upright?
By *Duſt* how ſhall the *Serpent* be withſtood
When he gapes to devour his uſuall Food?

13.

Alas the feeble *Duſt* is helpleſſe; but
Theſe *Freinds* long ſince have with the *Dragon* fought;
And at the firſt ſo clear a Conqueſt got,
That ever ſince that heav'n-renowned Rout,
Wilde *Lucifer* is in their preſence tame,
And trembles like the burnt Childe at the flame.

14.

He trembles; if the Boldneſſe of our Sin
Adds not freſh courage to his failing heart;
For then on Us He by our ſelves doth Win;
Nor can our *Guardians* perform their part
With due Succeſſe, when by ſelf-treaſon we
Our forces joyn with Hells conſpiracy.

15.

When to mad *Fancy* Sleep doth give the rein,
Unto polluted Dreams theſe ſtop the way,
That no high-fed and tickling Thoughts may ſtain
The clouded Soule: For, who, alas, can ſay
I always am my Self, and, though aſleep,
The conſtant Watch of Chaſtity can keep?

16.

Theſe lend Us Aid, when any Danger neer
Our ſtrait-beſeiged Soule or Body draws;
Theſe intercept all Hell; Theſe by that cleer
Luſtre which flows from their own bleſſed Brows
Shew us the Way to Peace, and lend Us too
Their Wings, when we are faint, and cannot goe.

17.

Theſe fire a Soule, and make her towre above
Theſe groſſe, yet empty things which flag below:
Theſe ſteer Us through the Miracles of Love,
And teach Us in Heav'ns Ocean how to row;
Theſe all are Brethren unto *Phylax*, who
What he for *Pſyche* did, for Us will doe.

18.

Their way his Steeds had now recovered,
And *Paleſtine* regain'd: When he aſide
Sloped his Bridle, and his Journey ſped
Into another Deſert, wilde and wide,
By whoſe intemperate Drought old *Jordan* Was
Affrighted ſo, that he far off did paſſe.

As

19.

As *Psyche* wonder'd at the ruefull Place,
Amongst whose desolate Nothings strait she lost
Her questioning Eye; with a divine Imbrace
Phylax encourag'd Her; and, though thou dost
Not yet behold, said He, the Price of thy
Long voyage, thou shalt finde it by and by.

20.

With that, He stai'd his Coach; and thus went on
With his Discourse: O my thrice deerest Dear
(Because most pretious to my *Makers Son*,
Who is my *Maker* too;) this Desert here
Is but another Sceen, where thy sweet *Lord*
More fuell for thy wonder did afford.

21.

It was repriev'd from bearing other fruit,
That it in Miracles might fertile be;
In Miracles, whose high and glorious bruit
Shall fill the ears of *Time* as long as He
Hath leggs to run; and when He dropps into
His grave, in triumph o'r his Tombe shall goe.

22.

When thirty times thy *Spouse* had seen the Sun
Change all his Inns, whose golden Signs are hung
Upon the Zodiaks Girdle: reverend *John*
Unto the World unlock'd his holy Tongue,
And drew by heav'nly Summons mighty Store
Of wondering People unto *Jordans* shore.

23.

Thy *Spouse*, hid in his own Humility,
Mix'd with the Crow'd and to the Baptisme came.
Thus in the Margin of the swelling Sea
Oft times there roules in a tumultuous stream
Of Sand and Gravell, some rich Gem or other
Which in that presse doth its own luster smother.

24.

How there He was Baptized, how a Crown
Of Heav'ns best beams perch'd on his fairer head,
How his coæquall *Spirit* hovered down,
And what Applause his *Father* thundered,
I would relate, but that it hugs thy heart;
For with this Story now thou *Girded* art.

25.

But by that nimble *Doves* eternall Wings
He's hither hastned from that Rivers shore,
And purity unto the Drie Land brings
As to the Water He had done before.
Yet nothing else hee brought; nor Drink, nor Meat;
He hither came to Fight, and not to Eate.

26.

He came to Fight; and bravely to revenge
The whole Worlds Quarrell which subdued lay,
E'r since through Mans unwary Heart the strange
Bullet burst ope its death-deriving way,
Which, as it smiling hung upon the Tree,
Fond hee an harmlesse Apple took to be.

27.

He came to Fight; and soon his Foes He met
All-arm'd with Power, but much more with Rage:
Had hee been lesse than what he was, those great
Antagonists had made this Place the Stage
Of his sad Tragedie, which prov'd at last
The Theatre of his triumphant *Fast*.

28.

Before I tell thee who did first appeare
In these strange Lists; observe that parched Hill.
That Throne of Barrennesse and Squallour; there
Against the hungry North thou see'st a Cell
Which long hath gaped, but could never finde
Any Relieſe as yet, but sapleſſe Winde.

29.

That Den's the Dwelling of that Champion who
First ventur'd on a Combat face to face
With God *Incarnate*; one as like to doe
The Feat of Spight, as any of the Race
Of hell-begotten Fiends; yet prov'd to weak
To manage what she here did undertake.

30.

Our Noise now calls her forth; dost thou not see
Her goodly Ushers? those seven horned Things
Though like to Nothing but themselves they be,
Must goe for Kine: spermatick *Nile*, which brings
Forth choise of Monsters, in their birth alone
Hath all his other Prodigies out-gone.

31.

Nile brought them forth, and shew'd them to the King,
Whom through Fates Closets a strange Dream did bring;
Pharaoh awoke affrighted at the Thing,
But knew not how its Characters to read,
Nor why those sharp-set Portents which had clean
Devour'd seaven fat Kine, still should grow more lean;

32.

Till *Joseph* clear'd the mist, and taught him what
By those new Hieroglyphicks *Destiny*
Decyphered had. But when the Beasts had got
Malgrè those fair Banks of Fertility,
Their seaven years Conquest; to this Cave they came
To serve a Monster neer of kin to them.

33.

Behold their Hair is ſhrivell'd up and drie;
Their hides aforehand tann'd, but chapp'd withall;
Their ſharp affrighted Bones ſtand ſtaring high;
The Reliques of their fleſh as low doe fall;
Their Bellies to their Backs full cloſe are ti'd,
And one does kiſſe the other ſtarved ſide.

34.

All Shape is ſhrunk to ſuch Deformitie
That did their horns not point them out, nor Thou,
Nor *Pharaoh* could have dreamed they ſhould be
Deſcended from a Bull and honeſt Cow.
And yet well-favour'd Beaſts are theſe to Her
Their diſmall Soveraign who commeth there.

35.

Juſt at the Word the *Hagge* appear'd, with Look
More keen than *Januaries* breath, or than
The edge of Raſors; or the piercing ſtroke
Of barbarous North-begotten *Boreas*, when
He his moſt maſſie chains of Ice hath hurl'd
O'r Sea and Land, and ſtupifi'd the World.

36.

The ſudden Dint ſhot into *Pſyche's* Heart
Such deep Dread and Amazement, that it ſlew
Her Spirits and Courage: But with Heavnly Art
Her ready *Guardian* ſtrait did both renew,
And ſuppling her cold Breaſt with ſoft and warme
Comforts, proceeded thus, her Soul to arme.

37.

Doſt thou not ſee what makes the *Furies* Train?
Mark well, and read thine owne Securitie,
How heavy at her heels ſhe draws a Chain
Of Adamant, whoſe other End is by
That hand of Providence which doth all things guide,
Unto thy mighty *Spouſe's* Foot-ſtool ti'd.

38.

At firſt her ſelf ſhe fiercely darted out,
But now her curbed Pace is tame and ſlow;
She knows her Compaſs, having often fought
In vain to break her Chain's Eternall Law.
So; be aſſur'd ſhe now cannot come hither
No, ſhe has ſtretch'd the utmoſt of her Tether.

39.

Thus when the greedy Maſtiffe leapeth from
His kennell, all in hungry haſt and wrath,
The ſullen chain, which will not goe from home,
Checks his adventure and cuts off his Path;
At which the wretched Curre lets fall his Ears,
And tail, and ſpirit; and then he grinns and leers.

40.

Upon the Head of every wretched *Fiend*
Sure ſits this curſe, that they cannot forbear
Their ſpight and indignation to grinde,
And in all furie for the fight prepare
When ever any Prey their Eyes have found;
Although mad fools they know their feet are bound.

41.

Look how her Eyes are fled into her head,
As if aſhamed on her ſelf to look;
For in that leafe, alas, what could ſhe read,
But what would ſeem tranſcrib'd from *Terror's* book?
Her skin's the Paper (ô how ghaſtly white!)
Where *Pain* and *Horror* their black Legends write.

42.

All upright ſtaring ſtand her ſtartled Hairs,
Of one anothers touch in jealous fear;
Two cloſe ſhrunk knots of Griſtles are her Ears;
Her forehead nothing but its skin doth wear;
Her keeneſs fully is diſplayed in
Her pinched Noſe, and her ſharp-pointed Chinne.

43

Like a deep Pit of Chalk is either Cheek;
Her ſapleſs Lipps are parch'd and ſhrivell'd up,
Showing her Ivory Teeth, all white and ſleek,
But long and hideous; Theſe ſtand alway ope
That her dire Tongue may ever dangle out
To catch the Rain, and quench its burning Drought.

44.

Her ſtarv'd and clung-up Neck, has much adoe
To bear the ſlender burden of her head;
The Stalk quite famiſhed and withered, ſo
Under its nodding floure doth bend. Inſtead
Of Arms, She ſhows two Yards of Skin and Bone,
Oppreſs'd and tir'd with their own Weight alone.

45.

Her fleſhleſs Hands like feete of Vultures ſeeme,
Nor are her nails ſo lately prun'd, But they
May paſs for Tallons: what ſhe graſps in them
Is ſentenc'd by that Touch to be her Prey.
Her Legges are two drie crazie ſtakes; her Feet
Already mouldering, their Grave doe meet.

46.

That fatall bunch of Corn which fills her Hand,
(O no! which makes Vacuitie be there.)
Are thoſe ſeav'n Ears which upon *Nilus* ſtrand
To *Pharaoh* with thoſe Oxen did appear;
And now becomes her Rod, for on it grows
No Grain, nor any other fruit, but Blows.

Was

47.

Was ever such Contraction seen, as there,
About a Waste, whose Girdle *Thinnesse* is?
The strait-lac'd Insects slender Brood did ne'r
Shrink up themselves into a scanter Dresse.
Her Bellie's sunk and gone; and shee could spare
It well, who nothing had to lay up there.

48.

See'st thou her Shoulders and her Thighs all gnawn?
Imagine not that any Beast but she
Her selfe was guilty of the Fact: her own
Keen Tuskes have grav'd those lines of Crueltie,
And, when she wanted other Cates to eate,
Did prick her on to make her selfe her Meat.

49.

Little it was she from her selfe could tear;
But yet where Nothing else was to be had,
That Little seemed full and dainty Cheere,
And to she fell: But as she 'gan to feed,
Her Banquet fail'd between her Teeth, and she
In stead of Flesh, chew'd meer Vacuitie.

50.

This rais'd that Storm which in her bosome reigns,
And, could'st thou hear, it would amaze thine eare.
Her *Stomack* roars, and teares, and pricks, and strains,
And all its Misery objects to Her:
So doe her Bowells, bound in their own Chains,
And ti'd, and twisted up in Knots of Pains.

51.

Three *Fiends* of choisest Power and spight there are
Whome *Veng'ance* doth imploy to lash the Earth;
The hidden *Pestilence*; wide open *War*;
And *Famin*, this fell Hag, whose Drought and Dearth
Burn with more Poyson than the Plague, & wound
With sharper engins than in War are found.

52.

This is that living Death, by which poor Man
Is forc'd himselfe his funerall to begin,
Whil'st wandring up and down all faint and wan,
Wrapp'd in the winding sheet of his pale skin,
He seeks his grave, that through that door He may
Unto a milder Death himselfe convey.

53.

This is that Tyrant, whose Impatience hath
No Possibility her Prey to spare;
The foule Inheritrix of the Dregs of Wrath,
Of Torments Queen, the Empresse of Dispair;
An enigmatick Foe, whose Ammunition
Is nothing else but Want of all Provision.

54.

Expect not to behold her Family,
Or what Retinue on her Court attends;
No servant ever yet so strong could be
To bear her Presence, much lesse her Commands,
Being assur'd They never could her Will
Unlesse her Belly to they did, fulfill.

55.

But yonder Table which is fixed high
Above her Caverns Door, will tell thee what
Were her Exploits. When *Mercy* passed by
This monitory Signe she set up, that
Poor Mortalls might descrie what Fiend dwelt here
And not unto this Den of Death come neer.

56.

Loe, what a smoking Hurliburlie's there
Of gallant Ruines tumbling on the ground:
These once high-built and goodly Cities were,
Which when *Warr*'s mighty Ram could not confound
This Hag did with no Engin, but her own
Teeth, undermine the Walls and tear them down.

57.

See there she chaseth froggs, and Rats, and mice;
And other Vermine neer as vile as she
Her selfe; by them desiring to suffice
The low'd Demands of her stout Boulimie.
Discreetly there the prudent Painter has
The Earth of Iron made, the Heav'n of Brasse,

58.

But there her Girdle and her shoes she eats
For that acquaintance which they had of old
With Beef and Mutton, and such classick Meats:
There She turns out the wretched useleſse Gold,
And clapping on its Poverty a Curse,
A savorie Meal she maketh of her Purse.

59.

There She awakes the sleeping Mire, and by
A strict examination makes it tell
What hidden Treasures in its bosome lie;
Nor is she daunted by th' unlikely shell,
But breaks it ope, and findes the Gem within:
For she the Oyster first fish'd out for Men.

60.

The Dunghill there she rakes, to finde some fresh
Strong-tented Excrement; and joyes when she
Can by long search atcheive so rare a Dish,
Which needs, being ready hot, no Cookerie.
That Glasse in which she drinks, and drinks up all,
No other is but her own Urinall.

61.

Againſt that huge ſtone-wall her Teeth ſhe tri'd
When once ſhe was immur'd in Straights; and ſee
How ſhe compell'd and tore *Succeſſe*: thoſe wide
And ragged Holes, her ſtout Teeths breaches be.
Her haſtie boiſtrous Stomack would not ſtay,
And wanting other Food, ſhe eat her Way.

62.

That Heap of Bones is all that ſhe has left
Of her owne Parents, whoſe old fleſh ſhe made
Her barbarous Feaſt, and them of life bereft
By whom ſhe liv'd; Such is the ſalvage trade
Of deſperate Vipers, whoſe unnaturall Wrath
Devours the Womb which them conceived hath.

63.

And yet no Vipers venture to devoure
Their proper Brood: 'tis *Nature's* ſtricteſt Law
That with Traduction *Love* ſhould joyn her power,
And like the Rivers, downhill ſtrongeſt flow:
Onely this *fiend* all Vipers doth out-vie,
And feeds her ſelf with her own Progenie.

64.

For thoſe bemangled Limbs which ſcattered be
About the Picture, the ſaid Ruines are
Of ſeav'n ſweet, but unhappy Babes, which ſhe
Fear'd not with her own Claws and Teeth to tear,
And back into her Bowells make them goe;
If yet ſhe any had who thus could doe.

65.

This ſtrange Epitomie of Prodigies,
This deſpicable, ſtarv'd, but potent *Fiend*
Was the firſt Combatant which did ariſe
Againſt thy *Spouſe*; yet durſt not trie to rend
And tear his Body, but contriv'd to ſlay
It, and his Soul in a myſterious Way.

66.

For though that Dread which in her face did reign,
Such deep affrightment round about had ſhed,
That not the boldeſt Beaſt of all the Plain
But from thoſe direfull Emanations fled;
Leaving the Deſart more than doubled; where
Was nothing now but Earth, and Stones, and Air:

67.

Yet now diſcovering One who ſeem'd prepar'd
To entertaine the worſt of Dangers, ſhe
Grew jealous of the Champion, and fear'd
Some wilely Stratageme might plotted be
Againſt her right-down force: This did incline
Her to aſſail Him by a Contremine.

68.

For, ſliely waiting oppotunity,
And being thin and ſubtle, with the Wind
She mix'd herſelf, and in his face did flie;
Hoping to ſteale upon him by a blind
And unperceiv'd aſſault. So Cowards fight,
Truſting advantage more than their owne Might.

69.

But He who all her project cleerely ſaw,
From her abſtruſe Career diſdain'd to ſtart:
He welcom'd with brave Conſtancy the Blow,
Giving the *Furie* leave to uſe her Art;
Free leave He gave her her foul ſelf to ſhoot
Into his Stomack, through his yeelding Throat.

70.

So when the Tempeſt marches in full Tide
Againſt its Caverns Mouth, the fearleſs *Rock*
Makes good its ground, and never ſtepps aſide
To wave the perill of the violent Shock,
But lets the *Storme* come in and roare its fill
In all the Bowells of its reſolute Cell.

71.

She enter'd thus, falls to her work apace
And ſeizeth with immediate Uſurpation
All the Reſerve of Humors which that Place
Was ſtrengthned with, in caſe of ſome Mutation:
And theſe ſhe conquered without any ſtop,
For as ſhe met them, ſtrait ſhe eat them up.

72.

The robbed Stomack thus made cleare and free
Of all things but the Theife; She broacheth there
The Art of all that gnawing Crueltie
With which her pined Self ſhe us'd to tear:
No Fire, Worm, Vinaiger, or Veriome is
So corſive as her fretfull Bitterneſs.

73.

As when incenſed by the furious flame
The Fornace 'gins to rage; if you denie
The Cauldron Liquor which may help to tame
The inſolent Heats exceſs, and mollifie
Its rampant greedy Thirſt; alas, the poor
Copper it ſelf does boile, and burn, and roar.

74.

So fares it with the Entrails, where the fire
Which *Nature* kindled, if it wants its fuell
On what comes next to hand will ſpend its Ire,
And grow againſt the Stomacks ſubſtance cruell;
For all its Life conſiſts in conſtant Meat,
And when it dies, it does but ceaſe to Eat.

75.

And yet with Adamantine bravery
Thy *Spouse* 'gainst this Conspiracy of Pains
His Patience arms; and though his Breast did frie
In mutinous flames, He valiantly refrains
From all Complaints, and sighs and signes that hee
Oppressed was by *Hungers* Tyranny.

76.

He by a med'cinall Fast resolved was
To cure the eating of that fatall Tree,
From whence the Curse and Death entail'd did passe
On *Eve* and *Adams*, wretched Progeny.
He freely what he might Receive, refused,
Because, what they Forbidden were, they used.

77.

(Thus must the Water wash away the Flame,
Thus must the Bands of Cold binde up the Heat,
Thus sober Weight must idle Lightnesse tame,
Thus wholesome Soure must mend luxurious Sweet,
Thus honest Day must chase out theevish Night,
Thus Contraries with Contraries must fight.)

78.

And by his venerable Practise He
Has Consecrated, and advanced this
Despised Thing to such an high degree
Of reall honor, that now *Fasting* is
The Dainties of the Saints, to which they can
Invite their Hearts, and Feast the Inner Man.

79.

Where whil'st they at their mystick Banquet sit,
The saucy *Flesh* learns to be meek and milde,
The boyling Blood grows coole, and every fit
Of wilfull Lust forgetteth to be wilde,
The *Passions* unto Reason crouching stand,
The Brain grows cleer, and all its Clouds disband.

80.

Thus from that Slavery they redeemed are
Whose knots their Teeth had tied; thus they throw
Away their cloggs; thus on free wings they rear
Themselves into Themselves; being moved now
By Heav'ns brisk Fire which in their Bosomes flows,
And not by that which in the Kitchin glows.

81.

Nor does the Body onely bear the Pain,
Whil'st all the Pleasure to the Soul accrews;
But in its kinde reap full as sweet a Gain,
Whil'st its intirest Vigor it renewes,
And fresh and lively Fethers quit the cost
Of all those rotten moulting Plumes it lost.

82.

For when high-fed Distempers sneak away,
And the dark Seed of all Infirmities
Which in the Bodies furrows nestling lay,
Before its own Birth, unperceived dies;
Fasting the Physick gave: yet generous she
(O cheap Physition!) never takes a Fee.

83.

She *Nothing* takes; and would have Men doe so,
For all her *Recipe's* ere onely this:
She turnes the Deep *Complaint* of bittrest Woe,
Into an high-strain'd Dialect of Blisse,
And for this Reason bidds the Sick be sure
They ease shall finde, 'cause *Nothing them can cure.*

84.

O soveraign *Nothing*! upon which, so deep
In love He fell with it, thy *Spouse* did feed
Full fourty Dayes and Nights: soft-creeping sleep
Perhaps might venture on his eyes, but did
Not once presume to touch, much lesse to fight
Against, the Paradox of his Appetite.

85.

The *Fury* did her best his strength to tire,
But fretted, gnaw'd, and laboured in vain.
Hast thou not heard how *Moses*, all on fire
With brave Devotion, did of old sustain
As many Nights and Dayes on *Sina's* head,
A Stranger all the while to Drink and Bread?

85.

If by accesse to *God* a *Man* could grow
So much above the temper of a Creature;
If by attendance on the *Morall Law*
He cleerly could forget the *Law of Nature*,
What then might *Jesus* doe, to whose fair face
Mose's though deck'd with beams, but duskie was?

87.

What might He doe, who did not onely draw
Neer unto *God*, but who Himselfe was He!
'Twas but an Angel that pronounc'd the *Law*,
Though in the Name of the great *Diety*:
But *Jesus* was no Proxie; he alone
Undoubtedly was *God and Man in one.*

88.

He who to Salamanders power did give
Safely to scorn the siege of any Flame,
And in the Fornace's red bosome live,
Making the hostile Fire their food become;
Might well the burning Drought of Thirst subdue,
And turn its flames into refreshing Dew.

He

89.

He to whose bounty all Chamalions owe
Their virgin priviledge, whereby they may
Contemn all grosse unweildy Meats, and grow
Fat upon sapplesse Aire; can finde a way
As pure a Diet for himselfe to get,
And force the Windes to blow him in his Meat.

90.

Nay, seeing Bread it selfe is dull and dead,
And no assistance can to Life afford,
Unlesse it selfe be fortified and fed
By the prime Power of *Gods* almighty Word;
He well can spare its helpe, yet want no food,
Who is Himselfe th' *essentiall Word of God.*

91.

Witnesse his Might: for from his Potent Heart
An Intimation of his Royall Will
He on the Gnawing *Fury* now did dart,
Commanding her not to disturb him, till
He gave her leave; for businesse had He
With other Beasts of better worth than She.

92.

Soon did the *Hag* perceive how she had thrown
Her heedlesse selfe into a conquering Net,
Where her Fell Teeth and Nailes were not her own,
But His, whom she had thought to make her Meat.
Wherefore against her selfe she madly bent
Her spight, and her own Hair, and Heart-strings rent.

93.

But safe and unmolested He went on
To seek those Beasts which from the dreadfull Cave
Of this intolerable Fiend had run
To shrowd their trembling heads: For he doth save
Not Man alone, but also Beast, and is
Willing to follow both, and make both His.

94.

Oxen and Asses hee at length descri'd,
Which all one way in a strait Drove did passe.
He soon remembred what did him betide
When in their House hee entertained was,
How *Bethlehem* Stable with the Hay and Manger
Receiv'd the new-born Men-rejected Stranger.

95.

A Flock of Sheep went bleating after Them,
Whose little Ones made Him reflect again
Upon himselfe, *Gods* everlasting *Lamb*,
Born, in proud *Salems* shambles to be slain.
He blest'd them all, and promis'd them that they
Should ne'r be destitute of Grasse or Hay.

96.

Along with them unto a Pond He came,
The onely Water which that Desert knows;
If yet that Pond defile not Waters name,
Which onely with deep muddy Poyson flows.
The banks were thronged with wilde Beasts, which lay
Panting, and gasping, and forgot their Prey.

97.

For parching Thirst had now dri'd up their Ire,
And fighting with their Prey would but increase
The too prevailing fury of their fire,
Which onely Waters influence might appease.
Yet though their Tongues lay frying on the Bank,
They durst not dip them in the Pond to drink.

98.

For yet the long expected Unicorn
Delay'd his Comming; He who used by
The piercing Antidote of his fair *Horn*
To broach the wholsome Waters which did lie
Imprison'd in the Poysons Power, and then
An Health unto his Fellow-beasts begin.

99.

Nor was't by chance He tardy came that Day,
The onely Day in which hee could be spared;
For now *Salvations Horn*, in whom there lay
That Soveraign Virtue which far more was feared
By every *Poyson*, than what breaketh from
The potent Unicorns; was thither come.

100.

Great was the Congregation; for there
The princely Lyon was, the angry Dog,
The Mountainous Elephant, the shaggie Bear,
The hasty Wolfe, the foaming Boar, the Hog,
His grumbling Wife, the roaring frowning Bull,
The Porcupine of ammunition full.

101.

The spotted Panther, stiffe Rhinocerot,
Swift-footed Tigre; and a thousand more.
For all wilde Beasts whom Thirst could drive, had got
Their severall places ready on the shore;
Crowding as stoutly Water now to get,
As they to *Noah* throng'd to scape from it.

102.

But when thine unexpected *Spouse* drew neer,
With reverent amazement every Beast
Look'd up, and in a deep but harmlesse Fear
Let fall their heads again, and so confest
Who they beheld, and how unworthy They
Were to drink in his blessed Aspects Ray.

Yet

103.

Yet that meer Glance did such Refreshment dart,
That all the Forces of their Thirst it slew.
So when unto a long afflicted Heart
Joy her immediate Countenance doth shew,
The blessed Glimpse frights gloomy Grief away,
And thrusting out black Night, lets in fair Day.

104.

These Beasts were Heirs to them, who, when as yet
Time and the World were young, in *Paradise*
At *Gods* own summoning together met
To pay their Homage in all humble guise
To princely *Adam* who sate mounted high
Upon his Throne of native Monarchie.

105.

Well did they mark their Soveraigns Eyes and face,
And all his Persons lovely Majesty,
Which flow'd forth on them with such potent Grace,
That they durst not Allegiance deny,
But conquer'd with sweet Violence, to his beck
Bow'd down, and took his soft Yoke on their Neck.

106.

But when unhappy *Adams Fall* had spred
Guilts ougly Veil upon his beauteous Face,
The Beasts which met Him gaz'd, and would have read
Their former Lesson of Majestick Grace;
But all was blotted out, and look'd so black,
That them of Subjects it did Enemies make.

107.

Their Sonnes and Generations after them
Succeeded in their Hate to Humane Sinne:
These present Beasts which to the Water came,
Had in that Quarrell born and nurtured been;
And whensoe'r they chanc'd to meet a Man,
To Him as their condemned Prey they ran.

108.

But when on *JESUS* face they tri'd their Eyes,
No blurr or signe of Guilt they could descry;
His Looks were purer than the Virgin Skies,
Polish'd with beauteous Serenity,
Array'd with Princely stateliness, and dight
With Love, with Life, with Grace, and with Delight

109.

This wak'd the seeds of that deep Memorie
Which prudent *Nature* in their Hearts had set;
And which by wise instinct did signifie;
That their unspotted Monarch they had met,
They had indeed: for this was *Adam* too;
Alas, that Men less than the Beasts should know!

110.

Men knew Him not; but Beasts did plainly read
In Him the *Protoplasts* all gracefull feature;
Such were the gallant Beauties of his Head,
Such was the princely measure of his Stature,
Such was the reverent Innocence which from
His lovely Eys in Streams of Light did come.

111.

Such secret Awfulness Men fancie in
Th'apparent Heir of any Kingdome; that
They think the King of Beasts, by royall kin
To his Condition, groweth courteous at
His Sight, and quite forgets his insolent sense
Of being Salvageness dreadfull Prince.

112.

No wonder then, if thus it fared now
The mighty *Heir* of Heav'n and Earth was heer;
He for whose high and best-rdeserving Brow
Eternity was busied to prepare
That Heav'n-out-shining Crown which flaming is
Upon his Incarnations Lowliness.

113.

The princely Lyon rais'd himself; but in
Less state than He before had us'd to doe,
His never-daunted Tail till now, between
His leggs he humbled, and did trembling goe,
Confessing to the Beasts that made his Train,
That He was not their onely Soveraign.

114.

When neer He came, he couched to the ground,
And with ingenuous Devotion
Kiss'd *JESUS* feet; rejoycing he had found
Juda's majestick Lyon, who alone
Had in his Noble Looks fair writ the Name
Of Emperor of this created frame.

115.

By his devout Example all the rest
Their now engaged Duty learn'd, and did
What He had done: In order every Beast
In a meek kiss his Service offered;
And then they all before Him prostrate lay,
Humbly expecting what their *Lord* would say.

116.

He in a mystick Dialect, which they
Well understood, his royall Pleasure spake;
For in that Language He at first did lay
His charge upon their Necks, which they did take
With due obeisance, and thenceforth fulfill
In all their naturall Functions his high Will.

117.

Nay, not those Animals alone; but Trees,
Shrubbs, Plants, and Flours, and what soever grows,
The Earth, the Aire, the Fire, the boistrous Seas,
The Winds, the Rains, the Hails, the Frosts, the Snows,
The Rocks, the Lightning and the Thunder, Hell,
And Heav'n, and all Things ken his Language well.

118.

For being that *Eternall Word*, to whom
What ever Is, doth owe it self, He knows
In what intelligible way to come
Unto his Creatures, and pronounce his Laws.
A *Word* of boundless Bounds and Potency,
May a fit Dialect to All Things be.

119.

To All things? Yea and more than so, for He
On empty *Nothing* his Commands can lay,
And long before ev'n in their seeds they be
Summon what things He pleases; nor dare they
Plead ignorance of what he says, but by
Instant existence to his Call reply.

120.

What 'twas he spake, they onely understood,
Yet if Conjecture may presume of leave,
He charg'd them to abate their Thirst of Blood,
And for his sake, at least, thenceforth reprieve
Those Men whose Crimes were yet not swell'd so high
As to confront and force the patient Skie.

121.

For now He came to ope a gender age
Unto the World than heer tofore had run;
To banish Salvageness, and Spight, and Rage,
And to establish endles Peace's Throne:
He came dejected Man to re-invest
In his Dominion over every Beast.

122.

And to encourage their obedience, He
Told them their panting Expectation, and
Their longing Groans should satisfied be,
That He himself would hast to break the Bond
In which Corruption kept them slaves, and them
With Heav'ns dear Heirs, to Liberty redeem.

123.

This done: His sacred Hand He lifted up,
And round about on his Devotor's dealt
His bounteous blessing. Strait they 'gan to Hop,
And Dance and Play, when in their Hearts they felt
The vigorous joyfull influence which from
The blessed Fountain of his Hand did come.

124.

Then with the faireſt Manners that they had,
Shaking their Tails and louting low their Heads
They took respectfull leave; all being glad
To finde their Breasts new sown with gentle seeds,
And that their King which now commanded them
Appear'd not more a Lyon than a Lamb.

125.

But He now left alone, made noble use
Of this his private Opportunitie
What better place could deep Devotion chuse
Where she with freedome through all Heav'n may flie?
What is the Desert but an Harbour which
No Storms of the tumultuous World can reach?

126.

Besides; his active Soul now lightned by
His Fast, and fairely poiz'd on sprightfull Wings,
Was well appointed to towre up, and trie
The Altitude of Heav'ns sublimest things.
Not that He needed this advantage, but
Vouchsaf'd this Copie unto Man to set.

127.

As when more Fuell's heap'd upon the Hearth
Then well the Chimneyes stomack can digest;
The Flames disdain their wonted bounds, and forth
They rush about the Room, which now oppreſt
With bright and dark billows of fire and Smoke,
In that drie sea's prodigious storm doth choak.

128.

So when intemperate Man ingesteth more
Than corresponds with his Capacity;
With Flames and Vapours that superfluous Store
Riots about his Heart and Head; but He
Who feeds but light, or fasts; keeps his soules sphear
Free and unclouded; as did *Jesus* here.

129.

Through that unfadomable Treasury
Of Thoughts, and Counsells, and Degrees, which is
Built in the Palace of Eternity,
And safely lock'd up with three massie Keyes,
Whereof himselfe by proper right keeps one,
With intellectuall lightnesse He did run.

130.

There did hee, to his Humane soule unveil
The flaming Wonders of Divinity;
A Sea through which no Angels eyes could sail,
So vast, so high, so deep those Secrets be.
(*Gods* nearest Friend, the *Soule of Jesus* is,
Whom He admits to all his Privacies.)

Ther-

131.

There, by the hand of *Goodnes* did he see
An adamantine Table fairly writ
With all his Incarnations Mystery,
The Reasons, Wonders, and the ways of it.
There did he run his Contemplation from
His scorned Cradle to his guarded Tombe.

132.

His *Soule* rejoyced all the way it ran,
And taught his *Fast* to be a glorious *Feast*:
Each Greif, each Pain, each Suffring he did scan,
And what the deepest was he liked best:
Not for a World would he have wanted one,
But could have wish'd a bitterer Passion.

133.

Thus did he spend his Day: and when the Night
Upon Heav'ns face her sable Mantle spread,
He other Work began; No leaden Weight
Of Sleep could heavy sit upon his Head:
His *Fast* now grew so strong, that no dull Cloud
Out of his Stomack to his Brain could crowd.

134.

Those silent Houres He spent in ardent Prayers,
His Evening and burnt Sacrifice; and by
The quick ascent of those mysterious Stayers
Climb'd back again to Heav'ns sublimity;
Where more Ejaculations He did spread
Than Angels, or than Stars, are marshelled.

135.

There did he pray, the World might not disdain
The gentle Yoke he came on it to lay;
Nor force *Heav'n* to come down to Earth in vain,
But unto its obtruded Bliss give way;
That now *God* stoop'd down to *Humanity*,
Man would indeavour like his *God* to be.

136.

And now no lesse then fourty times the Sun
The Gyant of the Day, had from the East
Prick'd forth his golden trapped Steeds, and run
His never wearied Race into the West;
And watchfull *Vesper* had as often light
The silver Tapers, and trimm'd up the Night.

137.

When thy Wise *Spouse*, who all the seasons knew
Of *Heav'ns* mysterious Dispensations, gave
The bridled *Monster* leave on him to shew
Her Teeths full power: And how profound and brave
This Counsell was, thou by and by shalt see,
For He has me injoin'd to teach it thee.

138.

As when the ravenous Dog who long has layn
Muzzel'd up in the presence of his meat,
Begins to feel the loosning of his Chain,
For all the time He lost he strives to eat,
Flying like Lightning on his Breakfast, which
He with his teeth and paws at once doth catch:

139.

So *Famin* now releas'd to her own Will,
Revenged her Restraint, with greedy spight;
And had it but been possible to kill
Lifes unconsenting *Lord* sh' had done it strait,
For never with such fell remorselessnesse
She rag'd in any Breast, as now in His.

140.

His empty Stomack roar'd, his Bowels clung,
The heav'nly Graces of his Countnance fell,
Thirst parch'd his beauteous Lips & burnt his Tongue;
But all by his divine Consent; for well
He knew, that if he grew not faint and wan,
Hell needs must take Him to be more than Man.

141.

Hells jealous *Prince* knew all the *Prophesies*
Which pointed out a greater *King* then he;
A *King* which was from *Jesse's* Root to rise,
And promised, to quell his Tyranny.
Upon his Guard He stood, and watch'd to see
The dangerous time, and who that Man should be.

142.

The *Angels* Song which warbled to the Earth
Peace and *Good Will*, shot Terror through his Heart;
The Sheepherds story of the *Infants Birth*
No sooner strook his ear but made him start,
He *Simeons* Jubilation echoed by
A Groan, and *Anna's* Preaching by a Sigh.

143.

With deep mis-giving Thoughts he chew'd upon
The *Benedictus* of old *Zachary*;
The eastern *Star* which unto *Bethlehem* ran
Did with amazement blinde his fearfull eye;
Guilty Suspition his black soule did knaw
When He the *Wise Mens* Adoration saw.

144.

At length these fatall Items roused Him
To take some course this Danger to represse.
Forthwith he chose the Fauchion of grim
Herod; nor did He think He strook amisse.
Besides, now Thirty yeares could not discover
Any great fear, he hop'd the worst was over.

145.

And much it cheer'd him to remember that
Messias was to be a *Virgins Son*;
As for thy *Lord*, He term'd him *Josephs* Brat,
The silly Carpenters poor Urcheon;
Who likelier was some simple House to build,
Than raise a Kingdome, and a Scepter weild.

146.

Yea to that fond and shamlesse Boldnesse He
Hardned his Thoughts, as to imagine that
Great *Daniels* heav'n inspired Prophesie
Was prov'd abortive; and He car'd not what
The other Prophets talk'd, now hee who set
Messia's Time, so fouly fail'd in it.

147.

But when on *Jordans* Bank hee heard and saw
The Testimony *Heav'n* gave of its *Son*;
His sturdy Confidence began to thaw,
And Terror through his cursed Bones to run.
Sometime it was e'r hee could recollect
Himselfe, and study how his part to act.

148.

At length He hither traced Him, and set
That Fury *Famine* to begin the fight.
O with what anguish did hee vex and fret
To see the vain contention of her spight
For fourty dayes together! But at length
When she prevail'd, His Pride renew'd its strength.

149.

On *Chance's* vain Account hee scor'd it up
That *Jesus* had sustain'd the fight till now;
As hee had done, when from their Pillars top
Egyptian Idols lately down did bowe,
Because since then he saw some new Ones able
To stand, and *Memphis* once more *Isi's* Stable.

150.

And now his Cue was come, to Hell hee stepp'd,
And op'd a Casket which by his Beds side
(For 'twas the deareſt Thing he had,) he kepp'd:
There lay ten thousand quaint Delusions ti'd
All one within another; never Art
More cunningly than here did play her part.

151.

There lay smooth burnish'd Words, & quick Mutations
Sleight-handed Tricks, importunate Courtesies,
Sweet Looks, delicious Shapes, and dainty Fashions,
False Loves, invenom'd fawnings, holy Lies:
There lay the Crafts by which he did deceive
The credulous Heart of thy Grandmother *Eve*.

152.

And those by which He holy *Aaron* made
More silly than the Calfe that he erected;
Those which unconquer'd *Samsons* strength betray'd;
Those which the fort of Chastitie dejected
In *Davids* heart; and those whose witchery
Charm'd his wise Son to fond Idolatry.

153.

This also was the cursed Nest of those
More wiley Wiles by which hee did entise
The brave Inhabitants of Heav'n to close
With his Conspiracy, when in the skies
He drew his Army up, and ventured on
Against the Thunders Mouth, and *Gods* own *Son*.

154.

And these he takes, and squeaseth into one
Conflux of more then quintessentiall Guiles;
With which insidious Extraction
His thirst he quenches, and his breast he fills,
And so returns into this Desert, well
Stuff'd with the best, that is, the worst, of Hell.

155.

Imperiall was his Retinue, for
A thousand gallant Peers of *Phlegeton*
Had robb'd Aire, Earth, and Sea, of their best store
Of braveries, and proudly put them on;
All which where echoed by the rich attires
Both of their haughty Horses and their Squires.

156.

But as the Cedar upon *Libans* head
Dishonours all the Shrubs that creep below;
As the displayed Peacocks Train doth spread
Disgrace upon the Sparrow or the Crow:
So far Majestick *Satans* port transcended
What ever in his *Lords* might be commended.

157.

Twelve sable Steeds, smug as the old Rav'ns wing
Of even stature and of equall Pride,
Sons of the Winde, or some such speedy thing,
Unto the Chariot all abreast were ti'd:
So Princes us'd to range their Steeds, that all
Their severall Beauties in full view might fall.

158.

Perpetuall sparks of Vigorousnesse they shot
From the two Founts of their prospective fire;
Their mighty Neighings easie Conquest got
Of every Noise, and made good *Mars* his Quire:
And thus through Clouds, almost as black as they,
Thunder and Lightning use to chuse their way.

As

159.

As ebon shining Boughs, so bended were
Their sinewie Necks; their Stomacks boiled over
In restlesse foaming Scum, which far and neer
They flung about; their Pawing did discover
With what disdain upon the Earth thy trode,
And seem'd to covet an etheriall Road.

160.

Their shoes were silver, and their bridles gold;
With perl their velvet trappings studded were;
Their copious Maines in curled volumes roll'd
Down to the ground; their starting Eares did wear
Proserpines Favours with rich Jewells tipt;
The way their full Tails for their Soveraign swept.

161.

The wheels were Cedar clouted round about
With Golds more pretious Rivall, Chrysolite:
The Charet Almug, covered throughout
With an embroyder'd Confluence of bright
Well order'd Gems: upon which princely seat
Prouder than it, sate *Belzebub* the Great.

162.

What Pomp in *Alexanders* face did reign,
Or swell'd upon *Nebuchadnezzars* Brow;
He had advanced to an higher strain,
And taught it in his own Aspect to grow,
Having compounded in one stately Lie
The universall Looks of *Majesty*.

163.

Disdain and *Pride* the chiefe Ingredients were,
And long agoe He learn'd to manage Them:
Yet *Grace* and royall Mildnesse too were there,
If need should be some soft Deceit to frame.
With awfull Gravity his Beard did flow,
And him some wise and ancient Monark show.

164.

A triple Crown of Diamond on his Head,
Wherein was graven Earth, and Aire, and Seas,
His Empires Provinces decyphered:
For so his own Presumption doth please
To make Mans Right his Prey, and write his stile,
E'r since of Paradise he did him beguile.

165.

Down from his shoulders to his feet did flow
A Mantle of Estate with Ermyns lin'd.
But for the Texture, it so thick did grow
With orientall Gems, you could not finde
What Web it was, it being cleerly lost
In the magnificence of too much Cost.

166.

Three Troops of Pages on his Wheels did wait,
The first in Azure, and the next in Green,
The third in darkest Purple: the Conceit
Was onely what upon his Crown was seen.
His dreadfull Guard (ten thousand Curassiers)
Before Him trots, and all his Passage cleers.

167.

Of Sumptures and of Wagons a vast Sea
Flow'd part before, their Prince, and part behinde:
It seem'd the Transmigration to be
Of all the Earth at once; now bent to finde
Some other World, whose larger Bounds might give
Leave to those straitned Swarms at large to live.

168.

In this magnifick State his progresse He
Through his usurp'd World did pretend to take:
A well known Circuit, where incessantly
Some hellish businesse He himselfe did make:
Onely He now a fiercer Lyon was,
Than when He roaring up and down did passe.

169.

For though that roaring Voice loud Terror spoke,
Withall it gave Men warning to beware:
But when hee with Majestick Grace doth cloke
His theevish Enterprise; He charmeth Fear
Asleep; for who would Dream, a King in so
Great Pomp, a stealing would, and cheating, goe?

170.

See'st Thou that ruefull Place, that Garden where
Eternall *Barrennesse* deep-rooted grows;
Where unrelenting Flints and Pebles are
Both Soil and fruit? That Sceen thy *Lord* did choose
Wherein to wrestle with keen *Famine*, and
Give her free leave on her own ground to stand.

171.

And hither came great *Satan* with his Train:
Where finding *Jesus*, in whose fallen Cheeks
Hungers deep Characters were written plain;
With seeming Princely Pitty off he breaks
His course, the Steeds in foaming Scorn to stay,
Their Bridles champ'd and stamp'd upon their way.

172.

But He more gentle seem'd, than They were wroth,
For when he on thy Lord had fix'd his eyes,
Three times upon his Breast He beat with both
His hands, his Head he sadly shaked thrice,
And then as oft to Heav'n he looked up,
And cunning Tears He every time did drop.

173.

He hop'd the pined Man would bend his Knee,
And from his pitty-ing Hand ſome Succour crave
Whil'ſt yet he could receive: He look'd that He
Would ope his Mouth, as well as did his Grave.
But He was yet to ſtout to buckle down;
He nobly held his Tongue, and held his own.

174.

With that, the royall *Tempter* thus began:
My Pitty never was till now neglected
By any He that wore the face of Man;
Much leſſe by ſuch whom *Famine* had dejected
Almoſt below all Humane Looks. And yet
Perhaps ſome Myſtery may be in it.

175.

That thou with Patience canſt endure to be
The miſerable Prey of *Famine*, and
Forbear (if not diſdain) to ask of Me,
Who with all courteous Succour ready ſtand;
Implies thy ſtrength, what e'r thy Face appear,
Higher to move than in an humane Sphear.

176.

Where e'r ſhe had it, *Rumor* ſent of late
A ſtrange Relation to my ear, which ſhe
Profeſs'd ſhe took both from the Leaves of Fate,
And, from experimentall Veritie:
'Twas that the *Son of God* had chang'd his Home,
And here to ſojourn on the Earth was come.

177.

She added that his Garb was plain and mean
Becauſe He was a ſtranger here below,
And rather came to ſee than to be ſeen,
As wiſeſt Travellers are wont to doe.
But more ſhe told Me not; perhaps that I
And my good Fortune might the reſt deſcry.

178.

For deep my Honor it concerns, and Me,
That ready Entertainment ſhould attend
Such mighty ſtrangers: And if thou be He
Take notice Thou haſt met a Royall Friend,
A Friend both able and reſolv'd to prove
That thou all Glory haſt not left above.

179.

But yet theſe Deep-plowd Wrinkles ill would ſuit
My ſolemn Forehead, and this reverend Snow
My Head and Beard, if Raſhneſſe ſhould confute
Thoſe ſage and ſober Tokens, if I now
Who long agone have purchas'd the eſteem (ſeem.
Of Grave, and Wiſe, ſhould Light and Credulous

180.

Then ſince my Credit calls upon me for
Some certain Proofe, You muſt not that deny:
'Tis reaſon you aſſure Me who you are,
Nor can Aſſurance ſealed be, but by
Some potent Demonſtration, which may ſhow
That *Nature*, and her Rules can bow to You.

181.

If you be He whom *God* doth own for *Son*,
(And *God* forbid you ſuch a Truth ſhould hide.)
Let it ſuffice your Faſt thus far hath run,
And now a Breakfaſt for your ſelfe provide.
Loe here a Borde with Pebles ready ſpred,
Speak but the Word, & make them Loaves of Bread.

182.

The *Tempter* ſo. But *Jeſus* wiſely ſaw
How He ſuſpended was in jealous Doubts,
And by this Artifice contrived how
To extricate his ſnarl'd perplexed Thoughts;
He therefore means, by heav'nly Art, to caſt
Upon his helliſh Craft a darker Miſt.

183.

For as a noble Champion when the Blow
Haſtneth with deadly aime unto his Heart,
With wary Buckler back again doth throw
The intercepted and deceived dart:
So did thy *Spouſe* by *Gods* unconquer'd *Word*
His ready Shield againſt the *Tempters* Sword.

184.

'Tis written that the Life of Man, ſaid He,
Shall lean not onely on the Staffe of Bread,
But by a ſurer Prop ſupported be,
By the more wholſome *Word of God* being fed.
What need We Loaves our Hungers rage to ſtill!
Out of *Gods* Mouth comes that which Mans will fill.

185.

O moſt impenetrable Buckler! how
Slender an Help is triple Steel to thee!
Seav'n-times-redoubled Adamant muſt bow
To thy leſſe vulnerable Durity.
O *Scripture*! what vain ſhades and fethers were
Goliah's Arms, if they with thee compare!

186.

This *Pſyche*, this, is that unconquer'd ſhield
Under whoſe ſure Protection Thou may'ſt goe,
Although all Hell pitch'd in a Martiall Field,
Conſpired has, and ſworn thine Over-throw.
Thy *Spouſe* hath taught thee its great uſe, and He
Did fight with none but this Artillerie.

Ye

187.

Yet as the greedy Wolfe, once beaten back,
By that Repulse is but enraged to
A second Onset, and doth fiercelier make
His fresh Incounter: Angrie *Satan* so
Bruis'd by this Fall, and vexed at the pain,
Plucks up his Spirits, and ventures on again.

188.

Yet being forc'd to his slie shifts to runne,
He plausibly pretends the sullen Place
To be the stage where *Heav'ns* illustrious *Sonne*
Should act his Greatnesse, too unworthy was:
And instantly resolves to change this mean
And despicable, to some gallant Sceen.

189.

For as a dainty Cloud came by that Way,
He, the usurping Prince of all the Aire,
With a stern Look commanded it to stay,
And so gat up into his flying Chair,
Taking thy *Lord* with Him, who was content
To trie what by this new Designe he meant.

190.

Then bidding the next *Winde* upon Him wait,
He through the Welkin scour'd, and quickly came
(For now his Way all open lay and straight)
Unto the Top of fair *Jerusalem*,
Where on the Temples highest Pinnacle
He *Jesus* set, and to his businesse Fell.

191.

Alone he fell to it: His numerous Train
Being left behinde, and charged to attend
Their Kings Return; for much he did disdain,
In case he could not now atchieve his end,
His envious Elves again should witnesse how
A starv'd Man gave Hells Prince the Overthrow.

192.

He wisely ponder'd that the Arms whereby
He first Repulsed was, the mightiest were;
And therefore cunnitigly resolv'd to trie
If he could *Scripture* bowe to serve his War.
O Wit of deepest Hell, which makes a sword
Of *Gods* own *Word* to fight with *God the Word*.

193.

And then; I grant, said He, that thy Replie
Was true, but yet no Answer to my Doubt:
Loe here a Sceen, where Thou may'st satisfie
By one Experiment every scrupulous Thought;
If *God* thy *Father* be, throw thy selfe down,
For He for certain will preserve his own.

194.

Is it not Written, That He shall Command
His trusty Angels to attend on Thee,
And with a watchfull ready stretched Hand
From the least touch of Danger keep Thee free,
That no rude Stone with churlish Shock shall meet
(So tender is He) thy secured feet.

195.

Mark *Psyche*, mark the *Cheaters* Craft, how he
Mangles the Text, and skips what likes him not.
In all thy Wayes they shall Assistant be;
So ran the tenor of the *Scripture*; but
He knew full well that Precipices were
No Wayes for Man; and therefore that did spare.

196.

Be sure it move thee not, if henceforth thou
Seest any of his Urcheons *Scripture* spit:
For they by his authentick Copie know
Both how to geld and to adulterate it;
Or at the least such peevish Glosses make,
As it against it selfe shall force to speak.

197.

But with another genuine Text thy *Lord*
Nobly confuted Him, and thus Repli'd:
This Lawe's enacted in the sacred Word,
Thou shalt not tempt thy God: and Heav'n forbid
That I should dare his Providence, and think
When I plunge down my selfe, I cannot sinck.

198.

Perhaps thy Wonder asks why *Satan* now
He on the Brink of Danger him had set,
Bridled his Fury, and forbore to throw
Him headlong thence: But thou must not forget
That He was jealous still, and feared least
His Foe at force of Arms might get the best.

199.

Alas the Chain of all his Power is short,
Beleeve it *Psyche*, there's no Mortall Wight
But if he would resolve to hold his Fort,
Might tire his Siege, and all his On-slates sleight:
But silly Men unto his strength make way,
Whil'st they by lazie Fears themselves betray.

200.

Satan at this Repulse, deep in his Heart
Stifled his Griefe, and smothered his shame;
And now resolv'd to act another Part,
Leap'd on that Cloud upon whose back he came.
With which He through the wondering Aire did swim
Hurrying thy patient *Lord* along with Him.

To

201.

To his expecting Train He swumm, for now
Put to his last Reserve of Plots, he ment
To venture all at one great Cast; and though
Still both that they should see Him foild, he went
With desperate resolution to the fight:
Deer was his Credit, but more deer his Spight.

202.

Unto a Mount he march'd, whose heav'nly head
Despised *Basan*, *Carmell*, *Libanus*,
The *Alpes* (where *Winter* all year keeps his bed,)
With *Pendle*, *Calpe*, *Atlas*, *Caucasus*,
And all the proudest Cliffs of *Ararat*
Where *Noahs* floating Ark first footing got.

203.

A Mount which on the highest Clouds look'd down,
And saw all kindes of Weather far below;
A Mount which seem'd to be Earths soveraign Crown,
Where never any *Winde* aspir'd to blow;
A Mount which bravely reach'd at Heav'n, & made
Far distant Countries subject to its shade.

204.

Arrived there; with a new plate of Brasse
His never-blushing Front he fortifi'd,
Being now upon an Enterprise which was
Second to that in impudence and pride,
When arm'd with spightfull Fury and Disdain
He ventur'd to assail *Heav'ns Soveraign*.

205.

'Twas the same *Son* of Heav'ns eternall *Father*
To whom his stomach then refus'd to yeild
Obedience and homage, and chose rather
To trie it with Him in a pitched Feild.
Foole, who by his first Fall no warning took
For what He was the second fight to look.

206.

A massie Throne of beaten Gold stood there,
Whose lustre round about the Region spred,
Plac'd on a Pavement glorious and clear
Refined Silver newly burnished.
Triumphant Arch's and Columns on each side
In laurel Wreaths hid and displayd their Pride.

207.

Here *Satan* pitch'd him down; when loe the Crew
Of his attending Elves in humble guise
Themselves before his radiant footstool threw,
Adoring Him with millions of lies;
Not durst they from the Pavement stir untill
His nod did intimate his gratious Will.

208.

Then stretching out his Hand, he gave the Signe
To that brave Apparition, which He
By sprightfull Art had taught how to combine
With his profound but glorious forgerie.
One Moment was sufficient; for the Scene
Before his Hand was quite stretch'd out, came in.

209.

A mighty Globe came rolling up the Hil,
Which on an aerie Axell turn'd before
His stately Throne, and to that Bulk did swell,
That the full figure of the World it bore:
No Conjurations ever grew so strong
As this, of all Inchantments the huge Throng.

210.

There might You see the Easts illustrious shore,
The Western Columns, and th' *Atlantick* Sea;
Of Ice and snow a never thawing store
Both in the North and South Extremitie;
The *Dogstars* Empire; The vast *Libian* strand
Where endlesse Summer boileth in the Sand.

211.

There gallant *Indus* washed up his Gemms,
There wealthy *Tagus* pav'd his shores with Gold,
There Thamisis pour'd out her silver streams,
There *Ganges*, *Ister*, and *Pactolus* roul'd;
Hydaspes, *Tanais*, *Rhone*, *Rhene*, *Niger*, *Po*,
Euphrates, *Tigris*, *Nile*, and Thousand moe.

212.

There *Palestine* in Milk and Hony swumm,
There shaddow'd with her odoriferous Cloud
Arabia was, there *China* found her room,
There *Scythia* in her Furrs her self did shrowd,
The Sea did there thine *Albion* divide
And set it like a better World aside.

213.

There dwelt all Countries which this Age doth know,
And more than yet must to its knowledg come:
When *Avarice* to its full Age shall grow,
And think its thirsty Purse hath more than room
For this scant World, another shall be found
Which yet the West in ignorance hath drown'd.

214.

But in this ample Pageant was display'd
That other World which Times to come shall see
By venturous *Columbus*'s Art betray'd,
To Christian Covetousnes and Cruelty.
(O why should *Christians* be such muck-worm fools
And Western Gold more deare than Western Souls!)

No

215.

No sooner had this *Globe* turn'd round about,
And every Kingdoms proudest Glory shown;
But from his *Rome Tiberius* stepped out,
And pulling off his own imperiall Crown,
With fear and reverence his Approaches made
To *Satans* foot-stoole, where his face he layd.

216.

And having prefac'd by that lowly Kisse,
Behold, great Sir, my Diademe, said He
Bows to thy royall Foot-stoole; and by this
The highest of Assurances, to Thee
I who am in thy *Romane* World thy great
Viceroy, my homage tender at thy Feet.

217.

Thou art that Prince by whose high power alone
Th' *Assyrian Lyon* made the World his Prey;
By thee the *Persian Bear*'s Dominion
Through all the Forrests of the Earth made way;
By thee the *Grecian Leopard* snatch'd all this,
And stoutly wish'd another World were His.

218.

By Thee the *Iron-jaw'd, ten-horned Beast*,
The Martiall *Romane Power*, so dreadfull grew
That cleerly it devoured all the rest,
And with the Sun victoriously flew
About the World, which now sits safe, and sings
Under the Shaddow of our *Eagles* Wings.

219.

By Thee great *Julius* did our Empire found,
By Thee *Augustus* second was to Him;
By Thee this third, this head of mine was crown'd
With this, the shaddow of thy Diademe:
O may thy Vassall with thy Favour, and
Thy Blessing, wear this Gift of thine own Hand!

220.

So with a thousand Holocausts will I
Make fast thine holy Altar Morn and Night;
So my imperiall Yoak and Reins shall lie
Upon my Subjects Shoulders soft and light,
Whil'st by thy Benedictions influence
I reign of Justice, and of Mildnesse Prince.

221.

Tiberius here some gentle Nod expected
As a Commission to resume his Crown:
But straight the wretched Flatterer detected
In surly *Satans* face a cloudy Frown;
Nor was it long before that Cloud did break
Into a Storm, when thus to Him He spake:

222.

Thou hast condemn'd thy Selfe *Tiberius*, by
Acknowledging that I thy Soveraign am;
For how shall I intrust a World in thy
Luxuriant lazy Hand, who hither came
Upon no businesse but my Visitation,
Which bids the Earth now look for Reformation.

223.

My Name, my Honor, and my tender Care
Of my deer World, all summon Me to finde
Some *Hero*'s worthy Temples, which may wear
That Crown according to my princely Minde.
Nor fawn, nor whine, nor weep *Tiberius*, I
Provided am of one who here stands by.

224.

Then turning to thy *Spouse*, with gratious Eye,
I must my courteous Fortune thank, said He,
Who in my Progresse did so luckily
To my (not poor) acquaintance offer Thee:
I little thought, till I this view did take
That I a new Lieutenant had to make.

225.

By him I see how Princes love to slide
Down the glib way of wretched Luxury:
And what should silly People doe, whose Guide
Leads them the way to Ruine? Have not I
Just cause to choose some sober Man, whose Care
May stop that desperate vicious Carrier?

226.

Now whether Thou bee'st *Son to God*, or no;
Surely Thou spring'st from some Heroick Race,
I see the noblest Sparks of Virtue so
Full writ in thy, though pin'd yet, princely Face.
Although thy modesty conceals thy Birth
And Parentage, it cannot cloud thy Worth.

227.

And yet ev'n that is pretious too; for well
I know that stomackfull Ambition threw
From Heav'ns high Crest down to profoundest Hell
Disdainfull *Lucifer* and his swelling Crew.
Yet that which doth my wonder Most advance
Is the strange Miracle of thy *Temperance*.

228.

That Virtue never yet alone did dwell
But is the fertile spring of all the rest.
How easily a Temperate Prince may quell,
And crush all breeding Vices in their Nest;
Whil'st all his Life is a perpetuall Law,
Which sweetly drives, when Statutes cannot draw.

229.

And such a Prince, and none but such, can cure
The wide Contagion which rank Vice hath spred
On this poor Age: Nor can my Love endure
Longer delay, since I am furnished
With Thee, that onely He, whose merits call
To make thee Deputy of All this All.

230.

Nay more than so: Thou see'st how Age doth grow
Upon my weary back; and I confesse
That I am satisfied and tired now
With Glories Sweets, and Honors Weight, no lesse
Than with my Years, and could contented be
To end my dayes in quiet Privacy.

231.

Nor must it be in vain that I have found
An *Hero*, on whose shoulders safely I
May lay the Burden of my Cares, and ground
Just hopes of all my Worlds Felicity.
Wherefore this free and plenall Act I make
Before *Heav'ns* face, which I to Witnesse take:

232.

First, I bequeath to Thee *Tiberius*'s Crown
To which Imperiall *Romes* vast Power is ti'd;
And next, I to thine Head resigne mine own
Fair Diademe; For thou henceforth shalt ride
Upon my royall Charet, and alone
Govern this World, as I till now have done.

233.

These Glories which about this *Globe* doe roll,
Are but the beams of that which shall be thine;
The Kingdoms which are spred from Pole to Pole
Shall in thy universall Realm combine;
And in requitall of thy noble Fast,
The World shall joyn its Store to dresse thy Feast.

234.

My Servants here shall swear, so shall my Peers,
(And I my selfe will tender Them the Oath,)
Allegiance unto Thee, and to thy Heirs.
Yea, to compleat my grand Donation, both
My Shrines and Temples I to Thee resign,
Where no Name shall adored be but thine.

235.

Nor will I any constant homage tie
To this my *Grant*; for all that I shall ask
Is but one Token of thy Thanks, which I
Will take for ample Pay: Nor is the Task
I'le set Thee, hard, or long; Doe but *Fall down*
And worship Me, and all the World's thine own.

236.

So spake the King of Craft. But as the Sea
Which rolls above the Sphears, when daring Men
Affronted God with towring Villanie,
Forgot its ever-polish'd Smiles, and in
Tempestuous Violence breaking through the shore
Of heav'n, a flood of Death on Earth did poure:

237.

So now thy noble *Spouse*, who never yet
Had suffer'd frowns to gather on his Brow,
An angry Look against the *Tempter* set,
And with disdainfull Answer made him know
That all his Pageantry did not conceal
Nor Him, nor what he sought to hide, his Hell.

238.

Proud *Satan*, 'tis enough that I, said He,
Thus long have seen and born thine Insolence:
Loe I defie thy Promises, and Thee
Vainer than them: I charge thee get thee hence
Behinde my back, and there thy shameless Pride
(If any thing may hide it,) learn to hide.

239.

Does not the sacred Scripture plainly say,
Thine Adoration Thou to *God* shalt give,
And unto Him alone thy Service pay?
All Heav'n forbid that We should Him bereave
Of his due Homage, and embezill it
Upon the Prince of the infernall Pit.

240.

As when on *Sodoms* Impudence of old
Heav'n pour'd its Fire to purge those lustfull flames;
The wretched Town repented not, yet howl'd,
And mix'd its tears amongst the Brimstone streams;
But all in vain, for straight the Houses burn'd,
And with their Dwellers into Ashes turn'd.

241.

So now at *Jesu*'s Answer, which did flie
Like Lightning from his Lips, the Globe did melt,
And nothing of that Universall Lie
Remain'd, but Ashes, which so strongly smelt
That other Stincks compar'd with this, might seem
Perfumes, and *Arabies* breath, in *Sodoms* steam.

242.

Confounded *Satan* backward from his Throne
Fell down the Mount, and tumbled into Hell,
Whil'st the loud Trumpet of his bellowing Groan
His dreadfull Comming, to the Deeps did tell:
But as he fell, his Horns, and Taile, and Claws
Brake out, so did the Sulphure from his Jaws.

His

243.

His yelling Peers, and lamentable Crew
Of Pages, tumbled headlong after Him;
Presenting to thy Lords victorious View
A Copie of that Sight, when from the brim
Of highest Heav'n them and their King He beat
Down to the bottome of their damned Seat.

244.

And now the Sceen is chang'd; and *Satan* to
The *Lord his God* his Adoration paid
Which to himselfe he woo'd that *God* to doe.
So, *Jesu*, may all Treasons be betray'd;
So may all Rebells finde their cursed feet
Snarled for evermore in their own Net!

245.

Whil'st these three Conflicts pass'd, *Heav'n* set its Eye
On its divinest Champion, but forbore
All Helpe or Comfort, till the Victory
Was cleerly gain'd: When loe triumphant Store
Of Angells hovering down, with high-straind Lays
Back to the spheares return'd the Victors praise.

246.

O *Psyche*, hadst thou heard that royall Song,
Thou would'st have learn'd how We above imploy
Our blessed Time, whereon each high-tun'd Tongue
Sit endlesse Raptures of excessive Joy,
Whil'st every hearty Angell as he sings
Clapps his Applause with his exultant Wings.

247.

Their Gratulation ended; on their Knees
A sumptuous Banquet They to Him present,
Wherein was choise of all Varieties
With which *Heav'ns King* could his dear *Son* content:
And He in whom all princely grace doth reign,
Was pleas'd their ministry not to disdain.

248.

But when He thus had broke his mighty *Fast*,
The *Fury* which so long lay in his breast
(Impatient gnawing *Famine*) out hee cast,
Returning her unto her odious Nest,
And bid an Angell tie her in that Chain
When hee had drove her to her Den again.

249.

There must she dwell, and never be let loose,
But when his royall Pleasure thinks it fit
To poure his Wrath on his relentlesse Foes
Whom lusty Fatnesse makes too bold, and great
To be his Subjects, in whose Laws they heat
Of *Abstinence*, a yoak they will not bear.

250.

And now by that *Eternall Spirit*, who
Brought Him into the lists of this great Fight,
He to the Coasts of *Galilee* doth goe;
Whither He could have flown by his own Might;
But Heav'n was studious to attend Him, and
In his great Businesse joy'd to have an hand.

251.

Another World of Wonders will appear
When thither I shall carry Thee; but now
Thou shalt repose thee here a while, and cheer
Thy Spirits to run that ravishing Race: I know
That thou, (so dear are thy *Lords* wayes to Thee,)
Would'st longer Fast; but now it must not be.

252.

This said; He spred his wing (as he before
Had often done) and on that Table set
Out of his own unseen, but copious store,
Chaste and delicious Cates for her to eate.
She blest her gratious *Lord* who fasted so
Long time before he eate, and then fell to.

253.

But whil'st on those externall Meats she fed,
Her soule sate at a secret feast, for she
Her Hearts fair Table fully furnished
With the rich Dainties of this Historie,
Knowing her *Lord* (and this advanc'd the Cheer)
Did Fast and fight, not for himselfe, but Her.

254.

And now, because the Sun made haste to rest
And smok'd already in the Western Deep;
Phylax his chariot curtains drew, and prest
The *Virgins* Eyes to doe as much by Sleep.
One Wing beneath, and one above her head
He layd, and turn'd her Bord into her Bed.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.

CANTO X.

The Marveils.

ARGUMENT.

LOve to convince the World *in whom alone*
It ought to treasure all its Confidence,
Affords a fair and full Probation
What undeniable Omnipotence
Dwelt in his Hand, which alway sheltered
Those who unto its Sanctuary fled.

1.

IT is not *Beauty*, which its Blush doth owe
Unto the Pixe and Pencill. 'Tis no King
Who on the Stage doth make a rusling show,
And thunder big imperious Words, which ring
With awfull Noise about the Sceen, when He
By the next *Exit* must some Begger be.

2.

All is not *Gold* that in a glistering Ray
Fairly conceals its foule hypocrisie.
The gareish *Meteors*, though they display
Good store of shining Proofs, will never be
Own'd by the Stars for Bretheren, nor can
The *Ape*, with all his Tricks, be genuine Man.

3.

The heady *Rebell*, though all Texts he skrews
To force Truth to confession of a Lie;
Though at the Barr of *Natures* Laws he sues
To justifie unnaturall Liberty;
Though Conscience and Religion, the things
He overthrows, he for his ground-work brings;

4.

Though from *Successe* (a firmer Argument
For the *Odrysian* Christian-hating *Race*,)
He pleads the Sanctity of his Intent,
And blasphemously makes Heav'n own his *Cause*;
In vain strives to transforme his hell-bred Sin,
Which still makes Him to *Lucifer* a kin.

The

5.

The staring *Wizzard* never yet could by
His mumbling Charms, his Herbs, his Lines, his Wand,
His hideous Sacrifices, form a Lie
Able against the face of *Truthe* to stand,
Nor can his Master *Satan* though all Hell
He rends, or blends, effect a Miracle

6.

Oft has he ventured and strove to tread
In those Almighty Steps of Heav'n, but still
The Paces were so wide, that all He did
Was but the proving of his feeble Will:
His Wonders never reach'd above Deceits,
With which imprudent Eyes and Hearts he cheats.

7.

No: *God* alone is *King of Nature*, and
She hir own Soveraign full well doth know;
No sooner doth her Ear drink his Command,
But strait her knees, and heart, and powers bowe:
For, all things must be *Naturall*, says she,
Which my *Creators Voice* injoyneth Me.

8.

That *Voice* the Fountain was whence first she rose,
And ever since hath been the Rule whereby
She steers her Course which way so e'r she goes.
That *Voice* which did awake *Vacuity*
Into a full and mighty World, at ease
May change its Parts into what form it please.

9.

Yet seldome it unsheaths its Power, but when
Some high and singular Designe's in hand,
Some *Mystery* of mighty *Love*: and then
Should the fast Centre in its Passage stand,
It must and will give way, and to the Top
Of Heav'n it selfe, if need require, climb up.

10.

For what's the Centre's close-shrunk Knot; or what
All heav'n and earth which round about it cling,
If in a righteous balance They be put
With *Love*, that little Word, but mighty Thing?
Themselves they onely to *Love*'s pleasure owe,
And cannot to His will refuse to bowe.

11.

Full low They bow'd to it, when from the Yoak
Of cruell *Pharaoh Israels seed* it drew:
Ten mighty Blowes it gave, and every Stroke
Some part of *Nature* in proud *Egypt* slew
At length it roll'd the Sea upon an heap,
And op'd the Rebells Graves amidst the Deep.

12.

How fertile did it make the Wilderness
In Miracles! in what illustrious Flames
Renouned *Sina*'s Temples did it dresse!
How did it teach the Rock to melt in Streams,
Bidding the Desert flow, as it before
Had charg'd the Sea to start from either shore!

13.

This set the *Heav'ns* to rain down Angels Bread,
Who every Morning did betimes fulfill
Their wonderous Task, and all the Desert spred
With a thick candied Banquet; which lay till
The liquorish Sun delighted with the Taste,
On that Ambrosia daily broke his fast.

14.

This made the *Winde* turn Caterer, and blow
The People flesh: This did the *Cloud* command
By day to usher and before them goe
With a coole shade: This built that walking, and
Bright-flaming Pillar, whose convoying Light
Commission had to banish Night from Night.

15.

Jordan forbid by *This*, presum'd not to (past:
Touch the *Priests* feet, though through his Heart they
This arm'd meer *Sound* against proud *Jericho*,
And storm'd the Citty by poor Trumpets Blast;
Whil'st the huge Bullwarks which all *Ramms* did
Fell prostrate down, & yeilded to the *Horn*. (scorn

16.

This put more Might into a feebler Sound,
When unto *Joshua*'s Mortall Voice 'twas given
To domineer amidst the Starry Round,
And 'gainst *Dayes Gyant* barracadoe Heaven.
This made the Clouds their gentle Drops forget,
And Storms of Stones on *Israels* Enemies spit.

17.

Yet all these Wonders but Preludiums were,
And glimmering Dawns of that illustrious Day
Which in *Times* plenitude was to appear
And the ripe Age of Miracles display.
For then the *Word* it selfe came down below
From the worse *Egypt*'s Yoak his World to draw.

18.

Decorum did require this *Time* should be
The Crown of Times: Those Forgeries with which
The height of all Poetick Industry
Did coine the *Golden Age*, and it inrich
With Fancies Gallantry, could never rise
To match this more than *Golden Ages* price.

19.

Phylax, who knew all this, resolv'd to shew
Psyche a glimpse of it: with whom, when she
Awoke, he in his willing Chariot flew
High through the yeelding Clouds, and instantly
Reach'd *Palestines* designed Zenith, where
He curb'd his Steeds on the commanded Aire.

20.

Psyche admir'd to see the Chariot stand
Upon so thin a floor: But then, said he,
This Region is not onely in the hand
Of *Satans* power; No, our Authoritie
Is cleerer far than his, though he would here,
Usurper as he is, a Kings Name wear.

21.

Alas, time was, (as hee remembers well)
When tumbled headlong from our lofty Home,
He could not stay himselfe, but helplesse fell
Through all this Aire, to his infernall Doom.
Indeed he often crawleth up this way,
Yet 'tis but like a Theife, to steal his prey.

22.

But from this Prospect Thou shalt safely see
The Sceens on which thy *Lord* his Wonders did:
Not all; their number is too vast for thee
Within the volume of one Day to read:
And yet as many as shall amply prove
That all his businesse in this World, was *Love*.

23.

That tract is *Galilee*; yon' little Town
The place where first his *Might* abroach He set;
Where hee was pleas'd a *Marriage Feast* to crown
With his great Presence, and Approofe of it.
Although his *Mother* were a Virgin, He
Would not to *Wedlock* seem an Enemie.

24.

No: He himselfe at first ordained it
As a delicious and sacred Tie,
By which indissolubly He might knit
Two Bosomes in one Loves Conspiracy.
This is that reverend Knot by which alone
Two are no longer Two, but *Both are One*.

25.

A Knot which He himselfe doth imitate,
Though in a purer and more mystick way;
Whil'st with his *Spouse* he doth concentricate,
Blending his heart with hers; that so *Both* may
Cleave in such unity as makes the Creature
Strangely Partaker of its *Makers Nature*.

26.

A blessed Knot, which ties Affection close
Betwixt the Branches and the Root, and bindes
Up Families in peace; which hanging loose
By doubtfull *Lines*, as oft as waspish Mindes
By Discontents proud itch were spurred on,
Would split, and be infallibly undone.

27.

Satan was well aware of this; For hee
Bewitch'd grave *Plato's* high-esteemed Pen
To vent the Doctrine of *Community*,
As most conducing to the Weal of Men:
But when the moderate *Pagans* Project proved
In vain a desperate *Christians* Tongue he moved.

28.

For He in *Antioch* found a Monster, who
Dar'd spit plain Poyson on this *Mystery*,
Avouching that all Nuptials did flow
From cursed Hells Invention: Hell, said He,
Was the black Shop where *Belzebubs* own Hands
Did forge and fashion *Matrimoniall Bands*.

29.

Unhappy *Saturninus* how hast thou
Prov'd thine own selfe an Urcheon of Damnation!
What gain'st Thou else by fetching from below
Thy Beings Root, which was of Heav'ns plantation?
O most adulterous *Soul*, who by thy vile
Crime, all the Worlds Beds do'st at once defile!

30.

Whil'st *Jesus* now sate sweetly at the Feast,
And added a new Banquet to that Meat,
(For on his face the Eyes of every Guest
As in the richer Dainties, all were set,)
A fit Occasion Him beseech'd to joyn
To that *Drie Banquet of his Face*, some *Wine*.

31.

The Wine was out: When loe the *Virgin Mother*
In courteous Pitty of the *Bridgromes* Want,
(Which she as carefull was as he, to smother,)
Unto Her *Son*, the Fount of all Things, went,
And, in a blush more lovely than the *Bride*
Could shew that Day, the busines signifi'd.

32.

But then her *Son* (who was not hers alone,
But also *Heav'ns*, and now resolv'd to shew
A token of that high Extraction)
Began (for 'twas the first time,) to allow
No Name of *Mother* to Her: What says He,
O *Woman*, what have I to doe with thee?

This

33

This bus'neſs Muſt not ſeem to flow from thy
Sole Motion ; *Heav'n* and I have plotted it ;
Nor need'ſt thou lend us any Wings to flie
Who can make haſt enough, when Haſt is fit.
The Wheels of *Time* with ſpeed enough doe runne,
But yet mine Houre they have not rolled on.

34.

Know *Pſyche*, that his Houre is *Mercies* Cue ;
And when Extremitie of Need doth call,
Then *Mercie* loves her gracious Power to ſhew ;
The want of wine was yet not knowne to all
The Company, whoſe Souls it did concerne
By that, thy *Lords* wiſe Potencie to learn.

35.

But yet no ſooner did that Want appear,
But He with ready Goodneſs gives Command ;
Six Waterpotts He ſpied ſtanding there
With their owne Liquor ſhould be filled, and
Drawn for the Convives : When loe, at the Spout
The Miracle into the Boule guſh'd out.

36.

He who had Water taught by paſſing through
The Conduit of the Uine and of the Grape,
To turne to brisk and joyfull Wine ; did now
Teach it as much by running through the Tap.
The cool and Virgin *Nymph* drawn from the Pot
All over bluſhed, and grew ſparkling hot.

37.

The Maſter of the Feaſt amazed at
Her ſprightfull Sweetneſs, wonderd whence ſhe came :
Never had his judicious Palate yet
Diſcover'd ſuch a brisk and ſprightfull Dame.
Alas He knew not that His gift She was
From whom no Thing but what is *Beſt*, can paſs.

38.

Look yonder flows the Sea of *Galile*,
Upon whoſe ſandy ſhore, which He had ſet
To curb and bridle in its Waves, as He
Uouchſaf'd to walk, his Eyes an object met
Which mov'd their pitty, and that moved Him
In a *new Sea* to bid the *Fiſhers* ſwimme.

39.

Peter and *Andrew* in the tireſome Maine
Catching their Living with their Fiſh, he ſpi'd ;
In whom he read the vainer Life of vain
And mudling *Man*, who in the briney Tide
Of this unſtable World his Days doth waſt,
And with his Net, himſelf into it Caſt.

40.

So certainly *Uncertainty upon*
This Lifes unfaithfull Stage doth domineer ;
Proud *Change* in ſuch confounding Sport doth runne
Heer ſometimes flowing, ſometimes ebbing there ;
That Earth it ſelf may ſeem, no leſs than Sea,
At never ſetled *Luna's* beck to be.

41.

This made Him crie aloud, *Come Follow Me*,
And I will you imbark upon the Shore
In a more ſafe and profitable Sea,
Than you have ever fiſhed in before.
Let thoſe mute things alone, and I will make
You henceforth catch ſuch *Fiſhes as can ſpeake*.

42.

The *Shoale of Men* which in this Ages Deep
Doe ſcudd about, unto your Netts ſhall flow :
Thoſe feeble tatterd Things you need not keep,
I upon You will nobler Netts beſtow ;
Immortall Netts, which know not how to break,
Netts which the Univerſall World ſhall take.

43.

As needleſs is your crazie Bark, for I
Intend to build a *royall Ship*, in which
You round about the Globe, being ſteered by
My watchfull Providence, ſhall ſafely reach.
When Heav'n fears being ſhipwrackt, then ſhall this
Veſſell, which nothing but *Heav'ns Kingdome is*.

44.

Haſt Thou not heard how *Sirens* notes have drawn
The Fiſhers from their Boats into the Sea,
In whoſe ſharp Brine their ſilley Preys they drown,
Drowned before in their ſoft Harmonie ?
Well then might this ſtrong Charm thoſe Men invite
To plunge into the Sea of ſafe Delight.

45.

Once more their Netts they Caſt, but *Caſt away* ;
Meekly ambitious to be *Fiſhes* now,
And yeild Themſelves to Him a willing Prey
Who thus his *Nett* of *Love* about them threw.
Never Adventure did they make like this, (Bliſs.
Where being caught Themſelves, they Catch'd their

46.

But yonder taken was an harder Prize :
There once erected ſtood *Exactions* Throne,
Where *Levi* ſate, Lord of a ſtrange *Exciſe*,
The heavie Mark of *Romes* Dominion.
A *Knight* he was, for none but ſuch might be
Intruſted with that Cruell Dignitie.

That

47.

That at the gracious *Calling* of thy *Lord*
Fishers were well content their own to leave,
Lesse ground to sober Wonder doth afford:
Their cold, and wet, and dirtie Trade, might drive
Them to an easy faith their old Degree
Of life, by any new advanc'd would be.

48.

A *Faith*, which in the Dregs of *Time*, so far
Abus'd will be, that bold *Mechanicks*, who
In poor and painfull Trades ingaged were,
When *Sloth* and *Pride* make them too worthy to
Buckle to work, their Tools away will throw,
And, by this *Call*, *inspir'd Men-fishers* grow.

49.

But what Charms can out-vie the power of Gold,
An heavy strong and pretious Chain, which now
In deer imprisonment did *Levi* hold,
And fast upon his Soule and Body grow;
Can a *poor Master* such a Man perswade
To leave great *Cesar*, and his *thriving Trade*!

50.

A sturdy Mountain may more easily be
Commanded to resigne his native place,
And heave his mouldering bulk into the Sea:
The Sun may sooner from his princely face
Tear all his golden Tire, and damp his light
In the vile pitch of an unnaturall night.

51.

Yet as thy *Lord* (alas how mean and poor)
Pass'd by the *Office*, He this Word let flie,
Come follow Me: which forth-with over-bore
By most unconquerable Potencie
The startled *Seat*, the *Profit*, and the *Man*,
And turn'd into a *Saint*, the *Publican*.

52.

The Worlds Opinion *Levi* ponder'd not,
Nor how *Tiberius* this Affront might take,
He counted not what He should loose, or what
He should not gain, whilst he this Change did make:
He asks no Freinds advice how he might keep
His fame, nor stays to Look before he leap.

53.

But as forth from its horrible Abysse
The World did at thy *Spouses Call* appear;
So from the blacker deeper Masse of his
Confused *Mammon Levi* mounteth here,
And bravely *Follows* Him without delay,
Who was Himself his *Leader*, and his *Way*.

54.

For Love like Lightning from the blessed Eyes
Of *Jesus*, shot it self quite through his Heart,
Where into its own instant Sacrifice
What e'r it light upon it did convert:
So sublimate and so refining was
The Fire, that all the *Gold* it turn'd to *Drosse*.

55.

Doubts, *Fears* and *Cares* and *secular Relations*
It quite burnt up, and in his flaming breast
Left nothing but the noble Exultations
Of valiant *Zeal*; which, should the World resist
Its course with all this Masse of Earth and Sea,
Would rend its way through all, and victor be.

56.

O *Psyche*, *Love*, *Love* is that potent Thing
To which all other *Strength* its head bowes down:
The Universe's most *Almighty King*
Ne'r chose to use *Pow'rs* Title as his own,
But in this sweeter Name of higher might
(For *God is Love*) he takes his deer delight.

57.

Thy *Lord* his ordinary *Chaplanes* thus
Did chuse, and twelve their mystick Number was;
For in this *Zodiak* He all-gloryous
Resolved through his *Grace's Orb* to passe
About his World; Nor does the other *Sun*
Through fewer *Signes* in his great voyage run.

58.

But I must tell Thee (for himself descri'd
The Secret first) One of the Twelve He chose
An *Hell-hound* was, and the false-hearted Guide
Unto his deerest *Masters* mortall Foes;
One who did prove in matchlesse height of evill
Against *Incarnate God*, *Incarnate Divell*.

59.

Yet, such was *Jesu's* most unbounded Love,
That He resolv'd to doe his best, and trie
How He from *Juda's* bosome might remove
Intruding *Hells* pernitious monarchie.
For Heav'n forbid that *Pitties Lord* should fashion
A way to plunge *Him* deeper in Damnation.

60.

O no! may those black Mouthes for ever be
Damn'd up with Silence, and with Shame, which dare
Father the foulest deepest *Tyranny*
Upon the *God of Love*; And busie are
In pleading it from his own Word, although
By it they make Him Contradictious too.

61.

But all the reſt were faithfull Soules, who ſtood
True to their *Lords* Cauſe; which they ſtrove to write
(As He in His had done) in their own blood;
And never ſtarted at the ſharpeſt Fight,
But by their own Deaths ſtudied, as they
Were able, *His great Death* how to repay.

62.

James was the firſt, old *Zebedees* elder Son,
To whom proud *Herods* Sword the way cut ope,
And gave Him leave that noble Race to run,
Which leadeth ſtraight to Heav'ns illuſtrious Top.
How little dream'd the *Tyrant*, that He did
Put on his Crown, when He took off his Head!

63.

The next was *Philip*, who with noble Heat
Flew to the North, and hunted out the Ice
From thoſe dull Hearts, which ne'r with Heav'n did beat,
But with congealed ſtupid Ignorance freeze; (
For his large Sceen was ſnowie *Scythia* where
December takes his Walk through all the year.

64.

When He that Winter all on fire had ſet
With *Chriſtian Flames*, He bent his Courſe into
A Clime which ſhould have been much warmer, but
At his lifes price He found it was not ſo:
For ſoon He ſaw that more than *Scythias* Ice
Bound up the Heart of *Hierapolis*.

65.

Joves Name had left no room for *Jeſus* there;
And when He tells the People of the ſhame,
The Nails, the Croſſe his *Lord* for them did bear,
He his own Torments did aforehand name.
Enough of *Jeſus* now, ſaid They, for We
Will quickly make as good a *God* of Thee.

66.

Then with a thouſand Taunts they pierce his ear,
And next with nails his ſacred Hands and feet,
And ſo his Croſſe with acclamations rear:
Where like a Mark to fury being ſet, (Him,
Flints neer as hard's themſelves they poure upon
And from their World thus *into Heav'n* did ſtone
(Him.

67.

Thomas, whoſe *Doubts* did fix his *Faith* ſo Faſt
That neither Life nor death could make it ſhake,
With *Jeſus* in his Mouth through *Parthia* paſt,
And charm'd what *Rome* could never pliant make.
The *Æthiop's* too did hear his Voice; but He
Reſolv'd to reach the Worlds Extremity.

68.

He had obſerved how the greedy *Weſt*
Into the *Eaſt* was drawn by thirſt of Gold,
Which had the Suns and Natures Courſes croſt,
And into *Indus* Mouth the Ocean roll'd:
And will none goe, a richer prize to win
Than that fair Ore, ſaid He, the Soules of Men?

69.

Sure *Indians Soules* of purer Metall are
Than that which *Avarice* doth ſo far adore,
Thomas will thither trade, though *India* were
More Worlds off than it is, from *Jordans* ſhore;
For in his Zealous Sails *Gods Spirit* blows,
And not to *fetch*, but *carry Gold* He goes:

70.

If *Gold* be not too poor a Name to ſet
Upon the forehead of his royall Wares;
Loves, Joyes, Peace, Glory, Bliſſe, and every Sweet
Of ſweeteſt Paradiſe He thither bears,
For theſe, and more than theſe inſhrined be
In *Jeſus Name*, Heav'ns beſt Epitomie.

71.

With this He traded to make *India* rich,
And not Himſelfe, who now could not be poor;
As having more than All, though not ſo much
As any thing layd up in provident Store:
He knew his *Lord* was *Plenties King*, and He
Did as his own account *His* Treaſury.

72.

Cloſe to his work, without all further care
He falls, and having op'd his Merchandize,
Come Buy, ſaies He: for though theſe Wares be far
Above your glittering Ore's adored price,
Yet you *on Truſt* may goe for all this Bliſſe;
Give but your *Faith*, and yours the Treaſure is.

73.

The *Brachmans* wonder'd at the *generous Man*,
So did the ſage *Gymnoſophiſts*; untill
A barbarous unmoved Faction
Paſs'd a blinde Act of Spight, to ſeize and kill
The noble *Merchant*; who as ready ſtood
To poure it forth, as they to ſuck his Blood.

74.

Arm'd with their Kings Conſent, and with their ſpears,
Unto his Heart they ope their cruell way;
Whil'ſt He with ſweet content their Madneſſe bears,
And for his *Doubting Hand* returns this Pay;
This ſmall Pay for that (now faithfull) Hand
Which deep in debt to's *Maſters Side* did ſtand.

75.

The younger *James*'s, whose noble *Family*
Advanc'd Him to be Brother to his *Lord*,
Much neerer grew of Kin by Piety:
No man with stouter fervor Him ador'd,
Nor with more resolute Constancy than He,
Witnesse his reverend *Forehead*, and his *Knee*.

76.

His *Knee*; all plated with Austerity,
Which on the Temples Pavement night and day
Did naked dwell, till it arriv'd to be
Hard as the Marble, which beneath it lay:
There never grew on painfull Camels Knees
So stiffe a *Proofe of Patience*, as on His.

77.

His *Forehead*; which was sealed with the same
Stamp of Severity; for by Prostration
Its fleshie Tenderneſſe hee overcame.
O sacred Impudence of Humiliation!
Whil'st wicked foreheads armed were with Brasse,
His pious Front in *Brawn* immured was.

78.

A *Brawn* which shall hereafter check their Pride
And fooliſh Superstition, who by new
Coyned Devotion, will the *Old* deride,
And think no *worship* from the *Body* due;
But in pretence their Conscience tender is,
Maintain their dainty *Fleshes Tenderneſſe*.

79.

His deareſt Meat and drink was to fulfill
His *Masters* Pleasure: Ne'r did dangerous Grape
Its blood on his abstemious Palate spill,
Nor stain his sacred Cup: for mean and cheap
His Liquor was; the virgin Fountains were
His onely Cellars, and his onely Beer.

80.

Ne'r did the rampant fleſh of Birds or Beasts
Reek in his Kitchin, nor sweat on his Board:
Chaste *Moderation* cooked all his Feasts,
And well she knew how to content her *Lord*;
His higheſt Fare were sober modeſt Fiſhes,
Where Water serv'd for Beer, the apteſt Diſhes.

81.

Ne'r did perfumed Oiles his Body dew
With their soft Flattery of delicious Sweat:
Unmanly Bathes his skin did never brew,
Nor cheat his Vigour with effeminate Heate.
His Limbs in active Linnen us'd to dwell,
Being never muffled up, and lost in Wooll.

82.

Nor was that Linnen, though full courſe and plain,
Contemned in the Peoples Eye, for they
On bended knees were Suiters to obtain
His leave, their offrings on its Hemm to lay;
That as hee through the Streets was passing by,
Their Lips, and Kisses they might sanctifie.

83.

O how imperious is *meek* Piety
Whether it will or no, commanding All
Spectators into Love and Reverence! hee
Who counts Bliſſe by true Honor, must let fall
All other Plumes, and wisely learn to dreſſe
Body and Soule in *humble Holineſſe*.

84.

Nay now the surly *Prieſt*, among the rest,
Of *James* his matchleſſe Worth convinced is;
And finding him to be the *holier Prieſt*,
Grants him into the *Oracle* free Acceſſe;
Of which mysterious Place he had the glory,
(And none but hee) to make his *Oratory*.

85.

He was the *holier Prieſt* indeed; for now
The ancient *Prieſthood* with the *Veil* was rent;
The Diademe too was falne from *Juda*'s brow,
And famous *Salems* Regall Glory spent.
But *James* did there erect the sacred Throne
Of his *Episcopal Dominion*.

85.

Yet are the Northern Windes, and *Iriſh* Seas
More trusty than the *Jewes*: The *Jewes* to day
Can heap their Kisses, and their Courteſies
On him whom They to morrow will betray;
Jew's Mouths unto thy face can speak all good
This houre, and in the next will suck thy Blood.

87.

With Acclamations They this *Saint* had set
In state, upon their Temples Battlement:
Where hee no sooner did assert the great
Name of his *Lord*, but with one mad consent
Of Rage, they throw him headlong down, and stain
The ground both with his blood and with his Brain.

88.

Zelotes, and *Thaddæus*, that brave Pair,
When He in *Egypt* preached had, and He
In *Meſopotamia*; united were
To reap in *Perſia* their felicity:
This was the Crown of Martyrdome, which in
The Quarrell of their *Saviour* they did win.

Peter,

89.

Peter the Leader of that glorious Train,
When he had fix'd the *Antiochean* Seat,
For his more reverend Throne a place did gain
In *Cæsar*'s conquering Citty; where the great
Irradiations of his Fame did call
Rome's noblest *Strength*, to trie with Him a Fall.

90.

This *Strength* was *Simon* whose Apostacie
From Truth, in Deeps of Magick Him did drown,
But more in Lies, and desperate blaspemie,
For all *Gods* Rights He claimed as his owne,
And left no *Trinitie* in Heav'n but taught
That He himselfe alone with it was fraught.

91.

The *Father* in *Samaria*, the *Sonne*
In *Jewrie*, and in all the world beside
The *Spirit* He preach'd Himselfe: And yet alone
Pretended not ability to guide
His owne Creating Hand, but when He made
The Angells, granted He had *Helens* aid.

92.

This was the surest way he had to gain
His pretious *Whore*, to set her on his Throne,
And in his Godhead let her Partner raign.
Besides, to help on the production
Of Heresies and blasphemous Portents, *Hell*
Thought *Females* usefull then, and always will.

93.

And so the World will say, when it has known
Priscilla, *Maximilla*, and the Pair
Of *Philumena's* with the double *Spawn*
Of lying *Elkai*: for her wretched share
In such Deceits, some *Eve* will still come in
As *Helen* heer did into *Simons* Sinne.

94.

He taught his Scholars in Himselfe and Her
To treasure up the hopes of their Salvation;
And heedless Souls the surer to ensnare,
He freely loos'd the Reins to every Passion:
No matter how you live, or die, said He
So long's your Faith builds on my Grace and Me.

95.

This was that Champion, by whose Magick skill
Befooled *Nero* thought Him *God indeed*,
And pray'd Him by some Signall Miracle
To dash those daring Wonders *Peter* did.
His Credit bid Him to that Motion yeild,
And set the Day when He would fight the Field.

96.

The Day is come, and *Simon* boldly makes
The Challenge, which was *unto Heav'n to flie*:
With that, his Arms he weighs, and spreads, and takes
His unwing'd flight: but turns his scornfull Eye
Down upon *Peter*, whom into the Hands
Of Justice, and of Death, He recommends.

97.

The Clowds had gathered thick about the Skie
To guard the fair Heav'n from his foule intrusion:
Yet their Battalia He broke, and by
His working Arms, unto his high Delusion
Forc'd ope the way. The People, as he went,
Their Wonder, after Him, and Worship sent.

98.

But as the never-beaten Fencer lets
His bold capricious Combatant grow high,
Before He strikes in earnest, and so gets
A later, but a nobler Victorie:
So *Peter* letts his Foe alone, till He
High enough for a fatall Fall might be.

99.

Then posting after Him with mighty Prayers,
The Divells which bore Him up He forc'd away:
Forthwith, down headlong his aeriall Stayrs
The *Conjurer* fell, and on the Pavement lay,
Where bruis'd, and batter'd, all in gore imbrew'd
His black blood, and his blacker soul he spew'd.

100.

Strait, in the *Peoples* Mouths the *Divells* crie,
Peter our God hath by enchantments slain.
And so did this unreasonable *Lie*
Prevail, that He is first unto a Chain
Condemn'd, and afterward unto a Crosse.
Unhappy *Rome*, which mad'st thy Gain, thy Loss!

101.

For Thou no sooner gain'st thy freedome from
That cursed *Wizard*; but Thou dost betray
Thine owne *Deliverer*: if *Simon* whom
Thou seest confounded by the Power which lay
In *Peters* Prayers, were a God; ô why
Must *Peter* now not be a Deitie?

102.

Yet He cries out: This Altar is too rich
For Me, so poor and vile a sacrifice:
Was not the *Crosse* that glorious Place on which
My *Master* paid the Worlds eternall price!
Sure were some gallant *Seraph* heer to die,
This Engine would his Passion dignifie.

103.

Yet if I muſt thus high aſpire; may I
At leaſt obtain this leave of you, to ſhow
That I deſir'd not in this Pomp to die:
So Hang Me that my reverent Head below
May pay its finall Kiſſes on the Feet
Of my moſt royall *Saviour*'s dying Seat.

104.

Nero to ſuch Requeſts as theſe was free,
Full glad that He had learn'd a new-found-way
To croſs and double *Crucifixion*; He
Commands his Serjeants not to diſobey
The wretches wilde Deſire, but, ſo He died,
To let Him any way be crucified.

105.

The *Saint* thus fix'd on the reverſed Tree,
Now findes his Eyes turn'd from all things below,
As was his Heart before: And joyous He
In ſpight of all his obſt'nate Nailes, knows how
That Place to which his Feet did aime, to gaine,
Which Footſtoole *Simon* reached at in vain.

106.

Andrew, his Brother both in Nature's and
In Zeale's and Pietie's (much ſtraiter) Tie,
Through *Thrace* and *Scythia* travell'd with the grand
Charge of appeaſed Heav'ns ſweet Embaſſie.
The dark *Barbarians* wondred at the bright
Meridian Day amidſt their *Northerne Night*.

107.

The Day He brought was that which ows its Eaſt
Not to the Eaſt, but to the South, for there
(In privileg'd *Paleſtine*) thy *Lord* was pleas'd
Firſt unto his Horizon to appeare.
It was the *Lords* ſweet Day, on which depends
The High-noone of that Bliſs which never ends.

108.

Thence into *Greece* the reſtleſs Preacher came,
Arrogant *Greece*, who though her own She makes
The oppoſite to the *Barbarian Name*,
Yet more inhumane ſalvage Courſes takes
Than *Thrace* or *Scythia*: O that famous Arts
Should raiſe Mens Witts, yet ſtupifie their Hearts!

109.

Achaia ſmil'd, and with diſdainfull Mirth
Patra confuted all that *Andrew* ſaid;
His *Begga-God*'s poore miſerable *Birth*,
And vile *Death* They ſcoffingly upbraid:
Nor did *Ægeas*, though *Proconſul* He,
Stop, but ſpurre on the Peoples Villanie.

110.

A Croſs they make Him of a new-found frame
(Whither his meek Deſire, or their wiſe ſpight
Projected it,) which thenceforth bare its Name,
As it did Him that day: A Croſs not right
Erected and tranſverſe, but thwarted ſo
That it a *X*, more then a Croſs did ſhow.

111.

A *X*, the bleſſed Letter which began
His *Maſters* deare Name and his own: His Croſs
It ſelf proclaims He dies a *Chriſtian*;
And though the holy Omen to his groſs
Though learned Foes were unperceived, He
Rejoyced in his *Croſſes Myſterie*.

112.

A *Croſs* which ſhall e'r long ſo glorious be,
Wearing his Name upon it crucifi'd,
That it ſhall crowne the *Scottiſh Heraldrie*
And in the Topp of all its Banners ride.
What Glories then ſhall *Saints* themſelves obtain,
If in ſuch ſtate their *Suffrings Badges* reign.

113.

Nayld faſt unto this Honour was the *Saint*,
Array'd in Scarlet from his own rich Veins:
The *Gracians* took it for a torturing Paint,
And thought his *Croſs* a Throne of Soveraign Pains;
But He his noble Pulpit made this Tree,
A Pulpit which did preach, as well as He.

114.

Long was his Sermon, for his laſt it was;
Two days it meaſur'd; and yet ſeem'd but ſhort.
What are two poor and flitting Days, alas,
To that which doth Eternitie import?
He preach'd Eternitie, unto whoſe light
His hood-winkt Torturers He did invite.

115.

At length perceiving Death no haſt would make
With ſtrong Deſires he wooed it to come:
Not that his Pains his Patience did break,
But that his Heart did long to be at home.
He could be nothing but a Stranger, where
His *Maſters* bleſſed face did not appear.

116.

And am I nail'd in vain, deer *Lord*, ſaid he,
Unto this Pillar of renounced Death?
Though not poor I, yet thou Deſerv'ſt for Me,
That in this Honour I may yeild my Breath.
Theſe potent Words to Heav'n with violence flew
Whence a fair light they for his Convoy drew.

117.

As in the bosome of his Chariots flames
Illustrious *Phebus* through the Sphears doth speed;
So resting in the Arms of these sweet Beams
The *Saints* brave Soule was thither carried.
Thus in her funerall Fire the Phœnix dies,
And by her Death, to fairer life doth rise.

118.

On Zeals undaunted Wings great *Bartholmew*
To meet the *Dayes Flame* where it kindled is,
Unto the furthest brink of *India* flew;
And taught the *East* to bend their wakening Eyes
Upon a *new Son* who no Gold did need
To dresse his Locks, and more than golden Head.

119.

Then having left His goodly *Picture* there
Which *Matthews* Pen had drawn fair in a Book;
He posted backward to *Armenia*, where
The same illustrious Work in hand hee took.
But promising his Hearers Kings to make;
The King grew wroth, and thus his Fury spake:

120.

Bold Wretch, who prates of the idle Throne
Of thy vain *Christ*; I'le make thee know that I
In my *Armenia* will have but one,
And that's the Seat of my own Majesty.
If *Jesus* be a *God*, his Heav'n will be
Realm large enough; He need not trench on Me.

121.

'Twere speciall Credit for *Armenia*'s King
To entertain as a great Deity
A *stable-born* and *manger-cradeled Thing*,
Whose ignominious Death did justifie
The vilenesse of his Birth, because a poor
Resolved doting Wretch doth Him adore.

122.

O no! the *Gods* by whose great Blessing I
Possesse my Crown, are *Gods* enough: Away
With shamefull *Jesu*'s useless Dictie.
Yet for some use thou mayst be fitting: Say
Serjeants, will not this Carrion serve to *flea*?
Though He be naught, yet good his *Skin* may be.

123.

That onely Word sufficient was to let
The Tygres loose; who straight the *Saint* undresse
Both of his Cloths, and Skin, which at the feet
Of their fell Lord they threw; for it was his
Due right the blessed *Martyrs skin* to keep
In token that He slew the harmlesse *Sheep*.

124.

But *He* now grown far fairer than before,
As when the Sun from Clouds unveiled is,
Did shine and sparkle in his glorious Gore,
Quite dazling by his noble Nakednesse
The Devills eyes, who could have wish'd the skin
(To hide his own shame) on the *Saint* agin.

125.

Yet 'twas in vain; for *Bartholmew* was now
Fit for the Roabs of Immortality,
Which *Jesus* hand-wrist ready was to throw
Upon his most deserving Back; for hee
Might without Pains and Crouding now get in
At Heav'ns *strait Gate*, who first *put off his skin*.

126.

But *Matthew* into *Æthiopia* ran
Ventring upon a strange Designe, for there
He strove to purge the Crow into a Swan,
To make Pitch Chrystall, Ink Snow, Darknesse cleer;
Spots beauteous, Sables lucid, Shaddows bright,
I mean, to *wash the Pagan Negro's white*.

127.

And this by *Baptisms* searching Streams he did,
Which drown'd their Hearts in Life and Purity;
Soon the full Torrent of his Name did spread,
And in the Channell of the *Court* grow high:
The *Court* soon catch'd the News, but little thought
That in the Newse's Net it selfe was caught.

128.

Caught was its dearest Gem, the Virgin Heart
Of *Iphigenia*, daughter to the King:
And now not all the flattering frowning Art
Of royall *Hirtacus* her Soul could bring
To leave her mystick *Spouses* love and wed
Himselfe who panted after her sweet Bed.

129.

O no! She cri'd; My *Vow* is past, and I
Unto my *God* my Body must restore
As I receiv'd it: My Virginity
Is now intirely His, and mine no more:
Matthew is witnesse, and it were in vain
For Me to call my Promise back again.

130.

O if you love me then, love what I am,
Love *Love* himselfe, and so you shall love me;
Be truely Royall, Love the *Christian* Name,
And let my Sacred *Vow* still *Sacred* be:
For I may to no *Pagan Spouse* be tied,
Who to an *heav'nly Bridgroom* am affied.

131.

The *Prince* with Wrath, and Folly blinded, saw
Not how this Match, moſt matchleſſe was, nor that
She had already choſe a King: And though
The ſhame of meer Humanity would not
Permit his Rage to take its ſwindge on Her,
Yet He o'r *Matthew* let it domineer.

132.

His choiſeſt *Bloodhounds* in all haſte he ſent
With correſpondent charge againſt the *Saint*;
Whom finding buſie at the *Sacrament*,
With His, and his *Lords* blood, the floor they paint;
And at the Altar thus the Martyr dies,
To Heav'n a willing, and ſweet Sacrifice.

133.

Matthias, whoſe heav'n-witneſs'd Faith commended
Him to ſupply the Traytor *Juda's* place,
To finiſh *Matthews* great Deſigne contended
In *Æthiopia*; whence He turn'd his Race
To *Jewry*, where his blood hee forth did poure
For *Him* who gave him all his own before.

134.

John was the laſt; but firſt and higheſt in
His dear Eſteem who is Himſelfe *moſt High*:
O bleſſed *Saint*, which did'ſt the Riches win
Of all Heav'ns ſweeteſt fulleſt Treaſury!
Jeſus, indeed, does all Men love; but hee
Not onely lov'd, but *was in love with Thee*.

135.

He was in love with thy Virginity
Which with all blooming Graces was bedecke;
Of all his Twelve choiſe privileg'd Chaplanes, He
Did for his amorous Favours Thee ſelect:
He did ſelect Thee his ſoft Spouſe, in whoſe
Delicious Eyes He meant his own to looſe.

136.

He was in love with the reflexion
Of his own Sweetneſſe ſhining in thy face;
With ſympathetick Joy hee dwelt upon
His iterated Selfe in that pure Glaſſe,
Striving all Lovers Arts on it to prove:
O bleſſed *Soule*, with whom *Love* fell in love.

137.

From off the troubled Main he lured Thee
Into a deeper Sea of calmeſt Pleaſures,
The boſome of ſupream Serenity;
To which the Ocean is but poor in Treaſures.
His own dear Breaſt to Thee hee opened wide,
And let Thee in unto its fulleſt Tide.

138.

There did'ſt Thou lie, and learn thy Soule to glow
By the dear Copy of thy Pillows Hear;
A Pillow in whoſe ſoft Protection Thou
Put'ſt all thy Cares and Fears to reſt: And yet
Slep'ſt not thy Selfe; for how could any Eye
Indure to cloſe, when *Jeſus* was ſo nigh?

139.

There did'ſt Thou lie, next to the Heart of *Love*,
Whoſe raviſhing Imbraces kept thee warm
With all the beſt of Heav'n, no more above,
But folded up in his incircling Arm:
Which forc'd all wiſe Spectators to conclude,
Thou wert aforehand with Beatitude.

140.

The loftieſt Stories where pure *Seraphs* dwell
Exalted in Felicities bright Sphear,
Thy dainty Habitation did excell;
For at his Foot-ſtoole They lie proſtrate there
Amidſt the Sweets of whoſe all-balmey Breaſt
Thine onely Head makes its delicious Neſt.

141.

What potent Joyes, what myſticall Delight
Woo'd, and beſieg'd thy Soule on every ſide,
Whil'ſt thy inamoured *Spouſe* ſpent all the Might
Of heav'nly Tenderneſſe on his dear Bride!
How many healing Wounds gave his Loves Dart,
How many living Deaths, to thy ſoft Heart!

142.

How did hee ſtudy to epitomize
His Incarnation's amorous Deſigne,
And trie the beſt of *Mercie's* Myſteries
Upon thy ſingle Soule! in which divine
Experiment, it was thine onely Grace
To fill his univerſall *Churches* place.

143.

Thus while he liv'd, he ſweetly liv'd in Thee:
And when hee di'd, Thou ſaw'ſt him nayled faſt
Unto his Death: Yet no Mortality
Could ſeize upon His love; for by his laſt
And tendereſt Words, whil'ſt hee Himſelfe did die,
To Thee he gave Loves living Legacie.

144.

Into his deareſt *Mothers* Boſome hee
Commended Thee, and bid her own her Son:
What *Nature* could not, *Love* contriv'd to be,
And *Mary* muſt be Mother unto *John*;
Jeſus and *John Love* had ſo cloſely ti'd,
That in their Mother they muſt not divide.

Mary

145.

Mary no other Glass could finde, where she
So fair an Image of her *Sonne* might read;
Nor *John* so pure a Mirrour wherein He
His ever looking-longing Eyes might feed
On his dear *Lord*: Thus *Love* though dead and gone,
Sweetly leaves *John*, his *Spouse*; *Mary*, her *Sonne*.

146.

No wonder, gentlest *Saint*, that on thy Tongue
Love built his Hive, and dropp'd his Hony thence,
Whilst thy Soul-charming Words relish so strong
Of Heav'ns best Sweets, and choycest influence;
That *Love* from his own Wing lent Thee the Quill
Which all thy Lines with Charity doth fill.

147.

No wonder Thou, brave Eagle soar'dst so high,
And div'dst so deep into the *Suns* bright face;
Where Thou didst read the *Words* great Mystery,
By which thine Eye refin'd, not dazeled was:
No wonder that Thou didst thy *Gospell* fashion,
And Calculate by *God*'s own Elevation.

148.

No wonder that *Port Latin* saw the Oile
Scalding in vain: Thou who didst live by Fire,
And in whose breast such amorous streams did boile,
Could'st feel no other Flames. O no! some higher
Fervor of Love must melt thine own, and send
It to the flaming Bosome of thy *Friend*.

149.

The Languishments of never-faint Desire
Must crown thy Life with correspondent Death:
Though by sharp Pains thy Brethren did expire,
This dainty Martyrdom must end thy Breath:
So Heav'n has privileg'd thy Piety,
Thou who did'st Live by Love, of Love must Die.

150.

Pardon me *Psyche*, I could not forbear
This deate Apostrophe: *John* was the Man
Whose virgin flaming Worth made Him be neer
Of kin to our Angelick Tribe; and can
We mention him, and not salute him too,
Whom *Honors Soveraign Lord* has honor'd so?

151.

And pardon Me, that I have dwelt so long
On his *Apostolick Bretheren*; the Glory
Of whose death-scorning Valour, does no wrong,
Nor interrupts their *Masters* royall Story:
He, and his heav'nly Might, in them appear'd,
And o'r the vanquish'd Earth his Banner rear'd.

152.

Mark now that *Mount* which lifts its lofty Head
Neer to *Bethsaida*, whence it takes a view
Of all the Countries round about it spread;
Nor *Zebulon*, nor *Nephthali* out-flew
Its Prospect; which through *Trachonitis* too,
And *Iturea* did sublimely goe.

153.

Yea, though far distant, it acquaintance took
With other Mountains; unto *Hermon*, *Seir*,
And stately *Libanus* it reach'd a Look.
This was that noble Oratory where
Thy *Lord* so oft retired, that the Place
Thenceforth the *Mount of Christ* surnamed was.

154.

A Mount where liberall *Nature* did her best,
Witnesse the flowrie Beauties smiling there;
But *Grace* far more Magnificence expresst
Than that bright Pomp which did of old prepare
For the *Lawgivers* feet the flaming Head
Of *Sina*, mix'd with Thunder, Smoak, and Dread.

155.

For here no Trumpet spake the Frightfull Minde
Of stern *Imperiousnesse*; no *rigid Law*
Back'd with an everlasting Curse, injoyn'd
The World to its hard Yoak their Necks to bow:
But *Love* himselfe upon his gentle Throne
Gave the *soft Lawes of Benediction*.

156.

Eight Springs of *Blessednesse* abroach hee set,
And woo'd the weary World to bathe in Them.
Their Cares and Fears hee taught Them to transmit
And bury all Solicitude in Him:
He pass'd his Word *Heav'n* should their Purveyor be
Who served in the Warrs of Pietie.

157.

His *Evangelicall Oeconomie*
He instituted here; and so improved
The highest Pitch of *Legall Sanctitie*,
That though incumbering Burdens hee removed,
Yet more Bonds of Perfection on hee laid,
And wonderous strict his Mercies Candor made.

158.

His Reins were Silk, but yet hee held them strait,
And drove amain; providing by that Art
That in their Passage no enchanting Bait
Might his Disciples lure and tempt to start
Out of the *King of Heav'ns* high Way, but to
His Kingdome safely and directly goe.

His

159.

His bleſſed Rules, and none but His, are They
Which paſt the Puritie of Gold refine
Groſs Mortall Hearts, and ſublimate poor *Clay*
Into a State Angelick and Divine,
Whilſt by his Spirit He ſcours off ſinfull Ruſt,
And into Heav'n blows up the purged Duſt.

160.

But turn, and view thoſe Deſert Fields which lie
Next Neighbours ta the *Galilean* Sea:
Into that hopefull quiet Privacie
Devotion had withdrawn thy *Spouſe*: but He
Had given the People too much taſt of his
Sweetneſs, to think He long could ſcape their Preſs.

161.

For as the buſie Bees who once have found
A fragrant Garden, haunt it day by day,
Hunting out every flower, and humming round
About the Tops of their delicious Prey:
So to that Garden (for thy *Lord* had by
His preſence made it ſo,) did People flie.

162.

Jeſus who bow'd from Heav'n poor Man to meet,
Could not refraine to entertaine the Throng:
With gracious ready Welcome He did greet
Each Troop and Party as they came along,
Dealing his Courteſie to great and ſmall,
Who came to be the Saviour of All.

163.

Then as the wiſe Phyſitian firſt takes care
That all the Vitall Parts be ſound within,
Before He ſpend his pains on any Soare
Which ſinks into the Fleſh, or on the Skin
Doth ſwimme: So did his Tenderneſs to thoſe
His numerous Patients his art diſpoſe.

164.

Their Hearts and Brains with long Diſtempers were
Into a deſperate Condition brought,
Had they not met with His all-healing Care:
For from his Lipps ſuch Cordialls ſtraight broke out,
Such Salves, ſuch Balſams; that all Heav'n did ſeem
Turn'd into Phyſick to recover Them.

165.

Heav'ns Kingdome was the Med'cine He appli'd,
A Med'cine which its *Doctor* did become;
A Med'cine fit to ſlake and cure that Pride
Which made poore Man ſo ſick; His Home from home
To finde his loſt Sheep, unto Earth He brings,
And is reſolv'd to heal them into Kings.

166.

Sweet words of Wiſedome, Power, Life, and Bliſs,
Into their Ears He pour'd; and in their ſtream
So rarely He infus'd all Paradiſe
That what did nothing but a Sermon ſeem,
Was liquid Heav'n. Thus the rich Gemme unſeen
Swumm in the Boule of the *Egyptian Queen*.

167.

Never did *Ethan* the ſage *Ezrahite*,
Never did *Heman*, *Chalcol*, *Darda*; Who
On *Wiſdom's* Wings exalted to the height
Of noble Fame, about the World did goe:
Never did *Triſmegiſtus*, never did
The deepeſt Reach of *Zoroaſtes* Head:

168.

Never did *Solomon* whoſe gallant Wit
High as the Heav'n, and deep as was the Sea,
Unlock'd and ranſack'd every Cabinet
Of darkeſt *Nature*; dive ſo farr as *He*,
Or drop ſuch *Sentences* and *Parables*,
As thoſe with which his deep Diſcourſe He fills.

169.

Yea ev'n the *Serpent*, in whoſe wily Head
All Craft doth raign, when He thy Grandame *Eve*
With his profoundeſt and moſt ſtudied
Inchantments tri'd, of old, and did Deceive,
Leſs ſweetly and leſs ſubtlie ſpake, than now
The Sermon from thy *Spouſe's* Lipps did flow.

170.

The *Serpents* Preachment onely was to ſteal
Eve into part of his own Miſerie;
Thy *Spouſe's* end was onely to reveal
The way unto his owne Felicitie:
And Heav'n forbid, but *Truth* as ſtrong ſhould be
As undermining Lies and Flatterie.

171.

It was as ſtrong, by full Authoritie
Shewing its own authentick Might and Worth;
And not in doubting ſneaking Jelouſie
Of labouring for an abortive Birth.
'Tis the *Scribes* Chair which totters thus, not His
Which ſurer than the Worlds Heart fixed is.

172.

He as *Amphion* by his charming Song
Rude ſalvage Hearts did tame and civilize;
By the high Sweets of his more potent Tongue
Did all his Auditors with Heav'n ſurprize.
The ſenſeleſs Sphears a raviſhing Sound can make;
Much more *his* Voice from whom their tune they take.

This

173.

This done: The tender *God* his Love extends
Unto their Bodies; Ears unto the Deaf,
Feet to the Lame, Eyes to the Blinde He lends,
And findes more choise of soveraign Relief.
Then they of Wants. O copious *Saviour*, who
At once can heal both Soule and Body too!

174.

The Day grew now decrepit, and the Sun
Bow'd to the West: when the *Disciples* pray
Their *Lord* to give the Crowd leave to be gone
And get their Suppers in the Towns which lay
About the Deserts verge: O no, say'd He,
They are my Freinds, and they shall sup with Me.

175.

Alas, how will You entertain, cri'd They, (Bread
These numerous Mouthes! Two hundred pence in
Will not yeild every one a bit; what way
Shall then this mighty Feast be furnished?
How shall thy Table stored be with Dishes?
Here's nothing but five loaves, and two small Fishes.

176.

As yet, they knew not, *Psyche*, that their *Lord*
Was *He* who to the copious Rivers does
From a small Fountain all its Streams afford;
He by whose Providence from one Candle goes
That fertile Flame which lights a thousand more
Without diminishing its originall Store;

177.

He by whose Power *Elijah* did command
The finall *Hand-full* of the wasted *Meal*
To grow upon the pious *Widow's* Hand;
Which strait did his Injunction fulfill,
And by a springing Harvest more than turn
The pined Barrell to a plenteous Barn.

178.

He, in obedience to whose Might, though at
Elisha's Word, the *Pot of Oile* waked
Into a Spring, whose bubling ceased not
Till Want of Vessells its Abundance slaked;
But then grown wisely Thrifty, it repress
Its Bounty, that there might be *Nothing lost*.

179.

He whom the same *Elisha* did foreshew,
When He before an Hundred People set
That simple Pittance, which in Spending grew,
And being small at first, at last was great;
The Easers Teeth unlocking but the Way
Unto the Store which in that *Little* lay.

180.

But now He taught Them; Goe, said he, and make
My Guests by fifty on a row sit down.
This done: The *Fishes* and the *Loaves* he took
In his creating Hands; when to his own
Heav'n lifting up his Eyes, and saying grace,
His Blessing in the Victualls swell'd apace.

181.

He brake the *Loaves*, and every Peice he brake
Strait prov'd as great's the Whole; no Crum did fall,
But rose into a Loaf. Thus when you make
Division of the smallest *Line*, still all
Are *Lines* as well as it, although for ever
The new emergent Parts you should dissever.

182.

By strange Division the *Fishes* too
He taught to spawn a new and wonderous Frie;
Though dead, yet at his Touch they started so,
That *Two* usurped *Multiplicitie*,
No longer *Two*, but a large Shoal, which from
The Sea of *Love* out at his fingers swumm.

183.

Then his *Disciples* Service He commands
To set before his *Freinds* this growing Feast.
Both Bread and Fish into the Peoples Hands
They strait distributed; and every Guest
Fell to, admiring how that simple Meat
Made them forget all Hony to be sweet.

184.

The *Quails* and *Manna* had been homely Fare,
Which Heav'n did in the other Desert shoure
When hungrie *Israel* was a Pilgrim there,
Had this been present then; The *Wines* brave power,
At *Cana* born, excell'd the Grapes best Blood.
So did this Feast to Day, all other Food.

185.

Satietie at length, not nauseous,
But sweet and comfortable, put a close
Unto the Banquet: When thy generous,
Yet thrifty *Lord*, injoyns Them not to lose
His Bounties surplusage, nor scorn the Meat
Because he gave Them more than They could eat.

186.

Strait-way the Fragments all collected were
Which fifty hundred feasted Men had left:
When loe the Totall was exceeded far
By those remaining Parts; the teeming Gift
Persu'd its strange Multiplication still,
And with the Reliefs did twelve Baskets fill.

187.

Believe it, *Psyche*, thy wise *Spouse* did by
This Wonder, to a greater ope the way;
The long design'd and precious Mystery
Of his own Body, which He meant to lay
Upon all *Christian Altars*, there to be
The endlesse *Feast* of *Catholick Piety*.

188.

A *Feast* which shall encrease upon its *Guests*
And be intire when Millions filled are;
A *Feast* of *Miracles*, a *Feast of Feasts*,
Not to a Desert ti'd, but every where
Dispers'd abroad, yet every where compleat,
That all the World may freely come and eat.

189.

The feasted People were dismissed now,
And *Jesus* steps into that Mount to *Pray*:
Sure 'twas, that Blisse along with Them might goe
Whom He so carefully had sent away,
That Night might not upon their Path incroach,
Nor Dangers Ambushment their footsteps touch;

190.

That by that Miracle which thus unto
Their Teeth had prov'd his Power Divine to be,
All other fruitlesse Helps they might forgoe,
And build their Trust on His Divinity.
But His Disciples now, seeing their *Lord*
Would have it so, were gone before abord.

191.

That *Sea*, whose face Thou see'st all polished
With flattering Calmnesse, smil'd just so on Them
When first they launched out: But *Fraud* lay hid
Under the glasse of the alluring Stream:
Truth needs no smiles; 'tis onely *Treasons* face
Which painted is with spruce but borrow'd Grace.

192.

As when an envious Spirit can finde no way
To vex the Masters Person, He doth make
Either his Servants or his Friends his prey,
And at the second hand his Veng'ance take;
So *Satan* now, too weak with *Christ* to fight,
On His *Disciples* vow'd to ease his Spight.

193.

Deeply He pin'd to see the People fed,
And now resolv'd that He Himselfe would Feast:
Yet by the Seas vast Mouth he purposed
His Dainties to devour; and thus at least
Part of the Miracle revenge, and though
Not for the *Loaves*, quit for the *Fishes* grow.

194.

He from the *Adriatick* Main, and from
The *Baltick* Ocean, and the *Irish* Sea,
Summon'd all unexpected *Storms* to come,
And here poure out their utmost Treachery.
He made each *Winde* pick Quarrell with his Brother,
And in a mad War tumbled Them together.

195.

The *East* was peevish; sharp, and grim the *North*,
The *West* impetuous, black and foule the *South*;
Each puff'd and swell'd, and in disdain shot forth
Their fury full in one anothers Mouth:
The bruised Clouds in floods their sorrows pour'd,
And all the weather-beaten Welkin roard.

196.

The tatter'd Sea against the shores was flung,
Which churlishly again repuls'd it back;
The broken Waves with helplesse Mourning rung,
And foam'd with pain; The startled Deeps did quake,
And thinking to escape that dismall fray,
From their profoundest Bottoms ran away.

197.

And now the Sea within it selfe was lost,
Whil'st the stern Tempest vehemently broke
Through her most hidden Bowells, which it tost
In proud scorn through the Aire, with hopes to choak
The Moon and Stars; which wilde Confusion
Made both the Waters and the Windes, be one:

198.

And thus the Windes blow'd, and the Waters blew;
The Thunders Cracks did with the Billows joyn;
The Lightning flash'd, that misery to shew
In which all Dread and Death seem'd to combine:
'Twixt light and Darknesse, hence grew such a night,
That now, alas, 'twas neither Day nor Night.

199.

The woefull Ship flung up to Heav'n in vain
Upon the back of an unfaithfull Wave,
Immediately was hurried down again
Into the bottome of its gaping Grave;
Where yet it could not rest, but was spew'd up
With indignation to the Tempests Top.

200.

The Mast submitted to the Winde, and split;
The Sails forsook the Ship, and flew away;
The Pilot at the Helm in vain did sit,
Being in need of some kinde Hand to stay
And steer himselfe: The Sea made bold to come
Abord, and take a view of every room.

The

201.

The Waves laught at the Pumps, and crowded in
Faster than they could turne them out: Each Winde
Bandi'd the Bark, contending which should winne
The credit of its Wrack: Thus may you finde
In Tennis-courts a Ball bang'd to and fro
Untill some *Loss* at length doe let it goe.

202.

Themselves to their Devotions All appli'd,
(For Danger wakes the dullest Piety.)
O where is *Jesus* now his scholars cri'd,
How is his promise wash'd away, since We
Whom for Men-fishers He designed had
Must unto Fishes now a Prey be made!

203.

Yet, as their Lamentations swell'd, the Tide
Of lowder Windes and Waves still drown'd their Crie.
They once for all most gladly would have di'd,
But still they saw how Deaths did multiply,
And throw them and their Ship broken together
From one *Destructions* Mouth into another.

204.

Mean while the Gulfe of *Satans* boyling Breast
Wrought with as great a Tempest of Vexation,
To see a crazie Vessell thus resist
The Winde and Seas most eager Conjuration;
Puzzeld and griev'd, he wonders what should make
A Bark so oft broke, still refuse to break.

205.

At last, forth from a mighty Clowd there brake
Continued Lightning through the dazeled Air,
By which the Men spi'd on the Tempests back
One marching towards Them; and now new Fear
Stormed their Souls: O, the *Disciples* cri'd
By all these Deaths why might we not have di'd!

206.

Loe heer the *Spirit* comes whose fatall Wrath
Rais'd this Tempestuous Preface to our Woe:
Hither he bendeth his prodigious Path,
And tramples all the Waves: What shall We doe!
Behold, which way so e'r he waves his Hand
The Clouds start back, and bow to his Command.

207.

Behold no Wind durst be so bold as to
Disturb his Way with any boistrous Weather,
But all officiously behind Him goe
Shewing that on his Errand they came hither.
He comes, He comes! Sweet Sea ô gape not thus
In vain, but from this Danger swallow Us.

208.

Forthwith their *Lord* who heard this desperate Crie,
His Comfort interposed: Why, said he,
Add you this Tempest to your Miserie,
Rending your Hearts with Dread? Know you not Me?
I am your loving *Lord* and *Master*, and
What need you fear, now I am here at hand?

209.

As he whose trembling Neck does ready lie
Under the Axe, if some unlook'd for Voice
Tells Him the Judge is pleas'd he shall not die,
Starteth and slowly understands the Noise
Of his Repreive, being already dead
In his own helpless Thoughts, and buried;

210.

So these *Disciples* drowned in their fears,
Scarse trust their Eyes which did their Saviour see,
Scarce would they Credit give to their own Ears
Which heard Himself profess that it was He:
Till forward *Peter* cri'd, O bid Me meet
If Thou our *Master* art, thy blessed feet.

211.

If thou deceiv'st Us not, each sirlie wave
At thy Command unto my steps will bowe,
And with Securitie my Passage pave:
If otherwise; Can I be worse then now?
The Sea into our Ship does crowd, and I
Must either heer or there, in Water die.

212.

Christ bids Him come; and out he steps; When lo
As He went trembling on, a high-swolln Wave
Comes tumbling in his way, and frights him so
That all his Courage it does straight out-brave.
His Heart sunk first, and then his feet, and all
But's Tongue, which to his *Lord* for help did call.

213.

Had any other *Lord* but He been there,
With what indignant Scorn would He have let
His faithlesse Subject meet his Censure, where
He his unworthy Crime chose to commit:
Onely *Omnipotence* is pleas'd to spare
Those who distrustfull of its Power are.

214.

Jesus, who never could his Help deny
To suppliant Sinners, reach'd his blessed Hand,
(That Hand in which alone Security
Doth dwell; that Hand which rules the Ocean, and
Measures it in its Hollow,) and pull'd out
Peter from the deep Sea, and deeper Doubt.

215.

And then, O thou of little Faith, said He,
Why did that weak *Suspition* presse thee down?
What made Thee so forgetfull prove of Me
Who in their own Waves can all Tempests drown?
Come, thou shalt see that Windes and Seas do know
The Power of their *Maker* more than Thou.

216.

Here, being got abord the Ship, His Eye
Upon the *Storm* hee set, and signified
His royall Pleasure. Straight the *Windes* did spie
Their duty in that potent Glance, and hied
Away in such great haste and fear, that They
Lost all their Breath and Spirits by the way.

217.

The mutinous *Billows* saw his awfull Look,
And hush'd themselves all close into their Deep:
The *Sea* grew tame and smooth, the *Thunder* broke
Its Threatning off; the *Lightning* durst not peep
From its black Nest, being now out-shined by
The flashing Mandates of its *Masters* Eye.

218.

The *Devills* which all this while had tos'd and rent
The Elements, perceiv'd the finall Wrack
Fall on their own Designe, and homeward went
With yelling Cries. The Clouds in sunder brake,
And having cleer'd the Sceen of its loud Wars,
Left the fair Heav'n all full of smiling Stars.

219.

Forthwith the Ship without or Saile or Tide
Kept its straight course, and flew unto the shore:
Where *Jesus* deigns to be the Vessells Guide,
There needs no helpe of time, Tide, Winde, or Oar;
He whose meer Look could make a Tempest cleer
Could by his Eye the Bark both drive and steer.

220.

Mark yonder shore of populous *Genasar*,
Where from a Storm hee once arriv'd before:
Great was the Wonder he atchived there,
Where no tempestuous Windes or Seas did roar,
But raging *Fiends* who had themselves possest
Of an unhappy Mans usurped Breast.

221.

Those Tombes without the Town Thou seest there,
These *Devills* made that Mans chiefe Habitation;
For to those *Spirits* such places dearest are
As most invite to desolate Desperation.
But henceforth *Christian Cemiteries* shall
Revenge this boldnesse, and all *Hell* appall.

222.

Nor shall the *Fiend* which wears the famous Name
Of wise *Apollo*, dare not to confesse
As much to *Julian*; though He cloke the shame
Of his enforced Silence: *Babyla's*
Meer Dust and Ashes shall have power to stop
His lying Mouth, and seal his *Oracle* up.

223.

Sometimes unto that neighbour Mountains Brow
They drove the wretched Man, in hopes that hee
Out of his tiresome Life himselfe would throw
Into their Pit of deeper Misery.
A thousand Snakes about his heart they wound,
Whil'st Rage and Madnesse did his Brain confound.

224.

The froth of which Confusion foamed out
At his unquiet Mouth: sometimes He roar'd,
Sometimes he sung; and when the Passion wrought
His Tongue to Blasphemy, he freely pour'd
It forth, and ray'l'd on Heav'n and God, whom yet
He thought not of in all his raving Fit.

225.

The Rocks and Tombes He fill'd with yelling Cries,
Which deeply frighted every Passenger:
Poetick Fancy never could devise
Such hideous Barking for fierce *Scylla*, or
Fell *Cerberus*: Indeed the Thunders Voice,
Though lowder, yet makes a lesse dreadfull Noise.

226.

He hated all Men; but Himselfe much more
Than all the World; and yet he knew not why.
Alas, 'twas *Hell* which in his Soule did roar;
Hell, the sworn Foe of all Humanity;
Hell which with all the World maintaineth Wars,
Yet chiefly with it selfe for ever jarrs.

227.

And in his bosome it did boile so hot,
That hee no Clothing would endure to wear:
(*Satan* of old this envious Trick had got,
To make Mans shame and nakednesse appear.)
His clothes hee rent, and then pluck'd of his Hair,
And star'd about for something else to tear.

228.

When any sharp stones in the Rocks hee spied,
He cull'd them out as they some Gems had been;
With which his Vengance on Himselfe he tried,
And lin'd it out upon his launced skin;
And though they pained Him, yet still to spight
His Pains, He in his Wounds would take delight.

Hast

229.

Hast Thou not seen a Bull led from the stake
Where ten keen Mastiffs had full play at Him,
With Gore and Gashes cloth'd? Thence may'st Thou
Some aim how this bemangled Man to limm. (take
Yet could not all the Doggs of *Albion*
Bait any Bull, as He himselfe had done.

230.

His tatter'd Brows upon his eyes hung down,
His Mouth and Nose met in one rent, his Head
Was slash'd, the bone upon his breast was shown,
His sides were gash'd, his Arms and Thighs were flead;
Till all his Wounds into one Confluence ran,
As Rivers loose themselves 'ith' Ocean.

231.

And wonder not that all this tedious while
The poor Mans *Life* could be so hardy as
To keep firme truce, and be confederate still
With his tormented Heart: The *Fiends* could passe
No further than their Chain, which though it reach'd.
His Body, could not to his Life be stretch'd.

232.

This added to their everboyling Spight
New fire, by which they drove and stung Him on
To wreak his Madnesse on each Mortall Wight
He met, as He upon himselfe had done.
Thus all about the Coast his Terror spread,
And Cares, and Fears, and Plots awakened.

233.

As when a Bear is from the Forrest broke
Into some Shepheards Pastures, every Town
Which round about that Region lies, doth look
Upon their Neighbours Danger as their own,
And all their countrey Arms and Dogs unite
Against the publick Foe in common fight.

234.

So did the *Gaderens* combine their strength
The fury of this raving *Man* to tame;
Long did they grapple and contend; at length
By number, not by power, they overcame,
And loading him with Chains and Fetters, thought
They now their Foe had in subjection brought.

235.

But He with irefull Smiles, disdain'd their Plot;
And tearing his vain Chains in sunder, threw
Them at their heads: What-ever Bands they got
(For they their Project often did renew)
Whether of Steel or Brasse, they prov'd to him
But Engins, which He tore and flung at them.

236.

Being thus fierce and fell, thy *Lord* he spied,
Arrived on the shore, and to Him ran;
He never with more hideous bellowing cried,
Nor fiercelier beat, or cut himselfe, than when
He near to *Jesus* drew, whose pittying Eye,
More than all Chains and Fetters Him did tie.

237.

For straight His tender bowells yearn'd to see
Hell domineering in a poor Mans Breast,
Of which *Himselfe* and *Heav'n* should onely be
By his Desire, and by all Right possest:
And by that Voice which lately chas'd away
The other *Deeps* Storms, He did these allay.

238.

Foule *Fiend*, He cri'd, usurp that Place no more,
The Man is mine, and I his Lord will be;
I charge Thee to come forth, and Him restore
Again unto Himselfe, and unto Me.
O mighty Voice! which rent the Devill more
Than He had done the wofull Man before.

239.

For as the Slave who gotten is by stealth
Into his Masters Closet, domineers
O'r all the Bags, taking his choise of wealth,
And all the Bonds he pleaseth, rends and tears;
Wishing more fuell for his peevish Rage;
And thus revenging his own Vassallage:

240.

But if his Masters unexpected Eye
Happens to apprehend Him in his Sin,
Its glance, like Lightnings Dint, so peircingly
Afflicts his theevish guilty Soule, that in
Slavish and thankless meeknes down he fals,
And on his wretched face for pardon cals:

241.

So did the *Feind*: beleeve it *Psyche*, were
The whole Worlds dying Grones all joynd in one
Huge Gust of Horror; yet they would not tear
The skies with such an Ejulation
As this, which made the Tombes, & Rocks, and Sea,
In its impatient Echo all agree.

242.

Jesus, thou *highest Son* of *God most High*,
O what have I, he cri'd, to doe with Thee!
And must I leave my Fort, and naked lie
Whil'st Thou dost trample, and triumph on Me!
Now by thy *Fathers* Name, I thee conjure
Thou damn Me not new torments to endure.

243.

But now thy *Lord* held Him ſure on the Rack,
He charg'd the Traytor to confeſſe his Name:
O how this Queſtion did his heart-ſtrings crack,
Which ſnatch'd the Veil off from his ouglieſt ſhame,
And for one *Serpent* which alone ſeem'd there
To neſtle, made a *Legion* appear.

244.

No other Name he durſt acknowledge now
But *Legion*; for ſo indeed they were.
Vile Cowards, what is *Duſt* and *Clay* that you
So numerous an Army muſt prepare!
Why muſt ſo many *Spirits* in ambuſh watch
Onely one ſingle Mortall Man to catch?

245.

But ô that Men whoſe myſtick obligation
Of mutuall Membership, doth them invite
To carefull Tenderneſſe and free Compaſſion,
With ſuch confederate Zeal and ſtout Delight
Would help their Brethren up to heav'n, as theſe
Labour to plunge them in Hells Miſeries!

246.

Had'ſt Thou been there, my Dear, thou might'ſt have ſeen
In what a fearfull lamentable Guiſe
Theſe *Devills* to their Prayers fell, to win
Some Pitty from their *Lords* imperious Eyes;
Which did the baſeneſſe of their ſpirit prove,
Who could beſeech *Him* whom they ſcorn'd to love.

247.

Him They beſeeched not to ſend Them home,
But in this Countrey let them longer ſtay;
They knew Hell would have been too hot for Them
If they had thither gone without their Prey;
For diſappointed *Satan* on their head
Would all his boiling Wrath have emptied.

248.

Beſides; this place alone in charge they had,
And might not ſafely to another goe:
For *Satan* here his Provinces hath made,
And all his *Deputies* diſpoſed ſo
That no Commiſſion jarreth with another,
Nor any *Fiend* incroacheth on his brother.

249.

And this He does in inſolent emulation
Of *Heav'ns* fair Polity, which hath ordain'd
That every Empire, Kingdom, Countrey, Nation
By ſome of its *Angelick Hoſte* be rein'd,
And guided, and defended; as each Man
By his particular vigilant *Guardian*.

250.

What would'ſt Thou have Us doe, they cri'd, Can We
Made all of active Metall, idle ſit?
Are We not *Devills*; how then can We be
For any Thing but Rage and Fury fit?
Miſchief's our proper Diet; why wilt Thou
Who All Things feed'ſt, not Us our food allow?

251.

If We muſt Be, We muſt be what we are;
Infernall Natures can no change admit;
For ſurely Thou wilt not forget that War
When We our ſelves in arms againſt Thee ſet;
Nor repoſſeſſe Us of our calmy ſtate;
So that wee now are *Furious by Fate*.

252.

Beſides; wee Subjects are (and thine own hand
Buckled that yoak on our Rebellious Necks,)
To that impatient *Prince*, whoſe dire Command
Back'd with Hells univerſall Terrors, pricks
Us on to Rage; and wee doe nothing now
But what wee unto *Him* in duty owe.

253.

As then Thou art a generous Conqueror,
Give reaſonable Quarter to thy Foes:
Since wee muſt yeild this Fort; before wee ſtir
Ingage thy Promiſe that wee ſhall not looſe
Our Naturall Properties, but have power ſtill
(For 'tis no Crime in Us) to doe ſome ill.

254.

An Herd of Swine there feeds on yonder Mount,
(And that's it, *Pſyche*,) filthy Beaſts, and ſuch
As were unworthy in thine own Account
The meaneſt of thy Servants Boards to touch:
Yet what to *Jewes* Thou mad'ſt impure, ſhall be
Dainties to Us, if Thou but leave Us free.

259.

Free, to take our own ſwindge, and domineer
In thoſe deſpiſed reprobated Things:
If ever *Devills* did to thee preferre
An humbler fairer ſute, may all our Wings
And Snakes be clipp'd, our Tallons prun'd, our ſtout
Horns lopped off, our iron Teeth daſh'd out.

260.

The *Furies* pleaded ſo; and with an Eye
Where Fear inſulted over jealous Hope,
Beheld their *Judge*: *He* knew the reaſon why
They begged that ſtrange boon; he knew their ſcope
Was to make Men conceive the *Swine* a Creature
Curs'd and abandon'd by the *God of Nature*.

Yet

261.

Yet He was pleased, whither to avenge
The Owners Avarice, or for some cause
Best known to his wise self; to grant this Change,
And give them leave into the Herd to passe:
For He to whom the whole World doth belong
Can all things doe, and yet can doe no wrong.

262.

As when in pregnant *Ætna's* labouring Wombe
The smoaking flaming and sulphureous Childe
Unto its full maturitie is come,
The moved Bowels of the Mount are fill'd
With Pangs and Throws, till by a monstrous Birth
The stinking Prodigie is broken forth:

263.

So were the Soule and Body of this Man (thence,
Shak'd, stretch'd, and torn, when Hell burst out from
No brimstone ever smelt so rank as then
The savour of that dismall Effluence:
Surely the Man nad by that stink and Pain,
Had *Life* not looked on, been double slain.

264.

But ne'r did Aire put on, a calmer face
When every Winde to its own home was blown,
And Heav'n of all its Storms delivered was;
Then He now once again become *His Own*:
The *Feinds* who untill now his Heart did swell,
Left him himself within himself to dwell.

265.

And now, as startled from some frightfull Dream,
He wonders that Himself so safe he saw:
With speed he gets him Clothes to hide his shame,
Or rather theirs whose Treason made him throw
Them off before, and clothe his Body round
In one unnaturall universall Wound.

266.

Distracting Fumes no more reek'd in his Head;
Clear as the upper Region was his Brain,
And with his Heart distinctly trafficqued,
Where now his Intellectuall Powers did reign;
In his Soules Pulse his Thoughts beat gently, and
His Bliss he Perfectly did understand.

267.

He understood to whom his Thanks were due,
To Whom his Peace, his Life, his reskew'd Heart;
To his sweet Task of Gratitude He flew,
In which with faithfull Zeal He playd his Part;
And then at his divine *Redeemers* feet
Like a meek Scholar, begg'd, and took his Seat.

268.

Mean while the *Devils* to the Mountain made
Upon the Wings of Fury and Disdain,
They scorn'd the *Swine*, and yet because they had
No better Prey, could not from that refrain.
The feeding Herd strait felt their Bellies swell
With unknown stuffing, being stretch'd with Hell.

269.

As at the *Orgies*, when the *Priests* are drown'd
In their mad *God*, they grow as wilde as He;
They stare, they roar, they rave, they tumble round,
And onely in confounded strife agree:
So did the *Swine* break into raging Revels,
Being Drunk with a full *Legion* of Devils.

270.

They grunt, they squeak, they foam, they run, they leap,
They fall, they rise, and strait they fall again,
Their tusks in one anothers Blood they steep,
But oftenest in their own: The Dogs in vain
Did bark, in vain the Swinherds crie and swear,
The Herd no Clamour but their own could hear.

271.

At length, in one mad course, unto that Brow
Where the steep Hill into the Sea doth peep,
They headlong run, and one another throw
In a tumultuous throng into the Deep. (prey,
And thus those *Devils* drown'd their wretched
Their own long Thirst of Mischeif to allay.

272.

Observe that other shore: thy *Spouses* Fame
Shin'd with no less illustrious Glory there;
Witnesse Her Faith who from *Phœnicia* came
To take miraculous kinde of Physick here:
She long had her *Phœnician Doctors* tried,
Who not her Bloods, but Purse's Issue dried.

273.

But here she found a strange *Physition*, whose
Sole Physick is his *Soveraign Self*, and who
Gratis on all his heavnly Art bestows:
Yet her unclean Diseases shame did so
Confute its Pain, that it She doth conceal,
And seeks by pious Fraud her Cure to steal.

274.

Her meekly-faithfull Heart had caught fast hold
On *Jesu's* Garments Hemm; and ô, said She,
Could but my Fingers doe as much, I would
Not doubt to catch my safe *Recovery*.
This said, the pious Theif took Heart, and stept
Into the Croud, and there behinde Him crept.

There

275.

There her most trembling, most undoubting Hand
To the desired *Hemm* she gently put;
Which with a triple Kisse she reverenc'd, and
Her meek Soule on that humble Altar set:
But whilst her blushing Blood flush'd in her face,
She felt its other Current dryed was.

276.

For as on *Aarons* consecrated Head
The holy Unguent would not bridled be,
But on his Beard its precious Influence shed,
And reach'd unto his Roabs extremities:
So did the Virtue of this *Higher Priest*
His very Clothes with mystick Power invest.

277.

But *Jesus*, who could not permit that such
Heroik *Faith* should thus be smother'd up;
Enquires what Hand his Vestures Skirt did touch,
And set the *Issue* of his *Virtue* ope;
That *Virtuous Issue*, *Psyche*, which alone
Could wash away, and cure Her Bloody one.

278.

The humble *Woman* guilty of the high
And faithfull Theft, fell trembling at his Feet,
Confessing all her blessed Crime, and why
She so had ventured to compasse it:
But while she fear'd her *Saviours* anger, he
Applauds the Fact, and bids her cheerly be.

279.

Daughter, he cries, (for those His Children are
Whose holy Confidence on his Power relies,)
Henceforth for ever banish needlesse Fear;
Thy valiant *Faith* secures and fortifies
Thy now recovered Health: Goe home, and be
Assur'd my *Peace* shall sojourn there with Thee.

280.

Her zealous Thanks she pay'd, and homeward went;
But his dear Image in her heart she bare,
Resolv'd to fix it in a Monument
Of lasting Gratitude, which she did rear
Before her Door: and couldst Thou reach thine Eye
Unto *Cesarea*, Thou mightst it descry:

281.

Erected there in bright substantiall Brasse
Thy *Spouses* Statue is: and so shall stand,
Till *Julian* with a more obdurate face
And Heart, than is that mettall, shall command
The fair and reverend *Image* to bow down
And yeild its stately Base unto his own.

282.

His own; which when on Heav'n it 'gins to stare,
Shall learn what Vengance dwells in *Jesus* Hand,
From whence a speedy Bolt of Fire shall tear
The proud and sacrilegious *Idol*, and
Give dreadfull Warning to its *Owner*, what
He must expect, if he repenteth not.

283.

But yonder, *Psyche*, holy *Tabor* is,
A Mount made famous by a brighter Story;
The Temples Mount bow'd down its head to this,
And veil'd its *Legal* to the *Gospel Glory*:
To this, the Hill where *Belzebub* layd ope
The Universe's Gallantrie, did stoop.

284.

Thither did *Jesus* once himself withdraw
With three Attendants, *Peter*, *James*, and *John*,
Leaving the rest, and all the World, below,
That undisturbed, his Devotion
He might perform; for his Designe was now
To pray himself, and teach his Consorts how.

285.

To be retired from tumultuous Things,
And sublimated far above the Earth,
Two trusty Ladders are, which *Wisdome* brings
To help *Devotion* climbe; two Ladders worth
All Climaxes which ever yet were set
Up by the loftiest strains of eloquent *Wit*.

286.

But as he Pray'd, his flaming Soule did break
Forth at his Eyes, and flash'd to his own Heaven;
The dazeled Sun immediately stepp'd back,
And for his dimmer face sought some new Even:
For Day now needed not his garish beams
Being gilded by his *Makers* purer Flames.

287.

Jesus, who in his Bodies Veil till now
The Raies of his Divinity had hid,
Was pleased here to give them leave to flow,
And roule about Him in a glistering Tide:
Thus when his key unlocks the Cloud, from thence
The Lightning poures its radiant Influence.

288.

But as the unexhausted Fount of light
Which dwells so deep in *Phebus*'s splendid Eyes,
On all his royall Roabs doth shed its bright
Effusions, and his Charet beautifies,
So that about Heav'ns Circuit He is roll'd
Enthron'd and cloth'd in nothing else but Gold:

So

289.

So from thy *Spouses* more than Sun-like face,
The Lustre all about his Rayment darted;
A Lustre whose divine and gentle Grace
It self with kinde magnificence imparted
Unto the mortall Texture, which so pure
And piercing Brightnes else could not endure.

290.

Thus when a dainty *Fume* in Summer Aire
To *Lambent Fire* by Natures sporting turns,
And gently lights upon Mens Clothes or Hair;
With harmlesse Flames it playes, and never burns
Its habitation, but feeds upon
The delicates of its own Beams alone.

291.

As the *Disciples* wonderd at the *Sight*,
Which peeping through their fingers they beheld;
Two strangers they espied, in rayment bright;
Which *Jesu's* overflowing beams did gild:
They wistly look'd upon them, musing who
The Men might be, and what they came to doe.

292.

The first ware horned beams (though something dim
In this more radiant Presence,) on his face:
Full was his beard; his Countenance was grim.
Yet sweetned by a meek but royall Grace;
His roabs were large and princely; in his Hand
He held a mystick and imperious Wand.

293.

A golden Plate he ware upon his breast
In which the *Ten great Words* enammeld were;
A grave and goodly man he was, and drest
In such attire, that they no longer are
In doubt about Him, but conclude that he
Could none but *Moses* the Lawgiver be.

294.

Grave was the other *Stranger* too in face,
But in his Rayment wonderous course and plain;
He seemd to want a Mantle, (that which was
Long since thrown off by him on *Jordans* plain:)
The serious beams which darted from his Eye,
Spake Eremiticall Severitie.

295.

Behinde him stood a flaming Chariot,
Whose Steeds were all of the same Element:
Nor was their fire more than their Courage hot,
And much adoe they had to stand content.
When they had well observed this, they knew
Such Tokens could none but *Elias* shew.

296.

These two grand *Prophets*, whom thy *Lord* gave leave
To wear some glorious beams though He were by,
A reverend Discourse did interweave
Of the great work of his Humanity;
With high ecstatick Words displaying how
At *Salem* He *Deaths* Powers should overthrow.

297.

A Doctrine which on the *Disciples* eat
(And this their *Master* knew) full hard would grate,
And therefore by these glorious *Preachers* heer
With high Solemnity was witness'd, that
His Crosses and his Nayls mysterious shame
Thenceforth might not amaze or scandall them.

298.

Then *Moses* at his feet his Rod threw down,
In token that He had fulfill'd his Law,
And came to give a better of his own,
To which not onely *Jacob's* seed should bow,
But all the World, whose largest farthest Bound
With *Jesus* and his *Gospell* was to sound.

299.

That done; a Veil He drew upon his face,
And cri'd *Bright Lord*, this shade I us'd of old,
Because my countenance too illustrious was
For the blear eys of *Israell* to behold;
But now mine own have need of it, to cover
Them with the splendor with which thine run over.

300.

Thine Eyes; a spectacle of fairer Bliss
Than I of old beheld from *Nebo's* Head:
How well was I, (reserved then for this
Days nobler priviledge,) not suffered
To enter, and my Wonder feed upon
The farr less wonderous Sweets of *Chanaan*!

301.

But in a generous meek Expostulation
Elias argued with his glorious *Lord*:
And why, said He, in most triumphant fashion
Did'st thou whirle Me to Heav'n, and not afford
Me leave to tast one Drop of Deaths cold Cup;
Since thou thy self resolv'st to drink it up.

302.

Must *JESUS*, and must not *Elias* die?
Must *God*, and not a Worme? Forbid it Thou
Who of all order art the *Deitie*,
And Death unto Mortality allow:
I'l be contented with the last to stay,
Ev'n till *Time* dies, if then I also may.

303.

Yet for my ſelf, or Heav'n, I would not die;
O no; but glorious *Lord*, for Thee alone:
In thy dear Cauſe, and for thy Name, if I
The Roabs of Martyrdome may once put on,
My paſſage unto Heav'n ſhall brighter be
Than when my flaming Coach tranſported Me.

304.

But heer thy *Spouſe* with a well-pleaſed Eye
Diſmiſs'd them both: Into his Chariot
Elias leap'd, and back to Heav'n did flie
As ſwift as Arrow by the *Tartar* ſhot:
And *Moſes* wrapp'd his Veil about his Head,
And home to *Abraham*'s Boſome haſtened

305.

When loe a beauteous Cloud roll'd on, and ſpred
Its ſhady Curtains on the Mountains Top,
In which his own Voice *God* had treaſured,;
And now it brake, no other Rain did drop
But this ſweet Shoure: *This is my Darling Son*
Hear Him, in whom my Joys doe dwell alone.

306.

The faint *Diſciples* on their faces fell,
Amaz'd that Thunder could diſtinctly ſpeak:
Mean while their *Maſter* did his Beams recall
And charg'd his Glories all to haſten back:
His *Godhead* needed now no more probation,
That Glimps being doubled by Heav'ns Atteſtation.

307.

Forthwith his Rayes ſhrunk back into his breaſt,
And moderate Beautie repoſſeſt his face:
The orient Luſtre which his Clothes had dreſt
Unto their native hue reſign'd its place;
And He returns to his Capacity
Of what He long'd for, Shame and Miſery.

308.

But turn thee now to *Salem* ward, and ſee
Yon' monument of thy *Lords* power and Love:
That hill is *Sion*, and that Pool where He
Doth wet his foot, is *Siloam*; above
Its Bottome lies, for in the Mountains breaſt
Its *Springs* of living Silver make their Neſt.

309.

Right honeſt are thoſe *Springs*, and brake not out
By wanton Chance, but upon Buſ'neſs flow'd:
What was th' occaſion, and how brought about,
Is not a Story known unto the Crowd:
But I, deare *Pſyche*, will unlock to Thee
The Bowells of this ancient Myſtery.

310.

When *Hezekias* heer at *Salem* ſate
On *Juda*'s Throne, th' *Aſſyrian* Power ſwell'd high,
And turned ſinfull *Iſraell's* florid State
Into the worſt of Woes, Captivity;
For *Aſſur* was become an *Iron Rod*
Which Veng'ance put into the Hand of *God*.

311.

That firſt Succeſs ſo puff'd the *Rod* with Pride,
That it forgot the Hand which it did ſway,
And now would needs it ſelf become a Guide
Unto it ſelf, and chooſe on what to prey:
Alas, the raſh *Rods* project ſoon was croſt,
And neer two hundred thouſand, Twiggs it loſt.

312.

Whilſt *Rabſheka* the foule-mouth'd Generall
With Horſe, and Men, and Braggs, and Blaſphemie
Lay againſt *Salem*, on the ſuddaine all
Proviſion of Water 'gan to be
Short in the Town; excepting Tears, which now
They could be ſpared leaſt, moſt high did flow.

313.

This venerable *Eſay* mov'd to trie
What He with *Mercy*, and with *Heav'n* could doe:
He tun'd his Prayer by the Peoples Crie,
Which with ſuch Violence to the Sphears did goe,
That back it bounded unto *Sions* foot,
On which He kneel'd, and made the Spring leap out.

314.

The thirſtie People all came flocking in,
Their Mouthes, their Bottles, and their Potts to fill:
Th' *Aſſyrians* wonderd what they meant; but when
They ſpi'd their buſineſs about the Well,
They made a Party out, reſolv'd to ſtopp
The new-born *Spring*, or elſe quite drink it up.

315.

The Citizens, themſelves to flight betook;
So did the Fountain too, and ſhrunk its Head
Into the Hill, and called back its Brook,
Commanding every Dropp to goe to bed:
And not to proſtitute themſelves, and be
Deflowr'd by *Aſſurs* Lipps impurity.

316.

The Streams obey'd, and ſwifter than the ſpeed
Of the impatient Horſmen, homeward ran.
So when the prudent Dame has ſummoned
Her crawling Frie from the incurſion
Of Violence, the nimble Serpents ſhoot
Themſelves into their Mothers ready throat.

The

317.

The disappointed Souldiers rav'd and swore,
To see the *Fountain* mock and scorn them so;
And cri'd, these *Jewes* have by some Magick Power
Broached this weily *Spring* from Hell, to doe
Spight to *Senacheribs* strength, and shew that We
Cannot so strong as wretched Water be.

318.

Thus they retired in Disdain and Wrath;
When straight the thirsty *Jewes* came back again;
And loe, the *Spring* found out its former path.
And courteously met them on the Plain,
Kissing their feet, and smiling in their face,
For whose sole Service He so watchfull was.

319.

Thus checkering his Work, he never fails
To faile his Foes, and to befriend his Friends;
Full often *Assur* tries, but ne'r prevails;
The wary nimble *Fountain* alway sends
Him empty back: And yet could not refuse
With liberall Streams to wait upon the *Jewes*.

320.

Thus the *Sabbatick Fount*, which all the Week
Keeps close at home, and lets no Drop spurt out;
Exactly watches and attends the Break
Of the *seav'nth Day*; and then, as quick as thought
Poures out its Flood, and sacrifices all
Its Plenty to that holy Festivall.

321.

A Man there was, who from his Mothers Womb,
Retired *Natures* dark and secret Shop,
Into the World, but not to light, had come,
Whose Birth did Him, and not his Eyes set ope:
Compar'd with Him, cleer-sighted was the Owle,
So was the evening Batt, and earthed Moule.

322.

For on his brow sate an anneiled *Night*,
Which his *Birth-Day* could not confute: In vain
His Mother hired the Physicians Might
To war against that Shaddow, and constrain
That imbred sturdy Blackness to relent;
In vain her money and her love she spent.

323.

Lesse thick the *Darkness* was which did revenge
The lustfull glances of old *Sodoms* Eyes;
When the hot Lovers damped by a strange
Invasion of Pitch, with Oaths and Cries
Tumbled and toss'd themselves from place to place,
And sought *Lots* Door in one anothers face.

324.

As *Jesus* spi'd this helplesse Wight, (for He
Watch'd to surprise all Objects of Compassion,)
Speeded by his own heav'nly Charity,
He to his Succour flies. Such is the fashion
Of generous Love, which never stayes to be
Woo'd, and importun'd to a Courtesie.

325.

The simple Man perceiving one draw nigh,
Fell to the Beggers covetous Dialect,
Craving for Money Friend, that is not my
Largisse, thy *Lord* repli'd, which doth infect
Those who desire it: Surely Thou would'st finde
What Bane thou begg'st, wert thou not *double Blind*.

326.

Money is that unhappy Dust which flies
Full in the face of undiscerning Man,
And heaps such Mists of Blindnesse on his eyes
That Heav'n He cannot see: If thou did'st skan
Thy state aright, Thou might'st thy Blindness blesse,
Who seest not how monstrous money is.

327.

Il'e make a thinner Clay than Money, which
Shall far exceed the Worth of Gold to Thee;
They are not moneys beams which doe inrich
The World with Light and Glory; but from Me
Alone flow forth those clear and genuine Raies
Which blesse the Age with sweet and golden Days.

328.

This said; three times He spit upon the ground
And temper'd with his Hand a Soveraign Clay;
No Salve by deepest Art was ever found
Which could so sure all Maladies allay;
Should pretious *Balsame* now prove sick and die,
This Ointment could work its Recovery.

329.

With this the Blinde Mans Eyes He Oynted; yet
Was pleased not forthwith to give them sight:
First an experiment He meant to get
Whether his inner Eyes of Faith were bright;
Then with his Favour, to reward and grace
The *Pool*, which long before so pious was.

330.

Bethesda Waters swell'd with full-tide Fame;
Wherefore, though apt Occasion Him invited,
Time was when He refus'd to honor Them:
But pour'd his royall love into this sleighted
Though worthy *Pool*, which as his Partner He,
In this his Miracle vouchsaf'd to be.

341.

To *Siloam* goe, ſaid He, and waſh thine Eyes,
And thou ſhalt ſee what I to thee have given:
The joyfull Man with holy Credence hies
Him to the Place: No Hart was ever driven
By ſcalding Thirſt more greedily unto
The Rivers, than He to this Spring did goe.

342.

He went to drink, not with his Mouth, but Eyes,
Which as He waſhed, loe, they 'gan to ope:
Out flew black Night, and all thoſe duskie Ties
By which his Senſe before was chained up,
Straight his releaſed ſparkling Pupills ſhow'd
Like ſprightfull Lightning from the broken Cloud.

343.

And now he lives, and ſees that he does live,
And Heav'n and Earth more than by hear-ſay knows,
Now every Parcell of the World doth give
Him a Remembrance unto whom He owes
His power of ſeeing it. O happy hee,
Who muſt in every Thing his Saviour ſee!

344.

Since from the Darkneſſe of the firſt *Abyſſe*
The Univerſe was wakened unto light,
Ne'r was atcheiv'd ſo ſtrange a Cure as this
Which on condemned Eyes beſtowed ſight
In ſpight of *Nature*, who had put them out
Before ſhe gave them leave to look about.

345.

Now *Pſyche* turn thine Eye to yonder Town,
Great *Salems* little Neighbour, *Bethany*;
A place of dear Remembrance to thine own
Beloved *Lord*: from *Salems* tumults He
Would oft retire into that calmy place,
And ſtill, as oft's He came, He welcome was.

346.

For there two Siſters dwelt, an holy Pair:
Induſtrious *Martha*, who the World did love,
Yet not ſo much but *Jeſus* was more dear;
Although the practick Trade of Life ſhe drove,
The Cream of her Solicitude ſhe ſpent
To purchaſe more than ſecular Content:

347.

Pathetick *Mary*, one whom *Mercy* made
Her choſen triumph: This was luſtfull She
Who in the hotteſt Troop of Sinners had
A leading Place; ſuch ſtout Impiety
Incouraged her Heart, that *Hell* could not
Put her on any Task, but ſhe would do't.

348.

For ſeav'n foule Devills had themſelves poſſeſt
Of all her Soule, and with imperious Port
In the uſurped Palace of her Breaſt
Their throne erected, and maintain'd their Court:
What Proclamations or Warrants They
So ever iſſu'd, ſhe did ſtraight obey.

349.

But *Jeſus* who did ſquare his Pitty by
No Merit hee in Mortall Man could read,
But for his Rule, took their Capacity
Of Succour; found how much this Heart did need
His potent Help, which He forthwith applied,
And made her Live, who now *ſeav'n times* had died.

350.

For from the bottome of Her poys'ned Breaſt
Seav'n hideous *Deadly Sins* ſhe vomited;
And having thus diſgorged Hell, which preſt
Her down ſo low, to Heav'n ſhe rais'd her head,
Flaming with pureſt fire of *Love*, as ſhe
Before had ſmoak'd in Luſts Impurity.

351.

Her brave Devotion ſhe did meaſure now
By the Large Size of *Mercy* ſhe had gained:
For as that *Mercy* did no limits know
So to Infinitude her Love ſhe ſtrained;
She ſtrained hard, and would have reach'd the Top,
If Mortall Paſſion could ſo high climb up.

352.

O *Pſyche*, hadſt Thou but been by when She
Unto her *Lord* upon *Loves* Errand came,
Thou might'ſt have ſeen impatient Piety
Mount in the boldneſſe of its noble Flame:
Firſt at his Feet it 'gan, and then it ſpred
With fair and liberall Fulneſſe to his Head.

353.

That fragrant Ointment which ſhe us'd before
To her own luſtfull Skin to ſacrifice,
She now on *Jeſu's* ſweeter Feet doth poure,
And adds another ſhowre from her own eyes:
Then wiping them with her late criſped Treſſes,
She offers there her conſecrated Kiſſes.

354.

She mindes not what Spectators think or ſay;
Love is ſecure and careleſſe: She does mean
E'r from her *Lovers* Feet ſhe goe away,
To oint, or weep, or wipe, or kiſſe them clean;
And by this generous Zeal ſhe Sanctifies
Her Locks, her Lips, her Ointment, and her Eyes.

355.

But as the ſprightfull Flame diſdains to ſtay
Below, and with undaunted Ardor ſtrives
To reach its lofty Sphear: So ſhe one Day
The Reins unto her gallant *Paſſion* gives,
And takes aime at the Top of Heav'n; for this
I'm ſure, ſaid ſhe, on *Jeſus*'s Temples is.

356.

She had a Box of Ointment of high price,
Yet not ſo pretious as her loving Lord:
Could the Worlds wealth meet in one Sacrifice,
All this She freely could to him afford;
And now unbrideled *Love* ſuch haſte did make,
That ſtraight the Box, or her own Heart muſt break.

357.

Indeed both brake; and both ſhe poured on
His Head, who is of Sweets and Hearts the *King*:
Straight through both Heav'n & Earth the Odours ran,
Which ſhall for ever with their Praiſes ring:
For now 't has loſt its Alabaſter Cell,
The glorious *Nard* in all the World doth dwell.

358.

Thrift grumbled at the Coſt: but *Jeſus* who
Exceſſive in his Love to *Mary* was,
Vouchſaf'd her generous Soule free leave to goe
In the ſame princely and licentious pace:
He knows the heats of this unweildy Paſſion,
And will allow it brave Immoderation.

359.

All other *Paſſions* eas'ly bounded are,
Becauſe their Objects are in limits ti'd;
But *Love* alone with infinite carrieer
Still further everlaſtingly doth ride,
Being let looſe at *God* himſelfe, in whom
Immenſity affords her boundleſſe room.

360.

Now *Pſyche*, thou mayſt eas'ly judge how dear
Was this *Seraphick Woman* to thy *Lord*.
She had one onely Brother, who for her
Sake, and his own, was to his Love preferr'd:
He falling ſick, ſhe ſent the News unto
Her *Maſter*, waiting what hee pleas'd to doe.

361.

He who had never yet his help delay'd,
When loving *Mary* did his Mercy woe,
Till *Phebus* twiſe the World had compaſs'd, ſtay'd
He ſtay'd indeed: but 'twas that hee might goe
With advantageous Glory; and his ſtay
Might prove but *ripened Love*, and not *Delay*.

362.

Mean while his Sickneſſe ſo prevail'd upon
Good *Lazarus*, that his Soule it chaſed out:
Jeſus, whoſe eyes through all things cleerly ran,
Beheld it as it went, and ſaw it brought
On Angells Wings into the bleſſed Neſt
Of naked Peace, and Quiet, *Abraham*'s breaſt.

363.

Where when it was repoſed: *Lazarus*
Our Friend, is fallen faſt aſleep, ſaid He,
But I intend to wake Him: Come let Us
Delay no longer, but to *Bethany*.
And, *Lord* what needs it, his *Diſciples* cri'd,
If *Lazarus* ſleep, what harm can Him betide?

364.

'Tis true, their *Lord* repli'd; for now he lies
Safe in the boſome of Serenity:
Yet what his Reſt is, little you ſurmiſe,
Not knowing that in Death true ſleep can be.
Alas, all other Reſt compar'd with this,
Scarcely the ſhaddow of true Quiet is.

365.

Death is that onely ſleep which puts an end
Unto this weary Worlds tempeſtuous Cares,
And pious Soules unto that Shore doth ſend
Which knows no Dangers, Labours, Griefs, or Fears.
Our friend is dead: and glad I am that I
Was not at *Bethany* when He did die.

366.

Glad for your ſakes, whoſe faith now dead, ſhall by
His Death revive. This ſaid, He forward went,
And they with Him: But e'r at *Bethany*
He did arrive, two other dayes were ſpent.
He could have taken coach upon the back
Of any Winde; but now choſe to be ſlack.

367.

Firſt buſie *Martha* met Him, as He drew
Neer to the Town, (for when hee coming was,
The fame of his Approach before Him flew,
Which her ſollicitous ears ſoon caught,) and as
She threw her ſelfe upon her knees, ſhe cried,
Had'ſt thou been here, my *Brother* had not died.

368.

Dear *Lord of Life*, if thou had'ſt but been here,
Death would have his due diſtance kept, if not
For love of Thee, or Us, at leaſt for fear
Of his own life. And yet thy Power is but
Deferred, not precluded; *God* will ſtill
Each ſyllable of thy Requeſts fulfill.

369.

Nor weep nor doubt, dear *Martha*, *Jesus* cried,
Thy *Brother* shall again to life return.
I doubt it not, sweet *Master*, she replied,
But in the universall worlds new morn,
When all Things spring into fresh life, that He
Shall with his Body reinvested be.

370.

I am, said He, the Resurrection, and
The life; Whoever doth beleeve in Me,
Although he be a Pris'ner in the land
Of Death, shall unto life released be:
Nay he shall never taste of Death, who is
Living by Faith in Me: Beleev'st thou this?

371.

Heer dazeled by his high Discourse, Great *Lord*
She cri'd, my Faith doth take Thee for no lesse
Then *Gods Almighty Son*, who by his Word
Wert promised, this cursed World to bless,
This said, three times she kiss'd the ground, and home
Made hast, to bid her pensive *Sister* come.

372.

As when the powerfull Loadstone's placed neer,
Th' inamored Iron leaps, its love to kisse:
So *Mary* when she heard how *Christ* was there,
Speeded to meet her dearest Hapiness;
And, falling at her highest Throne, His Feet,
Martha's Complaint, She did again repeat.

373.

Short were her Words, but copious were her Tears,
Love-ravish'd Pleaders strongest Eloquence;
For in her Eyes those fertile springs she bears
Which by their ever-ready Influence
Confirm Her *Queen of Weepers*: Ne'r was seen
A more bedewed Thing then *Magdalene*.

374.

For *Love* though valiant as the Lyons Heart;
Is yet as soft as the milde Turtles Soule,
And mourns as much: knowing no other Art
By which to slake the mighty Flames which roule
About her Bosome, and would burn her up,
Did not her streams of Tears that Torrent stop.

375.

If when the Clouds lament, the hardest stone,
Under their frequent Tears relenteth: How
Will *Maries* thicker Showers prevail upon
The Heart of *Jesus*, which did never know
What Hardnesse ment! He straitway melts, and by
His *Groanes*, does his Compassion testifie.

376.

Then turning to the Grave, he broach'd his Eyes,
And vi'd with *Maries* streams: whither it were
In Pitty of *Mans* fatall Miseries,
Who did his own Destruction prepare;
(For neither *Gods*, nor *Natures* Hand, but he
Digg'd his own Grave, by his Impietie:)

377.

Or in deep greif his dearest Freinds to see
Of his Omnipotence distrustfull still;
Or in soft Sympathie with those whom He
Of Tears and Lamentations saw so full:
What e'r the reason were, He showred down
Those streams for *Mans* sake, and not for his own.

378.

O *Tears*! you now are Perls indeed, since He
Who is the *Gem of Heav'n*, hath brought you Forth
Now you may worthy of *Gods Bottles* be
Who from *Gods* radiant *Eyes* derive your Worth:
All holy Drops which are of kin to you
By that Affinitie must glorious grow.

379.

Let flintie Bosomes build their fooliſh Pride
On their own Hardnesse, and the *Weeping Eye*
As an effeminate childish Thing deride,
And inconsistent with the Braverie
Of Masculine Spirits: Yet truely-noble Hearts
With *Jesus* will not scorn to Weep their parts.

380.

But He, now from the Tombe commands the stone
To be remov'd, which sealed *Lazarus* up
Alas, an harder Marble lay upon
Poor *Martha's* Heart, which *Faiths* access did stop;
Corrupted was her Minde, which made Her think
And talk so much of *Foure Days*, and the *Stink*.

381.

What are *Foure Dayes*, that their poor intervention
Should able be to raise a scruple here,
And intercept *his* soveraign Intention
To whom *Eternitie* doth bow? A Year,
An Age, a World, is no stop unto Him
Upon whose Will depends the life of *Time*.

382.

Stinks and *Corruptions* no Retardments are
To his productive Power who doth derive
Through *Putrifactions* Pipes, and there prepare
The life which to all Creatures he doth give;
For by his Law, which knows no violation,
Corruption Mother is to *Generation*.

The

383.

The Stone removed, and the Cave laid ope,
Jesus, the mighty King of Life and Death,
With awfull Majesty his hand lift up,
And then his Voice, forming his royall breath
Into these high imperious Words, which Earth
And Heav'n obeyed: *Lazarus come forth.*

384.

A mighty *Voice* indeed, which reach'd the Breast
Of *Abraham*, where the *Soule* in quiet lay,
But at these potent Summons made all haste
Back to its own: The *Patriark*, they say,
Kiss'd the sweet *Spirit*, and intreated it
To bear that Token unto *Jesus*'s feet.

385.

But when it came into the Cave, it found
What there the Thunder of this *Voice* had done;
Shatter'd and scatter'd all about the ground
Lay adamantine Chains, which Death had on
The Carkasse heap'd: broke was that Cloud of Lead
Which roll'd cold night about the Eyes and Head.

386.

The Worms were scrambling all away apace;
Corruption had into a corner got;
Pale *Ghastlinesse* had stole from off the face;
Still frozen *Numnesse* frighted was, and shot
Far from the Corps; *Death* sate lamenting by,
To see that what He slew, must now not die.

387.

Heat, *Vigour*, *Motion*, hover'd round about;
Attending when the *Soule* her place would take;
Which when She saw; as quick as her own Thought
Into the Heart she flew, and did awake
The sleeping Blood: When loe, whil'st yet the sound
Of the great *Voice* did in the Cave rebound,

388.

Out *Lazarus* comes. O what Amazement now
On the Spectators seiz'd! They start, they stare,
They gape, they doubt, they hope, they fear, they throw
Their Arms wide open, and divided are
'Twixt looking upon *Lazarus*, and on
Jesus by whom the Miracle was done.

389.

Out *Lazarus* comes, and yet he was fast tied
And, in his Grave-clothes snarl'd: for why should he
By these poor Ligaments be now denied
Free passage, whom the strong conspiracy
Of all *Deaths* massie Chains could not compell
A Pris'ner in his Sepulchre to dwell.

390.

Out *Lazarus* comes: and full as fresh and fair
As Summer Flowers from their Winter Bed,
Which at their rising, through the purest aire
A daintier breath of fragrant Odours shed:
Nice jealous *Martha* needs not doubt, for He
Is now as wholesome and as sweet as she.

391.

But ask Me not why *Jesus* would call back
His *Friend*, who lay compos'd in rest and peace,
To this tumultuous World, which Saints do take
But for the Sceen of all Unhappinesse:
whil'st *Jesus* liveth here, his *Friends* hee warms
With sweeter Joyes & Peace, than *Abrahams* Arms.

392.

Alas, 'twas *Abrahams* highest Wish, that He
Might but behold what *Lazarus* now did finde:
How would He blesse the Sight, if hee might see
Him who imparteth Eyes unto the Blinde,
Who on the Sickly Health, Peace on his Foes,
Life on the Dead, and Heav'n on Earth bestows!

393.

These *Psyche*, were the usuall Works whereby
Thy *Lord* did to his World himselfe declare:
But in so vast a multiplicity,
That if they all at large recorded were,
That Worlds whole Bounds would not sufficient be
To finde those onely Books a Library.

394.

And what meant these miraculous Dispensations,
But his Affection to proclaim intire?
Never with such illustrious Demonstrations
Did royall Suiter seal his true Desire
To his Queens Heart; as *Jesus* here did prove
How with all Humane Soules He was in love.

395.

Here *Phylax* clos'd his rubie Lips; and she
Who all this while upon his Tongue attended
Both with her eare and heart; was griev'd to see
His high and sweet Discourse so quickly ended;
And yet, for what sh' had heard, her Modesty
Paid Him her Mayden Thanks upon her knee.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.

CANTO XI.

The Traytor.

ARGUMENT.

IN sordid love of thick and rusting Clay
Prodigious Judas, LOVE *himselfe doth sell:*
But for the Pains, besides the High-Priests Pay,
Receives a larger Salary of Hell,
Which met him upon earth, and through his own
Split Body, rent his wounded Spirit down.

1.

ENvie, thou mortall bane of *Quietnesse*,
And of thy Selfe, what makes thy Rage so mad
To play the Canker in all kind of Bliss,
And on thine own Vexation live! A Rod
To thine own curst back thou art, as well
As to the Worlds, and both thy Fury feel.

2.

In thy mischievous Womb was *Discord* bred,
The correspondent Brat of such a Dame;
A Brook which well becomes its Fountain head,
And doth with equall gennine Poyson stream;
A Brook which round about the hamper'd World
Its Arms pernicious Imbrace hath hurl'd.

3.

This is that fatall and destructive Jarr
Which frets and interrupts the Harmonie
Wherein all Things concentricated were
By peacefull *Natures* sweet and sacred Tie;
That Jarr, which in *Times* youth did belk and beat,
Till to wilde *War* the way wide ope it set.

4.

War, thy foule Comprehension of all
The worst of Hell: Fell *Belzebub* at first
Begot the Monster of his own proud Gall,
From whence in Heav'n unhappily it burst:
A Birth-place how unfit for such a Birth!
And well it was, that straight it cast it forth.

Heav'n

5.

Heav'n cast it forth; but Hell receiv'd the Brat,
And hugg'd it close, and nurst, and kept it warm:
Fed there with Fire and Blood, it soon grew fat
And strong enough to raise a desperate Storm
In its black Nurserie, which it did fret,
And all the Devills in Confusion set.

6.

When *Lucifer* saw its Activitie,
With hellish Joy He kiss'd his genuine Son;
And as He kick'd his Fathers Courtesie,
And scratch'd his kissing Lips; this Signe alone
Dear Childe, cri'd He, sufficient is to prove
Thou art my Issue, and deserv'st my love.

7.

Then from his own vipereous Tresses He
Pluck'd a large handfull of his longest Snakes,
Of which, with poisnous liberalitie,
A favour for his darling Childe he makes,
Who ever since with Joy and Triumph wears
The hissing Discord all about his Ears.

8.

Thus dress'd without, and furnished within
With desperate Injunctions, a Commission
To be sole *Generall* of every Sin,
Of all Confusion, and of all Perdition
He freely grants Him, and then sends Him forth
To trie what Ruines he could work on Earth.

9.

(The cunning *Serpent* lov'd his Hole too well
To suffer desperate *War* to harbour there:
He knew that even in the Realm of Hell
Division would the Joints and Cement tear
Which in obedience to his Soveraign Pride
The Peers and Commons of Damnation ti'd.)

10.

As through the bowells of deep *Tellus* He
Rent ope his Way, amazed *Nature* shook,
Affrighted *Quiet*, and *Serenitie*
Their sudden flight to Heav'n for shelter took,
Leaving behinde an universall Groan;
Through all the World such fatall Terror ran.

11.

But blustering on the *Fury* sought where he
Might entertainment for his Mischeif meet:
First to the Lyons Dens he went, to see
Whither their mighty Mouthes, and armed feet
Might not be taught to undertake a fight
In the fell Quarrell of intestine Spight.

12.

The noble Beasts with generous disdain
Look'd on the *Monster*, and lay couchant still:
Seeming to say, Our Selves will hold the chain
Of our own Strength, and when We please to fill
Our Lust with Blood, Wee'l hunt it up and down
The Woods, but never riot in our own.

13.

Repulsed here, He made the like Address
To Dragons, Tigres, Panthers, Wolves, and Bears;
But they in their own Naturall freindliness
Hugg'd one another, and refus'd all Warrs.
The *Monster* vex'd, and tore himself, to see
That salvage Creatures would not disagree.

14.

At last, to *Man* he came: And who could dream
That *Man*, the softest and the gentlest Thing,
Which Heav'ns own carefull Hand alone did frame;
Man, who could fight for Nothing, being King
Of all the World; *Man*, who unarm'd was made,
Should turn Apprentice to the Warlike Trade.

15.

Yet *Man*, the Riddle of Unhappiness,
Unto the *Monster* entertainment gave.
Mad *Man*, for whom a thousand Maladies
Perpetually are digging up his grave,
Will needs goe learn a surer speedier way
To cut that Life which posteth to Decay.

16.

For *Cain* (th'originall Curses first-born Heir)
No sooner saw the *Furies* looks, but He
Fanci'd them lovely, and by far more fair
Then gentle *Abels* blessed Suavitie.
Unhappie fancie, whose mad violence
Murder'd a Quarter of the World at once.

17.

And yet that dreadfull Mark, which seald so deep
His knawing Guilt on his dispairing face,
From his all bloody Foot-steps could not keep
Succeeding Generations; still they trace
The cursed Tract, regardlesse of the Cries
With which *Blood* wakens *Veng'ance*, and the *Skies*.

18.

With unrelenting Steel they barbarize
Their tender Flesh, or clothe themselves with Brasse;
They for *Destruction* proper Tools devise,
To hasten on the fate of fading Grasse;
And unto *Times* not lazie Sithe, their Arts
Of Death they add, Spears, Arrows, Swords, & Darts.

19.

And being lothe that any Stay ſhould make
Them looſe the credit of their madneſſe, They
Truſt not their own two feet, but mount the back
Of fiery Steeds, by whoſe fierce ſpeed they may
Flie unto Miſcheif, and in full Carreer
And cruel Joy, their Brethrens bowells tear.

20.

Yea though the univerſal *Deluge* by
Waſhing away that bloody Torrent, and
Thoſe who had broach'd it, warned *Man* to ſee
How little need he had to arme his hand
Againſt Himſelf; He madly prov'd, No flood
Of Water could aſwage his thirſt of Blood.

21.

O no! for He ſtill more induſtrious grow's
In Barbarouſnes; and with it taints the Heart
Of gentle *Learning*, which He daily draws
In all his bloodieſt Plots to act its part;
Hence came thoſe *engines* which ſo ſtrangely ſpit
Death's multipli'd, and deadlier made by Wit.

22.

Yet theſe at length He counts but ſpights delay,
Angry that Heav'ns Artillerie doth flie
Swifter then His; and therefore ſeeks a way
To Shoot his Wrath, as doth th' inraged skie:
Thus from his Canons mouths the thunders roar,
The lightnings flaſh, ſmoak, bullets, vengance, poure.

23.

No *Furies* can with more remorſleſſe ſpight
Rend one anothers Breaſts, then *Man* doth *Man*.
Wounds, ſhrieks, and gaſpings, are his proud delight,
By Barbarouſnes his Proweſs He doth ſcan;
In Humane Blood He ſtrives to write his ſtories,
And by his Murders counteth up his glories.

24.

Thus milde *Humanitie* is thrown aſide,
And *Manhood* takes from *War* its ominous name.
Alas, and was not *Manhood* known, till Pride
And envious Wrath, this ſalvagenes did frame;
Till Beaſts upbraided Men, who entertain'd
The helliſh *Monſter*, which all they diſdain'd?

25.

Were there not luſtie ſins, whoſe ſturdy might
Could have ſufficient feuell been to feed
The boldeſt valour of the braveſt wight,
And yeeld a fairer Laurel to his Head,
Then thoſe unhappy wreaths, which ſmeared are
In the thick gore of an unnaturall War!

26.

But ah! that bleſſed Combat is forgot
In this wilde Trade of fighting: *Sin* does here
Command in cheife, and from its Quarters ſhut
Whatever doth like *Law* and *Right* appear:
And in their rooms, by whole troops liſted be
Rapes, rapine, rampant rage, and luxurie.

27.

Shame on their Soules who love this barbarous trade,
And by this mercileſſe Apoſtaſie
Eraſe, and quite forget what *Nature* made
Them at the firſt: But their Impietie
Swels higheſt, Who the Name of *Chriſtian* bear,
Yet ſtain it in the Blood of cauſeleſſe war.

28.

O ſhameleſſe boldneſſe! which can in defence
Of *meek Religion*, put on Barbarouſnes,
And make the *Bond of Sweetnes* a pretence
To break all other yoakes; which dares profeſſe
It fights to reſcue that, whoſe higheſt praiſe
Injurious ſuffrings alwayes us'd to raiſe.

29.

The noble *Army* of thoſe *Martyrs*, who
To Heav'n in *Triumphs* Chariot aſcended,
Had never *learn'd Chriſt and Religion* ſo;
Both which they by a ſurer way defended,
Drowning all oppoſition in the flood
Not of their tyrants, but of their own blood.

30.

Nor did Heav'ns moſt propitious bottles e're
Beſtow more fertile ſhours on thirſtie Earth;
Then ſtreamed from thoſe *Hero*'s veins, to cheer
The new ſown Churches ſeeds, and help them forth
Into that glorious crop, which quickly ſwell'd
So high, that all the wondering World it fill'd.

31.

Can others blood, their tincture be, who are
Sworn ſervants to the glorious *King of Peace*?
That *King*, who is a *Lamb*, and who doth wear
Of tendernes the white and dainty fleece?
That *King* whoſe onely buſines and joy
It is to ſave, but never to deſtroy?

32.

Into this world his foot He would not ſet,
Till every ſword return'd into its ſheath,
Till *Janus*'s Temple with a ſeale was ſhut,
Till *Nature* was reſtor'd to lead on Death,
Till *Peace*'s calm had pav'd his paſſage plain,
And *Men* repented into *Men* again.

Yet

33.

Yet being Come, though *Satan* could not raiſe
An open tempeſt to diſturb his courſe,
He tryes a thouſand ſecret envious wayes,
Patching with cunning his defect of force;
He lends freſh malice to the peviſh *Jews*,
And in the *Highprieſts* heads his Plots he brews.

34.

Annas and *Caiaphas* reſolve to try
How they their glories may aſſert, which now
They more and more beheld eclipſed by
The reverend luſtre which from *Chriſt* did flow,
Upon whoſe flames, if nothing elſe will doe,
Rather then faile, they his own blood will throw.

35.

Phylax thought fit a while to dwell upon
This ſtory with his *Pyſche*; wherefore He,
After convenient Refection,
Bids Her ſit faſt; and yeelding then the free
And long deſired reins to his hot *Steeds*,
Quick as the winde to *Salem* ward he ſpeeds.

36.

There, over *Sions* head, he pulled back
The Bridle: ſtrait his docile Courſers knew
The language of his Hand, and 'gan to ſlack
Their pace, and in a ſemicircle flew;
For by one wing they with the other fought,
And damp'd their courſe by wheeling thus about.

37.

Then lighting on the Hill, their mains they ſhaked,
Their heads they lifted high, and then their voice:
The bottomes at their mighty Neighings quaked,
And from their Caverns all flung back the noiſe:
But ſtrait as *Phylax* 'gan to ſpeake, the Steeds (heads.
Seal'd up their Mouths, and humbled down their

38.

Though, *Pyſche*, thy deare *Lord* himſelf indear'd
To all this World by thoſe ſweet Miracles,
(And millions more than them) which thou haſt heard,
Said he, yet ſo importunate was Hels
Invidious clamor in the *Jewiſh* ears,
That all Heav'ns Words and Works it overbears.

39.

And now the thicker Wonders *Jeſus* does
More Articles againſt himſelf he draws;
The ſhameleſſe *Judges* turn his mortall foes,
Forgetting *Right*'s, and urging *Envies* Laws;
And in black Envies impudent eſteem
No crime ſo foule as *Pietie* doth ſeem.

40.

But how this *Malice* brought about her end,
And rais'd her ſelfe to that tranſcendent Pitch
Of monſtrouſneſſe, which never any *Feind*
With all the wit of Hell, before could reach,
Is worth thy hearing: Come, ſit down, and I
Will pump this Venom forth before thine eye.

41.

Before Hells yawning mouth, a Cave there is
(The little emblem of that greater Realme)
The native houſe and home of *Avarice*,
Who in her craving thoughts doth overwhelm
The univerſe, and, whatſoe'r ſhe gains
As lean and hungry as before remains.

42.

If any thing but *Money* comming be,
The door is alway deaf; for its ſtrange ears
Can apprehend no noiſe or harmonie
But Monies chinking; which as ſoon's it hears,
It flingeth ope its mouth as wide, and faſt
As Tygers, when their prey to them is caſt.

43.

Six yellow ſprings before the threſhold riſe,
Infected by that Houſes neighbour-hood;
Which creeping far through earths cloſe cavities
Poure out their wealthy but moſt dangerous flood
On the condemned World, devouring there
More than in ſtormy Seas e're drowned were.

44.

Indus and *Ganges* ronled in the Eaſt,
Pactolus in the middle of the Earth;
But *Tagus* undertook to taint the Weſt
And ſpewd in *Spain* his gliſtering poiſon forth.
Rich *Hebrus* choſe ſomething more North to be
And broke his way through *Thracian Rhodope*.

45.

Plate ſtole into the other World, that He
Might to ſome pains and coſt put *Coveteuſneſſe*;
But when her thirſt grows hot, impatient ſhe
Shall ſcorn th' *Atlantik* Ocean, and preſſe
Through unknow Monſters to finde out that ſtream
Which yet ſhall not quench, but augment her flame.

46.

The ſtructure of the Houſe is mean and poore,
And cals with many a mouth for Reparation:
The *Clouds*, when e're they weep, do freely poure
Through every rotten room an inundation;
The *Windes* come whiſtling at their pleaſure in;
And every kinde of Weather there will Inn.

47.

A thousand Stilts and Propps their shoulders set
Against the Walls, where many a Wisp and Rag
Into the weather-beaten Wounds were put:
Such is the Thrift of the old carking *Hag*,
Her Houses Fall she ventures, but to spare
The simple Cost ev'n of a patch'd Repair.

48.

Within lie Trunks and Chests along the Walls
Pil'd to the roofe on one anothers backs,
Guarded with iron hoops, and brazen nails,
And strongly fortifi'd with triple Locks,
As if indeed some Treasurers stithes they were,
When onely yellow Clay lay keeping there.

49.

There lay all that the famous *Lydian Prince*
Had rak'd up by his numerous Victories;
Unhappy *Crœsus!* who at such expence
Of pains and time, purchas'd so poor a prize,
Which, as a load, upon his Life was thrown,
And when He dyed, prest'd him deeper down.

50.

There lay the *Phrygian King's* unwieldy Masse
Of wretched Gold, whose rich Wish made him Poor,
Whose wealthy Privilege his Confusion was,
And famish'd him amid't his growing Store.
Sure for that *Wish* he more deserv'd those Bars
Which by the Poets quaint Revenge he wears.

51.

Next them, the other *Phrygians Talents*, Who
By Pagans verdict is condemn'd to thirst
Amidst the streams which on his lipps doe flow.
Unfortunate *Tantalus*, how vain was thou curst
In life with Treasures which Thou could'st not use
In death, with Dainties which thy Mouth abuse!

52.

The cursed Heaps of stern *Callicrates*
Were there, who by *Ecclesias* Hand did rake
Them up, and make th' *Athenian* Mistries
The Fountain of his Richnes; who did break
The Laws in a wide Urging Them, that He
Owner of what He could not keep might be.

53.

The stuffed Coffers of rich *Cinyras*
Which by his *Cyprian* Plenty He did fill,
Were there conceited in huge throngs; so was
The Wealth of *Cyprus*, which so high did swell
That it alone sufficient might seem
To choak or burden Millions more with Him.

54.

The teeming Baggs which *Pelops* brooded o'r,
The Wealth which *Crassus* upon heaps did heap,
Darius's brave inestimable Store,
Here in their severall Sepulchres did sleep;
So did great *Pharoahs*, into whose vast Barn
A Crop of Gold was brought, for that of Corn.

55.

What-ever Rapine, Fraud, Oppression, Lies,
Distrustfull Greedinesse, vexatious Care,
Had snatch'd, stole, poll'd, or scraped, to suffice
What could not filled be, was crowded there:
Little think Men that all such Riches will
Finde their way home, and with their *Pluto* dwell.

56.

Nay here that vast accumulation lay,
Which dares call every other Treasure poor,
That Wealth which did the golden Age display
When *Solomon* the Crown of *Israel* wore,
He who disgraced Silver so, that it
Like vulgar stones was kick'd about the street.

57.

Wise as He was, that King well understood
That amongst all those huge *Vacuities*
Which puffe the World up with their froathy Flood,
Ev'n massie Gold must counted be; which lies
Men in more fruitlesse Care than any Thing
That *Fortune* rouls in *Vanities* fine Ring.

58.

Alas as here in all its strength it lay
Immur'd in thousand Chests, it could not by
Its power or its value keep away
Vile Rust and Cankers, which eternally
Did dwell and feed upon it; nor could all
Those mighty Locks forbid their Festivall.

59.

But howling round about the woefull Room
Were those unhappy *Soules* whose Thirst of Gold
Had plunged Them in this eternal Doom;
Soules which to their own Baggs themselves had sold,
And bought their Prison, from whose Misery
Their useless Store could no Redemption buy.

60.

His mystick Wand old wrinckled *Balaam* broke,
And flung his wretched charmes about the floor,
Cursing the day when He to *Balack* took
His voyage for vile love of Money, more
Than Heav'n and Truth; and crying out, Why was
I with my Wit, lesse Wise than my plain Asse!

There

61.

There wretched *Achan* roar'd, himselfe to see
So gorgeous in his *Babylonish Cloak*:
Besides, to make him rich in Misery,
Deep in his heart his *golden Wedge* was stuck;
And his two hundred silver Ingots cast
Into a Clog, about his feet held fast.

62.

There cursed *Ahab* with eternall Fright
Seem'd to see *Naboths Ghost* flash in his face;
Whose guiltlesse blood quite quenched that Delight
With which the Vine should have enflam'd his Glass:
Nay every cau'seletie Stone which had been thrown
On *Naboths* head, rebounded on his own.

63.

Gehazie there, as white with Lepros'e
As he with guilt was odious and black,
His *double Change of Garments* hates, which he
Can for his stinking Soars no Cover make,
And still he starts, and thinks his *Masters* eye
Doth Him, and his two *Syrian Talents* spie.

64.

There *Dives* rends his purple Robes, and flings
Away the bitter Sweets of his old Feasts,
Cursing his own, but blessing his Doggs Tongues
Which were so courteous to the poorest Guests,
Kissing and Licking *Lazarus*'s Soars, whilst He
With cruel Raylings griev'd his Poverty.

65.

But this Room onely was the Portall to
The Chapell, whose poor Architecture was
Of equall Vileness, had its Roof not so
Been skrew'd up, as to yeild convenient space
For *State* and *Majesty* to stand upright,
And let the *God* appear in his own height.

66.

Hast Thou not heard how upon *Dura*'s Plain
Nebuchadnezzar made his Ovens wrath hot
As those who fear'd Hells Furnace, and the stain
With which Idolatry their Soules would blot,
When he erected sixty Cubits high
The Mountain of his *golden Deity*?

67.

The Copie of that *Idoll* hence He took,
For in this Temple its Original stands;
Such is the massie Head, such is the Look,
Such are the Legs, the Breast, the Arms, the Hands,
Such is its monstrous bulk, and such the beams
With which its pure and burnish'd Metall flames.

68.

His Name is *Mammon*, and although he be
So dead a Lump, that aid he cannot lend
Unto himselfe; yet to his Deity
Almost all living Men do couch and bend:
Heav'ns King with all his Powers of Love & Bliss
Works upon Humane Hearts with lesse Successe.

69.

Both those who see, and those who have no eyes,
Are by his splendor equaly invited;
For Both are Blinde, when they begin to prize
His worthlesse Worth, and finde their Soules delighted
With the bare contemplation of *Money*,
Which is their Thirsts Milk, & their Hungers Honey.

70.

Thrift, that most slander'd Thing, pretended is
By almost every Age and Tribe of Men;
Who all inamor'd of this glistering Bliss,
After the Call of *Maxies* chincking run;
And tainted with th' immedicable itch
Of heaping Riches, ne'r think they are rich.

71.

Before the *Image* both the sick and well,
The Rich, and Poor, the Young, and Aged lay;
Active and hot was their Devotions Zeal
Disdaining any Respit Night or Day,
And mortifying with hard Penance what
Soever *Mammons* Laws allowed not.

72.

About its shaddowed feet grew a thick Crop
Of every kinde of Sin which taints this Earth;
Fruits, which those fond Devote's gathered up
As fast as the poisoned Roots could bring them forth:
The *Golden Crime* this certain Priviledge wins,
That it is always rich in other Sins.

73.

In other Sins; and in the righteous Curse
Which is by *Vengeance* ti'd eternaly
Unto the never-satisfied Purse:
For still those Cormorants are tormented by
Vexatious Cares, and Fears of *Want*, the more
They are incumbred with their growing *Store*.

74.

That *Store*, which with such tyrannizing Awe
In endlesse bondage holds their Soules, that they
With any of those golden Streams which flow
Upon their Lips, durst not their Thirst allay;
But rather antidate their Hell, and learn
Betimes in everlasting Drought to burn.

75.

The *Prieſt* which waits upon this *Deity*
Is full as ougly as its ſelfe is fair:
The raving wallowing *Mænades* would be
Spruce handſome Ladies, if compar'd with Her;
So would the rankeſt Witch that ever yet
Diſfigured was in any Magick Fit.

76.

Age bends her looks towards that Earth, in which
Unceſſantly to delve, is her delight:
As are the backs of bunched Camels, ſuch
Is Hers, and full as well agrees with Weight;
All Load is light to Her, if but one Grain
Of intermixed Profit it contain.

77.

Her Face all over's plowed up with Care,
And long and deep the wretched furrows be;
Her hollow Eyes quite damp'd and dazell'd are
By glaring on her gliſtering *Deity*:
Her ſallow Looks, and ſhrivell'd parched Skin
Confeſſe what Pains ſhe takes about her Sin.

78.

Her Nails ſhe never cut, but let them grow
Up with her Wealth, for *Scraping* was her Trade:
No greedy Vulture could ſuch tallons ſhow,
Such dreadfull Claws no Harpie ever had:
Theſe were the Engins with which ſhe did break
Earths Bowells open, and the Centre rake.

79.

A putrid Mantle ti'd about her Waſte
Was all the Roabs ſhe would her ſelfe allow,
Which ſhe had found upon a Dunghill caſt
A thouſand years agoe; and which was now
Nine hundred Times new Patch'd; yet would not
At the leaſt coſt of a new old one be. (She

80.

Nine ſtuffed Pouches on a leathern Thong
Crowded about her miſerable Loins;
With theſe, of maſſie Keyes two Bunches hung,
The Memorandums of her treaſured Mines.
Which Keyes ſhe twenty times a day would tell,
And reckon what under their Locks did dwell.

81.

Patrocles was to Her, a generous Knight,
And made his bord the Sceen of Laviſhneſſe:
When ſhe with Dainties would her ſelfe delight
Some old worm-eaten Root her Banquet was;
And when at moſt her Fare ſhe did enlarge,
She would in Salt be at an whole Mites charge.

82.

But planted deep in her unhappy breaſt
Is the black Root of all her monſtrous Cares,
Foule *Infidelity*, which bids her caſt
About how to with-ſtand what her vain fears
Make terrible, and build her Truſt upon
No Power or Providence, but her own alone.

83.

Beſides th' Idea's of her Gold which lay
Pill'd there in curſed heaps, did ruſty grow:
This Ruſt, its dwelling turn'd into its Prey
And on her heart inceſſantly did knaw:
Yet was her *Idoll* unto her ſo dear,
That for more Money, ſhe more Ruſt would bear.

84.

This *Hag* was *Avarice*; whom *Satan* held
Almoſt as dear, as He thy *Spouſe* did hate:
Upon her Power He alone did build
His ſmall hopes to bring about his great
Deſigne of Malice, for He knew that She
Could doe much more with Men, than Heav'n, or He.

85.

Unto her houſe himſelfe in perſon came,
And, with all condeſcent of Courteſie,
Wiping aſide the Sulphure and the Flame
In which his royall Lips did uſe to frie,
Saluted Her, who never untill this
Occaſion, from her King obtain'd a Kiſſe.

86.

This Favour raviſh'd her ſo deep, that She
All his Injunctions did with Joy receive:
Firſt taking her Commiſſion, on her knee,
(Which thrice ſhe kiſs'd) and then her haſty leave,
To earth ſhe poſts; where ſhe findes out a Cell
Almoſt as heliſh as her native Hell.

87.

For to *Iſcariots* breaſt ſhe took her way,
Which fooliſh He left ope without a Guard:
With all her venome in ſhe ruſh'd, and lay
Cloſe in the bottome of his heart; full hard
It was e'r ſhe intruded in, but now
No ſtone can ſuch proofs of its Hardneſſe ſhow.

88.

Thoſe Words of potent Sweetneſſe which did drop
From *Jeſu's* bleſſed Lips, could Windes, and Seas,
And Sickneſſes, and Devills bridle up,
And every Storm, but *Judas* his appeas.
O that *Man* ſhould that onely Monſter be
Which is too hard for *Mercies* Suavity.

As

89.

As He who boiling Lead has ſwallow'd down
Feels himſelf all on fire, and thinks that though
A thouſand Seas into his Cup were thrown
They could not quench his drought: So *Juda* now
Perceived his impoiſ'ned boſome frie
In covetous Thirſts impatient Ardencie.

90.

Millions of Thoughts are raging in his breaſt,
And every one of them is all on fire:
He ſcorns, and hates the Povertie of *Chriſt*;
No other Bliſſe but Gold he does deſire:
Talk not to Him of pennileſs Piety;
What e'r it coſt, hee muſt have Gold, or die.

91.

But yet this onely Poiſon did not ſwell
His heart; Another joyned in the plot.
Deep in the very Sink of loweſt Hell
Is ſituate a dreadfull gloomy Grot;
A Grot which there in ambuſh ſeems to lie
Hatching the Eggs of all Conſpiracie.

92.

And yet within, a goodly Houſe is built
Much like the Palace of ſome Virgin Queen:
With quaint Deſigns the Frontiſpice was gilt,
And the whole Fabrick look'd like *Beauties* Sceen.
White Marble were the rich Materials,
And yet the Workmanſhip out-ſhin'd the Walls.

93.

What full Balconies, ſtately Terraſſes,
Spruce Anticks, fair Compartments, handſome Cants,
Elaborate Freezes, and neat Corniſhes,
Brisk and well-order'd Turrets! Nothing wants
That Art could give to make the Out-ſide fine;
Yet ſtill the Houſe is gallanter within.

94.

The double Door with open lips invites
All Strangers to come in: The Porter there,
Well learned in all complementall Rites,
Bids them kinde welcome with his vocall cheer;
He ſmiles, he bowes, he fawns, he knows the Name
Of all the Gueſts, and in he uſhers them.

95.

The Hall with ſilken Carpets all is ſpred
To court the Strangers feet with ſoft delight;
The dainty Roof is arched over head
With checker'd Roſes red, and Lilies white;
Delicious Odours roule about the room
Sweet entertainments unto all that come.

96.

But at the upper end, upon a Throne
Of moderate Height, ſits crafty *Treachery*,
A Feind more old then Hell it ſelf, and one
Whoſe face would of her age clear witneſs be
Had not *Art* interven'd, and taught her how
To make falſe Spring upon true Winter grow.

97.

Old *Jezabells* lank and wrinckled Cheeks were not
So out of ſhape as hers; yet ſhe had found
A Paints hypocriſie for her faces Blot,
Which with a youthfull verdure cloth'd it round:
No Vallies did appear, but either Cheek
With beauteous Politure was plump and ſleek.

98.

And though a thouſand envious Frowns lay hid,
Her outward Aſpect wore a gentle Guiſe;
Loves, Joyes, and Smiles, weare ſweetly marſhalled
About her Lips, her Forehead, and her Eyes:
Brave *Judiths* glances leſs alluring were
Which conquered her Countries Conquerer.

99.

Her Treſſes, which indeed were Knots of Snakes,
She overlay'd with ſoft and dainty Hair;
Whoſe waving circling Net of Amber takes
Spectators Hearts, as well's the ſporting Aire,
And works as many valiant Wonders, as
The mighty Locks of *Samſon* brought to paſſe.

100.

An olive Branch in her right Hand ſhe hel'd,
And in her left a wreath of Roſes, but
The wreath within was all with Nettles fill'd,
The ſmiling Branch with lurking Thorns beſet:
For this was ſhe who could teach *Peace* to fall
To *Maſſacres*, and make *Sweets* flow with *Gall*.

101.

Her Robe of ſtate flow'd low beneath her Feet;
For, ſuch they were eſteem'd while they lay hid:
But ſhe had neither Feet nor Legs; a great
And knotty Taile was ſweeping in their ſtead;
A taile which ſhe about her round could winde,
And hug and kiſſe the ſting ſhe ware behinde.

102.

The *Siren* thus above the *Water* is
As ſoft and ſmooth and cleer a Nymph as ſhe;
But her Cataſtrophe of Monſtrouſnes
Lurks un derneath with wiſe Hypocriſie:
For though not all the Sea can ſerve to waſh
It off, each Wave can hide the ougly Fiſh.

When

103.

When e'r she speaks, a flood of honey flows,
And with her breath, a cloud of Odours breaks;
Yet in her Mouth a Crop of Poyson grows,
Under her Lips a Nest of Adders makes
Its curs'd abode; her Tongu's a mortall Spear,
And all her Teeth invenomed Arrows are.

104.

But in her desperate bosome treasured lies
The fatall Pith and Marrow of all Hell;
Distractions, Tumults, Wars, Spights, Injuries,
Confusions, Tortures, Deaths. O who can tell
The Monsters of that black Abysse, wherein
There is full Room for the whole Sea of Sin!

105.

Her choise Attendants stood about her Throne,
Fair-faced *Peace*, and buxome *Courtesie*,
Free-hearted *Friendship*, milde *Compassion*,
Neat *Complement*, and golden *Flattery*,
Nimble *Officiousnesse*, large *Promises*,
Deep *Oaths*, false *Truthes*, deceitfull *Faithfulnesse*:

106.

Sweet angel-faced Things, *restored Lawes*,
Reform'd Religion, rescued Liberty:
For such the fondly-credulous World, which knows
Not what a Vizard means, takes Them to be,
Admiring for an heav'nly Spirit of Light
The masked Monarch of Infernall Night.

107.

But at her back, behinde a Veil, did lie
A Crew which she esteemed more than these;
Thefts, Rapines, Scoffs, Reviling, Calumnie,
Plots, Poysons, Covenants, and *Conspiracies*,
Right-down *Rebellion, Murdering of Kings*,
And all that Ruine and Subversion brings.

108.

Beyond this Veil, an Iron Door did lead
Through a long Entrie stuff'd with fire and smoak,
Into a Dungeon repleniished
With every Shape of *Horror*, whose fell Look
With everlasting fright tormented all
The Pris'ners which into that Pit did fall.

109.

Griefe liv'd in triumph there, and all the *Pains*
Profest Excesse: the language of the Den
Was Sighs, and Groans, and noise of tumbled Chains,
Cries, Yellings, Curses, Blasphemies of Men
And *God*, eternall Seizing raised by
The Soules and Bodies which in it doe frie.

110.

There might you see upon *Cains* guilty face
A deeper Mark than *God* upon it set,
His innocent Brothers Blood, which scallt the place
On which it lay: His treacherous breast He beat,
And now with truer Reason cri'd, my Pain
Is greater than my Patience can sustain.

111.

No longer now He feared to be slain,
But wish'd to meet another *Lamech*, who
Might rid him of this dying Life: In vain
He gnash'd his teeth; In vain he curs'd his Woe,
And Him who chain'd Him in it: For his *Griefe*
Sung now beneath the region of *Relieſe*.

112.

There *Delilah* lay tearing off her Hair
To think of *Samsons* which her Falsehood cut:
The *Withes* and *Ropes* not halfe so sturdy were
As those which now her Treason on her put,
Those Chains, which bound her to her endlesse Rack,
Stronger than *Samsons* sinewie Arms could break.

113.

There lay fierce *Joab*, with his woefull hand
Upon his fift Rib; for the treacherous Wound
He thought he seal'd so sure on *Abner*, and
On *Amasa*, did on himselfe rebound:
Just *Davids* legacie, and his *Sons* Command,
Sent him this Veng'ance by *Benajo's* Hand.

114.

Insidious *Rechab*, and *Baanah* there
With everlasting Horror seem'd to see
The righteous Head of *Ishbosheth* appear,
And check them with their trayterous Villany:
How gladly would They, to buy off their Pain,
Give both their Heads, that His were on again!

115.

There hung rebellious *Absalom* by the Head
Not on an Oak, but on a fierie Tree,
Whose Boughs of Torture round about him spread,
And shaddow'd him with flaming Misery:
Three Darts stuck in his double Heart, and made
Way for the stinging Worme which there doth feed.

116.

His Tongue its Popular Blandishments forgets,
By which it stole the Peoples Loyalty;
And nothing now but pois'nous Curses spits:
This made great *David*, whose religious Eye
Descri'd his desperate State, be so extream
In pittying and in lamenting Him,

There

117.

There *Ziba* deteſtation heaps upon
That fawning Lie by which He did obtain
Upright *Mephiboſheths* Poſſeſſion,
From which he reaps this crop of endleſſe Pain:
There *Shimei* railes on his own Railing, who
Had pour'd his Curſes on his Soveraigns Woe.

118.

The Pride of ready Wit *Ahithophell*
With all his Plots about his Halter ti'd,
Hangs there: and now the famous *Oracle*
No *Anſwers* gives, but hideous Roars, and wide
Yellings, that He who had betrayd his King
Himſelf more madly to theſe Flames did bring.

119.

There *Zimri* howl'd for greif that He was more
With Treaſon drunk, then *Elah* was with Wine,
And now more raging flaming Tortures bore,
Then when his Palace all one fire did ſhine.
For *Zacharies* death there *Shallum* waild in vain,
Who in his Soveraign, his own ſelf had ſlain.

120.

Theſe, and ten thouſand Traytors more were there;
For deep and large the woefull Dungeon was,
Having for all their Heirs full Room to ſpare,
Choiſe Room, for Thoſe to whom the higheſt place
Of moſt profound Damnation was due,
The *Chriſtian-ſeeming Trayterous-being Crew.*

121.

That Crew, whoſe ſeverall Stalls were ready built
Of burning Braſs, and all in order placed
(According to the merit of their Guilt)
About a Seat, whoſe Canopie was graced
With Flames of Soveraign Dreadfulnes, a Seat
Wide gaping for the *Prince* deſignd for it.

122.

For 'twas the Throne that was deſignd for Him
Whom *Jeſus* would have crowned King above:
But *Judas* in an heav'nly Diademe
Would nothing finde which might oblige his Love;
Hell had aforehand ſeiz'd his Heart, and He
Reſolved was to ent.n his Miſery.

123.

For *Satan* now unto this Palace came
As to the Den of *Avarice* before;
When ſhe beheld her Soveraign Lord, the *Dame*
Roſe from her Throne and met him at the door,
Where falling on her face, ſhe asked what
Drought his high Majeſty to her low Grot.

124.

His red hot iron Sceptre *Satan* here
Reach'd forth for her to kiſſe, in ſigne of peace;
Then ſmiling on her anſwering face, Moſt Dear
Of all my Feinds, ſaid He, my buſ'nes is
The greateſt that I ever undertook;
Which if it fails, this Scepere muſt be broke.

125.

'Tis true, time was, when I, and Thou, did make
A brave Adventure in the face of Heav'n,
When at our Courage all the Sphears did quake,
And *God* was to his utmoſt Thunder driven;
His Throne did tremble at our rivall Might,
And, had our foot not ſlipp'd, all had gone right.

126.

But that Misfortune is too poor to break
The ſtrength of our immortall Pride: Forbid
It, all my Hell, that *Belzebub* ſhould make
Truce with that Tyrant which diſherited
Him of his ſtarry Kingdome: No; I may
Perhaps be beaten, but will ne'r Obey.

127.

I am reſolv'd to finde Him work as long
As *He* and his *Eternitie* can laſt:
My Spirit never muſt forget that Wrong
Which Me into this Dungeon did caſt:
He now has done his worſt, and I can be
But ſtill in Hell, ſhould He ſtill conquer Me.

128.

Full well I know his Spight: Had any place (thither:
Been worſe then this, He would have damnd Us
Yet He, forſooth, muſt be the *God of Grace,*
Of Pittie and of Tenderneſſe the Father:
And ſilly Men beleeve Him too; But We
No reaſon have befooled ſo to be.

129.

Yet be He what He will to Men; to Us,
He is a ſworn and everlaſting Foe:
And is't not juſt, He who maligns Us thus,
Should finde that *Devills are immortall too*?
I would not wrong Him; yet I muſt not by
Reſpect to His, clip mine own Majeſty.

130.

No: my brave *Will* He never yet ſubdued,
And I am now too old to learn to bowe.
Upon my youth his utmoſt ſtrengh He ſhewed,
Yet tender as I was, himſelf doth know,
Ev'n then I yeilded not: And ſhall this Arm
Now grown all brawnie, not revenge my Harm?

131.

It ſhall and muſt: my *Confidence* beats high,
For now our fight on evener ground ſhall be;
He from his ſlippery Heav'n is come, and I;
Will as ſure footing have on Earth, as He:
Beſides, ſhould We miſcarry, We are there
Neer to our Hell, and no deep Fall can fear.

132.

And yet to make all ſure, I hold it beſt
By ſecret Treaſon to unlock the way
Unto our Conqueſt: Doe but Thou aſſiſt
My Plot, and let *Fate*, if it can, ſay nay.
How oft when *Ramms* in vain have puſh'd the wall,
Have cunning *Underminings* made it fall!

133.

Come let's away with *hate to Chriſt*, I burn
More than with all my Kingdomes Flames: I ſwear
By my bright *Mother* the unſpotted *Morn*,
(A fairer Virgin then his *Mary* farr,)
By both my Horns, my Sceptre, and my Crown,
That I will win his Blood, or looſe mine own.

134.

The curſed *Soules* within all heard Him ſwear,
And clapp'd their flaming hands with damned Joy,
Hoping that now ſome freſh Companions were
Deſigned for Them: The Gates of Hell gave way,
Earth ſplit into a mighty Gap, and He
Aſcended, with his Handmayd *Treachery*.

135.

Then having melted both Himſelf and her
Into the lap of the next Wind he met,
He ſliely flew to *Juda's* Boſome, where
In with his breath, he unperceived got.
Thus other Plagues infuſed in the Aire
Steale to the Heart, and breath their Poiſon there.

136.

As when a Tyrant hath uſurp'd a Crown,
The Arms and Enſignes of the rightfull Heir
He blurs, and tears, and pulls his Statues down,
And doth their places for his own prepare,
Leaving no Signe to make the People dream
Of any other Soveraign but Him:

137.

So *Satan* play'd his part in *Juda's* breaſt:
All characters which were engraven there
Of his leige Lord and onely Soveraign *Chriſt*,
His *mighty Miracles*, his *loving Care*;
His *heav'nly life, and Doctrine*, he defaces,
And every line of *Pietie* eraſes.

138.

Then, by the help of thoſe two *Feinds* which he
Had there confederated, (*Avarice*
The *Mother of all Miſcheifs*, *Treachery*
The ready *Midwife*,) He erecteth his
Black Standard in th' *Apoſtates* wretched Heart,
And thence his Conqueſts ſpreads to every Part.

139.

And *Judas* now breaths nothing elſe but Hell
Whoſe fumes are tumbling all about his brain;
With plots of ſpight and rage his breaſt doth ſwell,
And with Contrivances of curſed Gain.
No *Fury* ever hatch'd ſuch Thoughts as He,
Nor brought forth ſuch portentous Villanie.

140.

O *Avarice*, how flat Idolatrie
Is thine, who doſt *vile ruſty Wealth* prefer
Before the *King of heav'nly Majeſty*,
Whoſe beams then all thy Gold more golden are?
Who canſt adore what Cankers feed on, Who
Canſt hug baſe *Silver*, and let *Jeſus* goe!

141.

Judas, the Slave of *Gain*, reſolves to ſell
His moſt ineſtimable *Lord*; whom He
Should rather keep, his thirſty Soule to fill
With all the Riches of Eternitie:
But *Avarice* his Heart doth ſo bewitch,
That He will *ſell Heav'n, onely to be rich.*

142.

His Chapmen are the *Preiſts*; for They who had
Betray'd the *Houſe of God* to Merchandiſe,
Will make no ſcruple to extend their Trade,
And count *God ſaleable*: But in the Price
They thrifty are, and beat their market low;
But *Thirty ſilver Peices* They'l beſtow.

143.

Fie ſordid *Caiaphas*, and *Annas*, fie;
Your *Law* cries ſhame of this *unworthy Rate*:
Conſult your *Books*, and they will not denie *Levit.*
But ev'n the *meaneſt Man* is valued at 27.3.
No leſſe then fifty Shekells: and will you
For *God and Man*, no more than thus allow?

144.

Does *Jeſu's God-head* make Him of leſſe worth
Than is the vileſt He that breaths your Air?
Bid but like Chapmen; bring your Treaſures forth
And buy the pretious Wares your Offer ſquare.
O could you purchaſe *Him* indeed, the Prize
Would make You rich in all Felicities.

But

145.

But thou, improvident *Judas*, since Thou art
Resolv'd to sell a thing whose value is
Beyond the power of Arithmetick Art
To reckon up; proportionate thy price
In some more neer degree: let thy Demand
Make Buyers, *who this Christ is*, understand.

146.

Ask all the gold that rolls on *Indus* shore,
Ask all the treasures of the *Eastern Sea*,
Ask all the Earths yet undiscovered ore,
Ask all the gemms and Perls which purest be
Ask *Herods* Checker, ask the *Highpriests* Crown,
Ask *Cesars* mighty Scepter, and his Throne.

147.

Ask all the Silver of the glistering Starrs,
Ask all the Gold that flames in *Phebus* eyes,
Ask all the Jewells of *Aurora's* Tears,
Ask all the Smiles and Beauties of the Skies,
Ask all that can by any Thing be given,
Ask Bliss, ask Life, ask Paradise, ask Heav'n.

148.

Trade not with these, the worst of Chapmen, who
So foully under-rate thy Merchandise:
To *John*, to *Peter*, or to *Andrew* goe,
Who better are acquainted with the price
Of their unvaluable *Lord*, and see
What They will for their own Bliss offer Thee.

149.

Trie what the *Virgin-Mother* will bestow
For *Him* whom She holds dearer than her Heart:
Proclaim thy Market unto Heav'n, and know
Whether the *Angells* will not gladly part
With more than *Thirty silver Peeces* for
Him, whom with prostrate faces They adore.

150.

Alas, though *every Sin be Blindness*, yet
Hell knows no Crime so full of Pitch as this;
Nor doth the Sun of humane Reason set
In any Night so black as Avarice:
A thicker than *Egyptian* Darkness now
On *Judas* intellectual Eyes did grow.

151.

Urge Him no more with *Sense and Reason*; He
Resolves to traffique with the *Priests*; for now
No other God but *Money* he can see;
He nothing sees at all, and cares not how
He makes his Bargain with them, so he may
Have but this *wretched Summe* in ready Pay.

152.

Thus *Jesus* Wisdome did contrive to shew
The mighty Patience of his Goodness; who
Though from Heav'ns Glory his bright Selfe he threw
Into the Arms of Dust and Shame, that so
Mans cursed Seed He might Redeem to Bliss,
By false ungratefull *Man* betrayed is.

153.

And now the Chinck of his adored Coin
Sounds in his Purse, the *Traytor* hasts to be
As good's his wicked Word, and is in pain
Till He bring forth his hired *Treachery*:
He thinks it an unworthy odious Crime
To cheat the Priests, who thus had trusted Him.

154.

O enigmatick Wickedness! That He
To whom his Heav'nly *Masters* pretious Love
Could seem no Bond of Faithfulness, should be
By this so vile obliedgment Bound, and prove
Faithfull unto his Foes! This, *Psyche*, this
Ev'n to thy *Phylax* a dark *Riddle* is.

155.

So strange a Thing is Mans mysterious Heart,
No Angells eyes can through its secrets run;
To sound this Bottome, is the Soveraign Art
And priviledge of *God* himselfe alone:
A certain proof that the Hearts hidden frame
Onely from his *immediate Fingers* came.

156.

The *Caytiff* therefore, least his Plot should fail,
And Hells long expectation be prevented,
Begg'd some *Assistance*, that he might assail
His Prey with *surer Treason*, and indented
For a *full Band of Men*: The *Priests* were glad
To see the Man so resolutely mad.

157.

A *Troop* they had all of Commanded Men,
Whose hearts were Iron, and their foreheads Brasse:
No Boars or Tygers ever could out-run
Their furie, when their aime at Mischief was:
They might have pass'd for Soveraign Monsters, but
For their fell *Masters*, and *Iscariot*.

158.

Some armed were with churlish Clubs, and some
With keen and thirsty Swords, but all with *Spight*:
With these at's heels did *Captain Judas* come,
Resolv'd to slay, but yet afraid to fight:
Treason was evermore a Coward, and
By Number, not by Valour, doth contend.

159.

The Enſignes which before the Troop did goe,
Were wary Lanthorns, or bold Torches, which
Their glaring and unnatural Beams did throw
About the Midnight Aire; whoſe ſhades by ſuch
Unlook'd for Apparitions frighted, fled
Behinde the Hills and Trees to hide their head.

160.

Thus having marched over *Cedron*, They
To yonder *Garden* came, too ſweet a place
To be this Miſchiefs Scene; but yet his Prey
The *Serpent*, as thou knowſt, of old did chaſe
In ſweeteſt *Eden*; and *Iſcariot*, who
Follow'd *his Steps*, could none but *this way* goe.

161.

Thy bleſſed *Lord* with his *Diſciples*, there
Retired was, and ſet himſelfe to Pray:
When loe, a *Spectacle* of greater fear
March'd full againſt his ſingle Face, than They
Whoſe arm'd impatient Spight was drawing nigh
To ſacrifice Him to all Cruelty.

162.

A black and labouring *Cloud* hung o'r his head,
In which his *Father* veild his gratious Eyes;
Yet through that Blackneſſe his great Arm He ſpred
And reach'd it down to Earth; From angry Skies
The Lightning never with ſuch terror broke
Nor Thunders Trump the hills and valleyes ſhook.

163.

For in his Hand a mighty *Cup* He held
In which all *Monſtrous Things* did boile and flame:
Up to the brimms vaſt circle it was fill'd
With all the Worlds excrementitious Stream,
Which *Veng'ance* kindling with her fiery breath,
Had turn'd into the *Ocean of Death*.

164.

That *univerſal Poyſon* whoſe black flood
From *Adams* veins through all his Race did run,
Met in this *Sink*, and joyned with the Brood
Of every *ſingular Tranſgreſſion*:
All which, to fit the *Cup*, were blended in
The *ſeveral Pains due to each ſeveral Sin*.

165.

Had *Styx*, had *Phlegeton*, had all that *Wit*
Has fain'd, and all that *Juſtice* made in Hell,
Had all the *Flames* which *Etna*'s mouth doth ſpit,
Had all the *Stinck* which in the *Dead Sea* dwell,
Had all the *Poyſon* of each Serpents Tongue
Which *Lybia* breeds, into the *Cup* been wrung,

166.

T'had been a Draught of *Nectar*, unto this:
Yet loe the monſtrous Mixture to the lip
Of thy ſweet *Lord* by *Heav'ns Hand* reached is.
O *Pſyche*, how ſhall He digeſt this *Cup*,
Which, had *all Adams Sons* been forc'd to drink,
It would have drown'd them in its *fatall Sink*.

167.

But well He knew the *Hand* which lov'd his Cheek
When in *all Bliſſes Boſome* He did lie:
And though ſo ſtrange an Offer it did make,
'Twas ſtill *the ſame*; and how can he deny
To entertain what that preſents him, though
The *Cup* with *Horror's own heart-blood* did flow?

168.

Were it as wide, and deep, and full again,
This *Thought* alone commands it to be ſweet;
And, *till He drink its Pangs*, *He is in pain*,
So large is his *Obedience*, and ſo great
His *Love to Man*, who otherwiſe muſt be
Drunk from this Bowl with endleſſe Miſerie.

169.

But then this *Thought* was juſtled by another;
For He himſelfe was *paſſive Fleſh and Blood*;
His proper *Natures* Voice how ſhall He ſmother!
For *She* now pleads aloud for her own good,
And would not willingly chooſe to be hurl'd
Into that *Gulfe* which would devoure the World.

170.

O how he ſtrugled in this mighty ſtrait
Being *Himſelfe with his own Selfe to fight!*
Had all the Centres moſt compacted Weight
Been pitch'd upon his Heart, it had been light
And eaſie unto this, which woefull He
Endur'd in this heroick *Agonie*.

171.

The Conteſtation grew ſo hot within
That all his Boſome fell on flaming fire;
And from that melting Fornace, through his Skin
Thick Proofs of that ſtrong Fervor did tranſpire;
For at the Mouth of every labouring Pore
Not Watery Sweat, but Blood broke ope its Door.

172.

O matchleſſe Combat! whoſe myſterious Power
Without the edge of Sword, or point of Dart,
Could cloth this Champion round about with Gore,
And *wound Him from within*; whilſt every Part
Rack'd and tranſfixed with inteſtine Streins
In ſtreams of purple Tears bewail'd its Pains.

Down

173.

Down to the *Ground* this ſweating Torrent flows
To waſh away the *Curſe* which on it grew;
Whilſt moated in *his melted Selfe*, thy *Spouſe*
The noble fight doth with freſh Strength renew:
His *Mortall Nature three ſtout Onſets* gave,
To his *immortal Piety, and Love*.

174.

Father, He cri'd, by that thy *tender Name*,
Commiſerate thy moſt afflicted *Son*:
If thy Omnipotence a way can frame
How to exempt Me from my *Paſſion*,
O let thine Hand, which brings this *Cup* to Me,
Put hence remove, it, and my Miſery.

175.

But ſtraight, by moſt athletick Braverie
Above himſelfe He gets, and nobly cries,
Although all *Bitterneſſe* triumphant be
In this ſad *Cup*, it amply does ſuffice
That from *thy Hand* it comes: *Thy Will* ſhall be,
And not mine own, the Rule and Rein to me.

176.

Thus reverend *Abraham*, when by *Gods* Command
He was to bath his Sword in *Iſaac*'s blood,
Divided was in his own bowells, and
With his brave *Selfe* in competition ſtood;
Till valourous *Piety* her Powers ſtrain'd
And the hard Laurell of *Selfe-conqueſt* gain'd.

177.

But when thy mighty *Lord* atchieved had
This triple Conqueſt; *Judas* and his Rout
Like furious Boars into the *Garden* made,
And for their Prey all rang'd and rov'd about;
Not knowing He as ready was to be
Betray'd, as they to work their *Treachery*.

178.

For like a moſt victorious *Champion*, who
Before his other *Foes*, has conquer'd *Fear*,
He meets their Furie; asking, Whom with ſo
Eager and ſtrong a Chaſe they hunted there. (knew,
Their traytorous Spight, and whom it ſought, He
Yet this brave *Challenge* in their face he threw.

179.

Jeſus of *Nazareth* We ſeek, ſaid they.
Alas, Blinde Soules, He came to ſeek out you,
And lead you ſafely in the *Kings high way*
Unto his Throne above, that on your brow
Heav'ns Crowns for ever might have ſhin'd; but ye
In nothing would be *Found* but *Treachery*.

180.

Nor they, nor *Judas*, *Pſyche*, now did know
Thy *Spouſes* face, which flamed heretofore
With gracious Beauty; but was clouded now
With his ſtrong *Agonies* all bloody Gore.
Thus like ſome duskie *Meteor Phebus* ſhows
When an Eclipſe upon his Countenance grows.

181.

But *He* who would not be unknown to thoſe
Who came to ſuck what Blood was left behinde;
(Which burned in his Veins, till it got looſe,
And flow'd as largely as his liberall Minde,)
Reveſts his Look with gracefull Majeſty,
And makes this brave Profeſſion, *I am He*.

182.

If ever Thou haſt ſeen what killing Dread
Doth on baſe-hearted *Traytors* ſeize, when They
Are by their awfull *Prince* diſcovered,
Whoſe Voice, and Looks, their ſpurious Courage ſlay;
Treble this Fright, and then conceive what Fear
Shot through the Soules of theſe vile Caytiffs here.

183.

A ſtream of Horror drove them trembling back,
And overwhelm'd Them flat upon the Ground;
And in the depth of this diſmaying Wrack,
Their ſhivering Spirits had been ſurely drown'd,
Had *He* not ſpred his Pitty over Them, (*Him*,
Whoſe Swords, and Staves, and Spight all made at

184.

O how will they endure *his Dreadfull Eyes*,
Which all this World on flaming fire ſhall ſet,
When He in triumph ſweeping through the skies,
Shall hither come, and mounted on his great
Tribunall, once again crie, *I am He*,
No more the *Prey*, but *Judge of Treachery*.

185.

When they no Lanthorns nor no Torches Light,
Nor *Juda*'s Conduct any more ſhall need;
But by *our Trumpets* death-awakning fright
Be ſummon'd up, and by our hands be led
Into the preſence of *Heav'ns glorious Son*,
Whom then they would not finde, but cannot ſhun.

186.

But now He bridled in his awfull Raies;
And, on condition his *Diſciples* may
Without diſturbance goe their ſeverall Waies,
Offers himſelfe unto his Foes, who lay
Quaking before Him: but took courage now,
Perceiving They again might furious grow.

187.

As when a ſerpent bruis'd and beaten back,
Spies any way to reinforce her fight;
Her head ſhe raiſes, and deep care doth take
Her Wrath and Poyſon how to ſpit aright:
So did theſe *Elves* ſtart up, and cheer their *Head*
(And this *Iſcariot* was,) to doe the Deed.

188.

Iſcariot, that Prince of Treaſon, now,
Forgetfull of his royall *Maſters* Love,
And of the Dint of that majeſtick *Blow*
Which ſtrook Him and his Armie down; to proye
His curſed Selfe *Earths Lucifer*, led up
Againſt the *Lord of Hoſts* his deſperate Troop:

189.

And then, none but a golden Arrow ſhot
Burniſh'd with faire and complementall grace,
Yet in as mortall Venome dipp'd, as that
Which *Eve's* Heart felt, when ſhe ſaluted was
By faire-tongu'd *Hell*, and by the *Tempter* driven
With courteous Treaſon from her *earthly Heaven*.

190.

Hail Maſter, was the Word: What Ear could now
Diſrelliſh ſuch a ſuger'd Noiſe as this,
Or once ſuſpect Diſcording Jarrs ſhould grow
In ſuch ſoul-plying Accents! *Maſter* is
The Phraſe of Service; *Hail*, of Love: Yet He
Could make theſe honeſt Words, *inſidious* be.

191.

And when his faithleſſe *Tongue* her part had done,
His *Lips* ſucceeded in the *Treachery*:
With matchleſſe Impudence He ventured on
Againſt the very *face of Majeſty*;
And, to make ſure his Project ſhould not miſſe,
Seal'd it upon his *Maſter* with a *Kiſſe*.

192.

O *Wit of Treaſon!* could no Signe but this,
The gentleſt Token of ſoft Courteſie,
Be made the Marke of deepeſt Barbarouſneſſe!
Monſtrous *Iſcariot*, how doſt thou, by thy
Inhumane Kindneſſe, both a *Traytor* prove
Of *Loves* great *Maſter*, and the *Badge of Love!*

193.

Is not a *Kiſſe*, the *ſoft and yeilding Signe*
Which clapps the *Bargain of Affection* up:
The ſweet and joyous *Marriage* between
The *tendereſt Pair of Lovers, Lip, and Lip*:
The *cloſing Harmony*, which when the Tongue
Has done its beſt, compleats the *pleaſing Song*?

194.

Is not a *Kiſſe* the moſt delicious *Seal*
By which *Friends Cement* their *concording Hearts*!
Muſt this *Betrayed* be! Muſt faithleſſe Hell
Poyſon this dainty Truth! Muſt *Hatreds* Arts
Be clothed in the ſofteſt ſweeteſt Dreſſe
Of courteous *Peace*, and amorous *Tenderneſſe*!

195.

Muſt ſweet *Arabia's* Beds breath out a *Stinck*,
And harbour all the *Bane* of *Theſſaly*!
Muſt milkie *Lilies* ſtain their Leaves with *Ink*!
Muſt *Roſes* Buds with *Thorns* all prickly be!
Muſt *Silk* and *Down* be *harſh*! Muſt *Honey* flow
With *Gall*! Muſt *Summer Gales* bring *Ice* & *Snow*.

196.

O what will *Treaſon* not preſume to doe,
Which more than all thoſe ſtrange Mutations makes
In this own venturous Fact of *Judas*; who
Ev'n in this *Tie of Love*, all *Friendſhip* breaks;
Who biteth with his *Lips*, not with his *Teeth*,
And ſtrives to *Kiſſe his deareſt Lord to death*.

197.

But though *Iſcariot* his own *Love* betrayes,
His *Lord* triumphs beyond all *Treachery*;
And doth againſt the *Traytors Hatred* raiſe,
A Counterwork of heav'nly *Leniſie*:
O Myſtery of Love! though Jeſus may
Betrayed be, no Plots his Grace betray!

198.

Who teacheth all *Succeeding Traytors* how
To burniſh over that foule rankling Braſſe
Of impudence which arms their ſullen Brow;
To tip *Rebellion* with *meek Lies*; to grace
Their arrogant Treaties with ſubmiſſive Words,
Whilſt at their *Soveraigns* hearts they aime their (Swords.

199.

He call'd no Lightning from the Clouds, or from
His potent Eyes to flaſh on *Juda's* face,
And throw on his bold *Lips* that flaming Doom
Which due unto their odious *Treaſon* was:
He charg'd not Earth her dreadfull Mouth to ope,
And on the helliſh *Kiſſer* cloſe it up.

200.

O no: With heav'nly Tenderneſſe He cries,
Friend, wherefore art Thou come? Strange Miracle
Of gentle Patience! Who can compriſe
Thy bleſſed depth! Upon the face of *Hell*
Shall the ſweet Name of *Friend* be printed by
Him who beholds, and feels its Treachery!

201.

Is foul *Ingratitude*, plain *Apostacie*,
Right down *Rebellion*, now become a freind?
Or rather, is not this *Disciple* by
His curs'd Revolt, transformd into a *Feind:*
And will his *wronged Lord* by none but this
Deare Name revenge his most invenomed *Kisse*!

202.

O Psyche, *Jesus* tortured was to see
Judas, himself into all Torments throw;
And by this Charme of noblest Lenitie
Back into Heav'n indeavored him to draw:
He knew Loves Cords were strong, and from his (Crime
By these he strives to hale & rescue Him.

203.

Why art thou come, thus to betray thy *Freind?*
Why art thou come, with Arms against a *Lamb?*
Why art thou come, all Bonds of Love to rend?
Why art thou come to fight for thine own shame?
Why art thou come with this strong Preparation
For thy *Lords* death, & for *thine own Damnation?*

204.

Thy Kisse I in its naturall Language will
Kindely interpret, and make my Replie
In the same Dialect, if thou wilt still
Imbrace my ever faithfull Courtesie,
And yeild that Blisse may in thy heart have room;
Say then, my *Friend*, say wherefore art Thou come.

205.

Thus did the *Prince of sweetnesse* plead and wooe:
But the deaf *Serpent* stopp'd his cursed ear;
In's heart the *Thirty Peeces* chinked so
That He no other Harmonie can hear.
When loe, the Souldiers, knowing now their Prey,
On *Iesus* fell, and haled Him away.

206.

For love of Thee, and all his other Brides
Thus, *Psyche*, was thy *Lord* content to be
Sold at so vile a Rate, and Mock'd besides
Ev'n by his own *Disciples* Treacherie.
Shrink not, if thy neer Freinds abuse thy love,
Since Gods own Favorites so faithlesse prove.

207.

And let the *World* by this one Copie learn
That hell-bred Boldnesse is not strange, or new,
By which most Fostered Favoured Creatures turn
Flat Enemies, and lead an armed Crew
Of Miscreants, with bloody Impudence
Against the Powers and Person of their *Prince.*

208.

But when no mercy could the *Traytor* winne
To entertain his Pardon, *Vengeance* made
Haste to poure out her selfe upon his sinne:
For *Satan*, who his heart possessed had,
His Treason in his proper Coin repayd,
And the *Betrayer* fatally betrayd,

209.

Into a Corner of the Garden, where
Thoughtfull disconsolate Night sate thick and black,
She crowded him alone; and having there
Prepar'd and fitted her infernall Rack,
With studied furie, not his Body, but,
His captivated Soule on it she put.

210.

For by the beames of their owne hellish Light
Unto *Iscariots* intellectuall Eyes
Herselfe She did display. Excessive *Fright*
The *Traytors* wretched Heart did strait surprise:
Each Joynt and Member quak'd and sweat, and He
Felt *in this Garden too his Agonie.*

211.

He saw feirce *Belzebubs* sulphureous face
Flaming with swarthy fire; His Horns he saw
Mounted high on his head with dreadfull grace,
Which his erected snakie Hair did knaw:
He saw his adamantine Nails and Paws,
His steely Teeth, his brazen gaping Jaws.

212.

He saw the Tempest of his flaming Breath
Which swarthy Volumes spred of stinking smoke:
He saw the windows of *eternal Death*
Flung open in his staring Eyes, whose Look
Slew him alive: He saw his Iron Mace,
His burning feet, and his enraged Pace.

213.

He saw his forked Tail in tryumph thrown
Upon his shoulder, and his irefull Brow
With cruell scorn contracted in a frown:
Rampant *Implacabilitie* he saw
In every Gesture, and did plainly read
The full Description of *Immortal Dread.*

214.

When loe, stern *Lucifer* threw out his hand,
And by her Throat his woefull *Conscience* took:
And now, he cries, I'l make thee understand
What thou hast chose, and what thou hast forsook:
Look on this dainty *Pair of Damsells* heer,
Who more than Heav'n, and God, to thee were dear.

Just

215.

Just at the word He opened to his view
The horrid Carkaise of foule *Avarice*;
And fouler *Treachery*, not in her hue
Of borrowed Smiles, and outside Comelinesse,
But in her naked native Filth: and then
Shaking his Horns and Paws, He thus went on:

216.

Maddest of Fools; how many Hells dost Thou
Deserve, who with such *Hags* could'st fall in love,
When *Jesus* woo'd thy Heart? Well, take Them, now
Th' hast paid so dearly for Them; They will prove
Sweet Brides, and preciously adorn thy Bed
Which in the Bottome of my Realm is spred.

217.

If any Part at all there be in Them
Which is not horrid, may my Scepter break,
And may my royall Tongue no more Blaspheam:
For once, I tell Thee true, and Thou mayst *take*
The Devills Word; There are few *Furies* who
In monstrous Ouglinesse, thy Wives out-goe.

218.

And was thy *Lord* so vile a Thing, that He
Might not with these in Competition stand?
Did those unthankfull Eyes of thine e'r see
A face inrich'd with such pure *Beauties*, and
Majestick *Graces*, as in his did shine,
Making *Humanity* appear *Divine*?

219.

Most stupid Sot! How often hast Thou seen
Divinity from His great Hand break out!
How oft might plain *Omnipotence* have been
Read in the Miracles He daily wrought,
Casting forth all my stoutest *Fiends*! Yet Thou,
(And here He beat the *Soule*) *to Me wouldst bow.*

220.

Nay never houle; 'tis but the Earnest, this,
Of what's to come: Thou needs wouldst *bow to Me*:
To Me, of whom that *Christ* the Conqueror is:
He threw Me down from Heav'ns Sublimity
Into that Pit of Pangs, where I am now
The damned *Soveraign of such as Thou.*

221.

Had'st not as good have bowed unto Him,
Whose Yoak Thou would'st have lighter found than mine?
I tell thee *Judas*, I am but a *grim*
And rugged Lord; what Prizes once I win,
Infallibly for evermore shall frie
In Torments bottomlesse Extremity.

222.

And is my Hell, my everlasting Spight,
My unrelenting Furie, so much worth,
That *Paradise*, and *Heav'n*, and *Jesus* might
Not finde acceptance? Brings *Damnation* forth
Such strong Temptations? Can *eternal Blisse*
Not wooe, and win as potently as this?

223.

Sure *Hell* and *Death*, are gallant Things, and I
Cannot allow Thee them, untill Thou hast
Through all Contempt, and Hate, and Infamie
Which *Salem*, or the World can yeild thee, past:
That Preface shall, for that eternall Smart
Which gapes & longs for Thee, prepare thine Heart.

224.

Goe then the *Ages Blot and Monster*, goe,
Let every Mouth spit on thine hated Head,
Let every Tongue thick Curses on Thee strow,
Let every Hand be arm'd to strike Thee dead,
Let every Eye abhorre thy balefull Sight,
Let all the World revenge thy *Traytorous Spight.*

225.

Let *Heav'n* frown on Thee who betray'st its *Son*,
The *Lord of Life*, to *Death*, thy *Saviour* to
Most sure most undeserv'd *Destruction*:
Into one Bolt let all *Gods* Thunders goe,
And on thy cursed Heart his *Justice* throw,
Which scorned all the *Mercie* He could show.

226.

That Stroke will send Thee down into *thy Place*
Of Death, but yet of *never-dying Pain*,
Where melted with the flames of this my face
Thy *thirty silver Peeces* I will drain
Into thy Heart, that Thou mayst shreik and roar,
Whilst there they burn and boile for evermore.

227.

This said; th' insulting *Prince of Tyranny*
In scornfull Spight with-drew, being confident
Maturity would get her Wings and flie
To overtake his Plot: yet e'r he went
Seav'n times he threshi'd the *Conscience* with the flaile
Of his enormous poyson-pointed Taile.

228.

As when the *Deluge* in great *Noahs* time,
Broke out upon the World, and with a Sea
Of universal Woe surpriz'd the Crime
Of that impenitent Age; their *Misery*
To those unhappy Mortals op'd their graves
In *Desperation* first, then in the Waves:

So

229.

So *Judas*, taken in this mighty flood
Of deepest *Anguish*, had no power to think
How to escape, or that his *Saviours blood*
Might drown that sea in which he fear'd to sink.
O no! the thought of that dear *blood* alone
Pour'd on his face *Guilts blushing Ocean*.

230.

Since long ago his Trust He rather built
On *Money*, than on *God*; he durst not hope
That *Mercie* now could reach his heightned guilt;
And thus by *fear*, to *impudence* set ope
The way, for by this *dread of goodnesse* he
Gives flat defiance to its Lenitie:

231.

And now sees *vengance* aiming at his head,
And his foule *Treason* flying in his face;
He sees the whole *Worlds anger* marshalled
Against his odious *crime*; He sees the place
Deep in the heart of Hell, where damned He
Designed is for evermore to be.

232.

With that, his Cloths, his Hair, his Flesh, he tore,
He roar'd, he rav'd, and thus to cursing fell:
May that unhappy day be read no more
In any Calendar, but that of Hell,
Which to this balefull Life did me betray,
A Life to living Death the dying way.

233.

Curs'd be my Father, who did me beget;
Curs'd be my Mother who did me conceive;
Curs'd be my Nurse, because in every Bit
She mix'd not Poison, which might Me repreive
From this most damned Night; And curs'd be
All sicknesses which would not murder me.

234.

Curs'd be this Hand of mine, which oft has had
A Knife, and yet forbore my throat to cut;
Curs'd be these Feet, which oft their way have made
Over the brows of Precipices, yet
Would never stumble, that I might have fell
Then but to Earth, who tumble now to Hell.

235.

Curs'd be that Day which me acquainted brought
With *Jesus*, and enroll'd my ominous Name
Amongst his *Chaplanes*: Curs'd be that thought
Which spur'd me to the *Priests* to trade with them;
Curs'd be the project which hath curs'd me so,
Curs'd be the *Bargain*, and the *Chapmen* too.

236.

Curs'd be this *Garden*; upon every bed
May fatall Hemlock, Woolfbane, Poppy grow;
May Vipers, Adders, Basilisks be spred
In every corner; on each Tree and Bough (may
May Ravens and Scritchowls dwell, that something
Resemble *Judas* here another day.

237.

Another day! ô no! may thickest *Night*
Upon this *Sceen of Treason* ever dwell;
That neither Sun nor Star may reach their light
More unto this, than to the other Hell.
The bloody beams of *Ghosts* and *Furies* will
With fittest lustre this *black garden* fill.

238.

But may the deepest of all Execrations
On you, my *thirty silver torments*, fall:
How shall I be reveng'd on your temptations
Which thus have drown'd me in a Sea of Gall?
Is there no way, base, pale, and paltry *Clay*,
How I may you, as you did me *betray*?

239.

Shall I take you along with me to Hell,
And hold you fast amidst my endlesse flames?
Or send you back unto your former Cell,
The *High-Priests wicked Bag*? surely this seems
The blacker and the deeper Pit, and I
Thither again will *damn* you instantly.

240.

This said: Like that tormented *Man*, in whose
Possessed heart a *Legion of Feinds*
Did tyrannize; He to the Citie goes,
Where in the *Temple* he his *Chapmen* findes:
Unhappy *Temple*, which was now *Possest*
With *them*, as was with *Satan Judas*'s Breast.

241.

With hideous yelling he amongst them ran,
Flinging about his hands, his head, his eyes;
And having strein'd his ejulation
Wide as his throat could reach, O Me! he cries;
My sin burns in my breast, and domineers
Too high to hope for quenching from my tears.

242.

No *Expiation* does that *Altar* know
Which for my deep di'd guilt can satisfie:
The stream of *Jesu*'s blood so full doth flow
On my unpardonable Soule, that I
Am drown'd for ever in my deep offence,
Being *Condemned by his Innocence*,

243.

Take your vile *Money* and my *Curse* with it,
May all Heav'ns wrath your *bloody Bargain* crown
Here with indignant furie having spit
On *Them* first, on his *Silver* next, and thrown
It at their hated Heads; away He flung
Raving and Cursing as he ran along.

244.

For all the way he thought he struggled through
An Army of reviling Detestations:
Over his head he both his Arms did throw
To shheild it from *his own Imaginations*,
Through which from heav'n and earth such arrows flew
As wounded Him at every step a new.

245.

For *Melancholy*, dark as is the Pitch
Which on the *throat of Hell* so thick doth grow,
Chok'd every glimpse of *Sense* and *Reason* which
Offer'd to dawn in his Soules sphear, and show
Him by what *torturing Mistakes* he had
Himselfe unto Himselfe a Tyrant made.

246.

Thus came He to a secret silent Place
Without the Town, yet could not think it so;
For still he fancied all the City was
Hot in the chase of Him his *Saviours Foe*:
Each *Bird* or *Flie* that moved, made him start,
Each *Winde* that puffed, blew quite through his heart.

247.

His Eyes distracted were, first looking up
For fear least *Heav'n* should fall upon his head;
Then down, least *Earth* her dreadfull Mouth should ope
And snatch him to his grave e'r he were dead;
Till tired with this fear, his breast he stroke,
And into right down *Desperation* broke.

248.

Adieu all *hopes*, he cries, and *fears* adieu:
Come *Veng'ance*, come, my heart is ready here.
I see how vainly I my *Money* threw
Back to the *Priests*, whose burden still I bear;
The Rust sticks close and heavy still upon
My knawed Soule; and I must be undone.

249.

If *Heav'n* be just, why does it yet delay
To poure its Wrath on my deserving head?
Am I not *Judas*, He who did betray
Its only *Son*? Is not my Conscience red
With his most innocent Blood; and yet *must I*
Be still endur'd to live, when He must die?

250.

At least, great *Satan* doe not thou deny
Thy Servant Pay for this grand Work which He
Hath compass'd with unparalleld Treachery
In high obedience to thy Hell and Thee:
No Soule did ever more than I have done,
Nor ernd a *gallanter Damnation*.

251.

Didst Thou not promise Me but even now
The dearest Torments of thy deepest Hell!
Deceive me not again: If ever thou
Wert carefull of thy Credit, now fulfill
Thy bounteous Word; or look no more to be
Served by Man, if thou reward'st not me.

252.

Come then; burn up these Lipps, which learn'd of thee
Their *killing Kisse*: Dash out these Brains which thou
Taught'st how to project that fell *Treachery*;
Tear this curs'd Carkase: which is wholly now
At thy disposall, that each Limb may feel
No *portion*, but the *totall Wrath of Hell*.

253.

Take this dispairing Soule, and let it be
The Prey of thy eternall *Furies*: 'tis
No groundlesse Challenge, that, as due to Me,
I claim the utmost of thy Spight; unlesse
Thou hast thine infinite Debt to Me forgot;
Jesus and *Heav'n* into thine hands I put.

254.

Jesus and *Heav'n*; Names which I now must hate
As having made them my eternall Foes:
O how I long to be in that free state
Where generous Blasphemy no Bridle knows;
Where I may *Rage* as loud's Heav'ns Thunders roar
And, being curst, *curse for evermore*.

255.

Here the full Tide of furie stopp'd his Throat;
Yet still He star'd and struggled with his Grief,
Still he tore off his hair, his Breast He smote,
And through Self-tortures hunted for Relief:
His Tongue He bit because it would not speak,
And stamp'd the Earth which would not open break.

256.

But as the Hair, the Fat, and Pitch, which were
Into the *Dragons* throat by *Daniel* cast,
Did burn, and boile, and rage, and tumble there,
Far more than in the Pot; untill at last
With most impatient swelling Torments They
Quite through his monstrous belly burst their way.

So

257.

So did this Mixture of *Griefe* and *Diſpair*
Flame in *Iſcariots* boſome, till it grew
So ſtrong and big, that all his Entrails were
Conquer'd with Tortures, and in ſunder flew;
His Body ſplit, and through that cruell Wound
Pour'd his more barbarous Bowells on the Ground.

258.

Thus from this Priſon his black Spirit ran
Into that blacker Jaile reſerv'd for it,
Next to the Center of Damnation,
Where now it raves in chains at *Satans* feet,
Enforc'd the pois'nous flames he ſpews, to drink.
O that all Traytors in onld of Judas think!

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO XII.

The Banquet.

ARGUMENT.

To ſeal his dear Remembrance *ſafe, and ſure*
On the ſoft hearts of his ſelected Sheep,
Love *inſtitutes his parting* Feaſt, *ſo pure*
So ſweet, ſo rich, that Pſyche *rap'd by deep*
Deſire at its Deſcription, ſues to be
A Sharer in that Birds Felicity.

1.

But O, how large a Name is *Treaſon*, which
Doth in another fatall Channel run,
And from this Univerſe's Cradle reach
Down to its funeral Pile: No Ocean
E'r ſtretch'd its Arms ſo wide, or ſpread ſuch ſtore
Of ſhipwrack'd Mortals on its helpleſſe ſhore.

2.

And this *Selfe-treaſon* is; an inbred *Feind*
Whoſe buſ'neſſe is to undermine her *Home*;
Whoſe moſt *unnatural Nature* is, to rend
Her too too loving Dames unhappy Wombe;
Who knows her ſelfe, and with luxuriant Spight
Free Veng'ance takes on *Luxuries* delight.

3.

For ſhe her ſelfe is *Luxury*; a Weed
Which grew at firſt in an unlikely Place:
Who would ſuſpect that ſuch a curſed Seed
Should *Paradiſe*'s bleſſed Plants diſgrace!
Yet, as the *Serpent* in thoſe Beds did lie,
So did this full as venomous *Luxury*.

4.

Under the beauteous *Tree of Knowledge*; there,
Eve found her firſt, and ſaw her clambering up
With liquoriſh Zeal and reſtleſſe Pains, the fair
But dangerous and forbidden *Fruit* to crop:
Foole as ſhe was, ſhe help'd her up, and knew
Not that by it her ſelfe ſhe downward threw.

5.

Yet She to *Adam* needs would her commend,
And He, unkindely courteous, could not
Denie to hugg his *Spouses* seeming friend,
Who Death and Hell ſtrait through his boſome ſhot,
And now the Dainties of all *Paradiſe*
Could not his fooliſh appetite ſuffice.

6.

No; He muſt taſte of that which never was
Deſign'd to bleſſe the Palate: But the Soure
Revengefull Fruit was quit with Him; for as
It in his Teeth did ſtick, with all the power
Of ſtupefaction them on edge it ſet,
Proving his fatal Torment, not his Meat.

7.

Nor could He chuſe but leave his wretched *Heirs*
Th' inheritance of this enchanting Pain;
Which down through all his Generations ſtayers
Fail'd not its propagated Bane to drain:
This hankering itching liquoriſhnes did run
Hot through the Veins of his remoteſt Son.

8.

Which *Fervor* did betimes ſo furious grow
That the *old World* on fire with Luſt it ſet:
A fire which with the heat of Hell did glow,
And was as ſtinking and as black as it;
A fire, which joynd with other ſinnes, grew ſtout,
And found the Deluge work to quench it out.

9.

But then *Earths* face being waſhed clean and white,
She ſmil'd on *Heav'n* with a well-pleaſing Grace;
And *God* vouchſafed *humane Appetite*
A full Commiſſion over all the Race,
Of Birds, of Beaſts, of Fiſh, that He might ſee
How abſtinent *Man* would prove, now being free.

10.

For *generous ſpirits* then doe moſt abſtein,
When they are Lords of their own Libertie;
When *Virtue* is entruſted with the Rein,
And room is given for *Self-victorie*;
When high-ſtraind *Moderation* may prove
No Act of Dutie, but a Work of Love.

11.

Mans Appetite to every thing was free,
Bating the Blood, in which the Life doth ſwimm:
Blood is the tincture in which *Cruelty*
Stains all her clothes; a tincture for the grimm
And ſalvage Tygres; not for Man, who is,
Or ſhould, Profeſſor be of *Tenderneſſe*.

12.

Indeed good *Noah*, who both Worlds had ſeen,
The Old and New, and was more Worth than both,
Indeavoured to keep himſelfe as clean
As now the Earth was waſh'd; And that no ſloth
Might tempt and ſteale him into *Luxurie*,
Buckled his Bones to *painfull Husbandrie*.

13.

And that the Pains He in his Vineyard took
Might be requited by the Fruit it bare,
He ſhed the *Grapes* into his Bowle; whoſe Look
Might well have been his Monitor to beware:
Its rubie *die*, had He but underſtood,
He would have ſhunn'd this Liquor too, as Blood.

14.

But, as it ſmil'd and ſparkled in his face,
And mov'd with generous fervor in the Cup,
The un-ſuſpicious *Saint* invited was
With equal cheerfulneſſe to drinke it up.
So, untri'd Pleaſures by their daintie skin
And ſweet behaviour, approbation win.

15.

The flattering *Liquor*, as it downward went,
Knock'd at his Heart, and eaſie entrance got;
Where with his Spirits it did complement,
And ſoft delicious Fire amongſt them put.
Noah rejoyc'd to feele his boſome glow,
And his old Ages Ice begin to thaw.

16.

This Bait drew down another: for, alas,
Good Man he little knew that *Treacherie*
In his Soul-cheering Cup infuſed was;
Or that his Wine which ſparkled, e'r would be
Deſtructive flame: But *Embers often riſe*
Into Combuſtion, when We leaſt ſurmiſe.

17.

He freely takes a ſecond Draught: and now
The *Liquor* gather'd ſtrength and grew more bold;
Impatient to be ſuppreſt below,
Up to his Head it found a way, and roll'd
About his Brains, wherein there 'gan to ſwimm
Such thickning Clouds, that *Reaſons* Sun grew dim.

18.

And then infected with the poiſ'nous Sweet,
Alas no power was left him to abſtein:
No more to quench his *Thirſt*, but that *New Heat*
Which burn'd his veins, He takes his Bowle again;
Which to the brim in careleſs haſte he fills,
And part on th' earth, part in his mouth he ſpills.

But

19.

But now He Drunk no more; the *Wine* Drunk Him,
His Sense, his Judgement, and his Soul, and all;
(For thus, when in their own wilde Draughts they swim,
Our witty Language Men does *Drunken* call)
And did so thoroughly his Brain confound,
That Earth, as well as Heav'n, He thinks turns round.

20.

The *Wine* now sparkles in his eyes no lesse
Than it did in the Bowl before: He stares
On every thing, and yet he nothing sees;
He trips, and staggers, but no fall he fears,
Nor feels it when he falls; for having let
His Bowl drop down, Himselfe fell after it.

21.

Thus he who in the universall *Flood*
Escap'd the fury of the proudest Wave,
And on the Oceans back in triumph rode,
Seeing below the whole Worlds woefull Grave;
Alas, was drowned in a silly *Cup*
Which he himselfe unwittingly drunk up.

22.

No *Ark* above this *Deluge* Us can bear
But *Temperance*, which here the *Saint* forgot;
Who, as he fell, had neither thought nor care
Of keeping on his modest Mantle; but
Quite destitute of Clothes, and Senses lay,
And did his *double Nakednesse* display.

23.

But as the Traytor who has slain the King
Speeds from the Court as soon's the Fact is done:
So now the treacherous *Liquor* back doth fling,
And from the Murder it committed, run:
Besides, a Rout of other *Humors* follows,
And slaughter'd *Noah* in his Vomit wallows.

24.

Slaughter'd indeed; and now a *Man* no more;
For nothing is alive in Him but *Beast*,
Which speaks its kinde by its lowd *Swinish Roar*:
And thus he tumbling lies, untill oppress
With his most heavy Self, he falls asleep,
And in that nasty Rest his brains doth steep.

25.

Thus, as one part of *Luxury* did grow
In *Paradise*, the other planted was
In *Noahs Garden*; that the World might know
Danger can breed and lurk in any place:
Alas, *the holiest Ground too often breeds*
As well as wholsome Flowres, invenomed Weeds.

26.

Heav'ns Bounty granted all Variety
Of Meats to feast the *Sober Appetite*;
And added brisk and cheerfull *Wine*, to be
The active Soule of *Moderate Delight*:
But peevish *Man* abused by his grosse
Ingratitude, *Heav'ns Grace* to Wantonnesse.

27.

Neither by *Eve's* Example He would take,
Nor *Noahs*, warning, though their Sanctity
Did them far more invulnerable make
Then common Mortalls feeble Breasts could be:
Still He would needs goe dive to the profound
Bottome of *Pleasures*, though himselfe he drownd.

28.

And from that *Bottome* he fetch'd up at last
Improved Fat and Full-grown Luxury,
Who ne'r appeared unto Ages past
More than a tolerable Prodigie,
For she much cooler was, and tamer then,
And did not *banish Men quite out of Men*.

29.

But now she an *unruly Monster* grew,
Being encourag'd by *Wines* rampant Flame;
And round about the World in Tryumph flew,
All which she shipwrack'd in her Pois'nous stream:
Raving and roaring Mad she was, and made
All so, who practis'd her intemperate Trade.

30.

The Laws of *God*, of *Man*, of *Nature* were
Vain feeble Bridles, when-soever she
Resolved in her furious Carreer
To let the Circle of her Healths run free:
Oft has she mingled with her *Wines* mad flood
Friends, Brothers, Parents, Masters, Princes blood

31.

Strange was her Shape, (if yet Deformity
May in Shapes Title share,) her parched Head
Burns up all hopes of Hair, and scorns to be
By any thing but Baldnesse covered:
Her humorish Eyes all red and putrid, seem
In her own over-flowing Wine to swim.

32.

But yet her Nose more provident is, for there
The Wine is bottled up and runs not out:
Onely the Bottle being thin and clear
Speaks what it holds; and studded round about
With fervent Rubies, serveth her perhaps
For a dear Item of a *Bunch of Grapes*,

33.

Wroth fiery *Knots* are marshalled upon
Her Forehead and her Cheeks: Had *Sicilie*
Her *Etna* lost, this sulphurie Region
Would shew it her in multiplicitie;
Onely these Hills are something lesse then that,
Yet is their *Horror* and their *Stink* as great.

34.

Her Lips are alway crannied and drie,
Though every day a thousand times made wet;
For still her burning breath in passing by
Makes them that Moisture instantly forget,
And by the Poison of its fulsome Stinks
Taints all the aromatick Wines she drinks.

35.

But the vast storehouse of her Belly makes
Her seem with Childe of Mountains, for in this
The dainties which from all the World she rakes
In one prodigious Heap congested is:
Here *Solomons brasen Sea* it selfe might swimm,
And its *twelve Oxen* too, and more with Them.

36.

This is the Sink, where *Surfets* being bred,
Of all Diseases doth the Parent grow;
Which She distributing from Foot to Head
Doth *undigested Pleasures* turn to *Woe*.
Thus, though the Bee doth pleasing Hony bring,
She always endeth in a poisnous Sting.

37.

Who knows not that *Luxuriant Mortals* eat
The copious fuell of their Sicknesses,
And force their honest, but abused Meat
Not to feed *Nature*, but her *Maladies*?
Who knows not that in *Healths* deceitfull Name
They drink the Venome which destroieth Them?

38.

Themselves they diet thus with their own *Death*
And to a *Weapon of Destruction* turn
The *Staff of Life*: In vain *Heav'ns Mercy* hath
So bounteous been; if Man himself can learn
To pick out Crueltie in it, and through
Its *Sweetnesse*, work his *bitter Overthrow*.

39.

If *Bacchus* must be made a *God*, and have
His larger and more constant Sacrifice
Than He who all their *Vines* to *Mortals* gave,
Whilst they the *Gift* more than the *Giver* prize;
If *Ceres* too a Goddesse grow, and We
All sworn *Devots* to the *Belly* be.

40.

Alas! and had not bold *Mortalitie*
Commission large and full enough before
To work our Ruine! Was the Miserie
Of *Plague*, of *Famine*, and of *War*, so poor
And weak, that We our Selves the help must lend
Of *Luxurie*, to hasten on our *End*!

41.

'Twas time, high time for *God* himself to come
And turn *Physician* in this desperate Case:
Our Madnesse swell'd so wide, that now no room
For any Mortall helping Hand there was:
'Twas time to Come; and blessed be His Name
For his dear Coming, for *in time He came*,

42.

Jesus himself came down, and left the Feast
Of all Delights which He above enjoy'd;
Into the *Depth of Poverty* He cast
His life, and taught the World how to avoyd
Intemperance's Baits, which thick are set
Onely where *Riches* the dominion get.

43.

Then by his practik Abstinence He shewed
Those who his royall steps would not disdain,
How dangerous *Luxurie* might be subdued,
And healthfull *Temperance* the Sceptre gain:
Forty long dayes and nights at once he spent
In Consecrating of his Servants *Lent*.

44.

To this *Example* He his *Doctrine* joyn'd
And for his frequent Text did *Fasting* take;
Proving that every Eye was worse then blinde
Which no discoverie in Her could make
Of richer Beauties, then those faint and thin
Graces which hover in a polish'd Skin.

45.

'Tis true She's *pale*; so is the *Lilie* too,
So is her heav'nly Daughter *Chastitie*;
So is the *Milk* so is the virgin *Snow*;
And yet when *Modestie* would dressed be
In her brave Scarlet, She doth raise a Flood
Of Purple, and shine fair in *Blushing Blood*

46.

She is contented to be lank and lean,
As one who counts it Martiall Policie
To keep her Ammunition close within,
The better to confront the Seige: for She
Laughs at those plump and boasting Gallants who
Can nothing but their *swelling Outworks* show.

For

47.

For whilst her Walls are lesse, she hath lesse need
Of numerous Powers to maintain the fight:
But being *Mistresse* of all active *Heed*
She stands upon her guard both day and night;
Being of treacherous *ease*, and *sleep* afraid,
By which *fat lazie bulwarks* are betrai'd.

48.

She knows what ballast will her Bulk suffice
To keep her steady in this dangerous Sea,
And layes in but enough: The Merchandise
Which fraughts her stowage, pretious *virtues* be;
And provident she, *no bigger than her self*,
Securely sails by every Rock and Shelf.

49.

Her *Parts* and *Passions* all their duties know,
And she as little fears a storm within,
As from without: her humble *flesh* doth bow
To all Commands; no *Officers* repine
What course so e'r she steers, but all conspire
To make their own still saile with her desire.

50.

Thus she does safely at that Port arrive
Which leads into the Continent of Blisse;
The Port at which her restlesse aym did drive,
The onely Key and Gate of *Paradise*:
For *Paradise*'s sweets her stomack she
Reserv'd, which there at length shall filled be.

51.

This difficult but advantageous Grace
Was that which *Jesus* strove on *earth* to sow;
But most ungratefull *Earth* so shameless was
As not to suffer the *faire seed* to grow:
Though a few honest *beds* did entertain it,
The most part of the *Garden* did disdain it.

52.

Those who unto the *King of Abstinence*
Have sworn Allegiance, blush not to enrole
Themselves the servants of *Intemperance*,
And the mad virtue of their *Revelling Bowle*
More sacred and obligatory count
Then the bless'd Streams of the *Baptismal Fount*.

53.

Else how comes that abominable *Trade*
Of daily turning swine, to be profest
With most applause, not where the *Pagan shade*
Upon prevented *Reasons* eyes hath cast
Blinde irreligions night; but where the Rayes
Of most revealed heav'n, gild *Christian dayes*.

54.

Else how cam'st thou, unhappy *Britain*, which
Barr'st out all other *Oceans* by thy shore,
To let the *Sea of Drunkennes* with such
Unrulie fury in thy bowels roar!
O that thy *feeble Sands* should *stronger* be
Then is thy *Reason*, or thy *Pietie*.

55.

How has this *deluge* drown'd in *Sottishnesse*
Thy once renouned *sense of Braverie*,
Since in thy *Helmets*, *Swords*, and *Bucklers* place
A cowardly succession we see
Of *Pots* and *Glasses*, and (ô valours shame!)
A strong drinker turned into *Credits name*.

56.

How come those *Bacchanalian wars* so dear
In thy Repute, who prid'st thy self that thou
So well appointed art, as not to fear
Or *Dutch*, or *Danish bowls*; but knowest how
Foes and friends lives by the *Grapes blood* to shed,
And, though not strike, yet, surely *drink them dead*.

57.

How comes the Name of *Cynik* or of *Clown*,
To dwell on them who never learn'd the Arts
Of *roaring Revels*? How is *goodnes* grown
No more by *virtues standard*, but by *quarts*
And *Pottles* to be measured, whil'st, alas,
Carousers for the *good companions* pass?

58.

O how hast thou forgot what sumptuous Care
Almighty Love hath taken to requite
Thine *Abstinence*; what Soule refreshing fare
For Pieties untainted Appetite
His bounteous hand prepares, and proves how *He*
Excessive is in hospitalitie!

59.

Heav'n stood amaz'd at the magnificence
Of that high *banquet*: nor could *Phylax* now
Longer conceale the brave ecstatik sense
He had of it; for heav'nly bosoms glow
So hot with *Loves* sublime exploits, that they
Must split, did not their tongues their hearts display.

60.

The famous *Traytors* storie being done,
And *Psyche* having her short supper eat,
The blessed *Guardian* thus again begun:
My Dear, this Evening season, and the Meat
Thou from thy *Lords* hand hast received, be
The items of a *greater feast* to Me.

He,

61.

He, the ſweet *Doctor* of chaſte *Abſtinence*
Who taught his Servants not to clog their heart
With corruptible Viands; when from hence
Already *Sold*, he ſhortly was to part,
So great and rich a *Banquet* made, as may
The whole Worlds *Temperance* more then repay.

62.

A *Banquet* not of groſs and earthly chear
Where Birds, or Beaſts, or Fiſh might convives be,
But of immortall Delicates, ſo dear,
So ſweet, ſo pretious, that onely He
The *God* in whom all Power & ſweetnes live
Could ſuch Celeſtiall entertainment give.

63.

'Twas now the ſolemne time among the *Jews*
Their memorable *Paſſover* to eat:
Nor would thine inoffenſive *Lord* refuſe
That grand ſolemnitie to celebrate,
And honour it, which like the faithfull *ſhade*
On Him the *Sun*, ſo long attended had.

64.

With his *Diſciples* down the *Maſter* ſate,
And in the ſpotleſſe and unblemiſh'd *Lamb*
Beheld the Copy of his purer State,
In which no Criticks eye found room for blame:
Yet could not *Innocence* ſecure his life,
More than the *Lamb* it ſaved from the knife.

65.

The *Lamb* his tender fleece & skin had loſt,
And naked to the fire expoſed was,
Where all its harmleſſe, helpleſſe, fleſh was roſte:
And here he read aforehand his own caſe,
How to his Croſs the *Jewiſh furie* toſt him,
And how the flaming *wrath of Heav'n* did roſt him.

66.

The ſad attendance of that *bitter ſauce*
Which ſoureſt Herbs about the Meat had thrown,
The dark reſemblance of thoſe torments was
With which his Diſh of deepeſt woe was ſtrown,
The *Weeds of humane ſins*, which far exceed
In bitternes, all Herbs that earth can breed.

67.

The *Haſte* which quickned on this *tranſient feaſt*,
Was not ſo winged as the noble ſpeed
With which He poſted in deſire to reſt
Upon the cruel Croſs his tender Head:
A *wofull reſting place* was that, and yet
To *Love* no Pillow ſeem'd ſo ſoft as it.

68.

But having finiſh'd this *Solemnity*
And with due honor brought it to its grave,
He makes way for that tender *Myſterie*
Which as his *finall favour* he did ſave
To print his deareſt Memory moſt deep
In the ſoft Soules of his beloved *Sheep*.

69.

He with a Towel, having laid aſide
His Mantle, girds himſelf; for humble he
Would not the leaſt impediment abide
Of his officious Activitie:
With water then filling a Baſin full
Down at his own *Diſciples* feet he fell.

70.

The Conſcience of his own eternall worth,
And of his univerſall Soveraigntie,
The certain knowledge that He iſſued forth
From his bright *Fathers* arms, and was to be *St. John*
There re-inthroned, could not hold him up; 13.3.
All this he knew, and *yet he down did ſtoop*.

71.

Stoop then proud *Mortals*, whoſoe'r yee be,
Who have no power alone to *ſtand upright*;
Stoop, now you ſee your *Saviour* on his Knee,
Who doth ſuſtaine your Being, by his might;
Stoop, now you ſee Him to his Servants bow,
And the *Moſt-high* ſubmit himſelf *ſo low*.

72.

To ſtand on fooliſh *Terms of honour* now
Is but to found your glorie on your ſhame:
Is it not more illuſtrious to bow
With *Jeſus*, than with *Lucifer* to aime
Above your reach? O why will *Duſt* forget
The place originally due to it!

73.

But what's *Gods* buſ'nes at his Servants feet?
Even to Waſh and Wipe them clean. O now
Stoop lower ſtill, lower and lower yet,
For at the loweſt you are not ſo low
As He the *Vniverſe's King*, who here
Hath made himſelf a *ſervile Miniſter*.

74.

When *Jeſus* by his Water clenſed had
His Servants feet, and by his Grace their hearts,
Shewing what Preparation muſt be made
By all who ever mean to have their Parts
In his pure *Banquet*; down he ſits again,
And them with *Miracles doth entertain*.

The

75.

The Ends of sumptuous Banquets use to be
Crown'd with most soveraign Varieties,
Which may the Convives learned Luxurie
With deep and new found Ravishment surprise;
And *Jesus* would not have this Supper want
That costly Point of Princely Complement.

76.

Indeed the Supper which They now had eat
Into the Belly its direct way took,
Where in the Kitchin of poor Mortall Meat
It was committed unto *Heat* to Cook:
And *Heats* best skill could onely dresse it fit
To feed the *Body* which contained it.

77.

But *Christs* adoreable Designe was now
With such a royall *Feast* to blesse the Bord,
As might make *Spirits* fat and healthfull grow,
And thriving Nutriment to *Soules* afford;
Such Nutriment as might full power give
Unto his Guests eternally to live.

78.

In his *Almighty Hand* he took the *Bread*,
And pour'd his plenall *Blessing* upon it:
Never on any but *his own dear Head*
Such potent *Benediction* did sit;
Indeed, it was that *Blessings Echo*, and
Bounded upon his *Body in his Hand*.

79.

For having broke that *Bread* He reached it
To his *Disciples*, saying, *Take and eat*
This is my Body broke for You; and let
My dear Remembrance live in this your Meat.
But *Jesu's Feast must not be drie*; for *Wine*
Equall to this high *Dainties* He doth joyne.

80.

He takes the *Cup*, and *Drink Yee all of this*,
It is my Blood of the new Testament
Says He, which shed and freely given is
To wash the Sins of all that will repent?
As often as you of this Chalice drink,
Of Me your liberall Redeemer think.

81.

Sweet *Jesu*! ô how can thy World forget
Their *royall Saviour*, and his Bounty, who
Upon their *Tables his own Self* hath set;
Who in their holy *Cups* fails not to flow,
And in their *Dishes* lie. Did ever Freind
So sure a Token of his Love commend?

82.

Infallibly there dost *Thou* flow and lie;
Though Mortall Eyes discover no such thing;
Quick sighted *Faith* reads all the Mystery
And humble pious Soules doth easily bring
Into the *Wonders Cabinet*, and there
Makes all the *Jewells of this Truth* appear.

83.

She generously dares *on God relie*
And *trust his Word* how strange soe'r it be:
If *Jesus* once pronounces *This is my*
Body and Blood; Far far be it, cries She;
That I should think my *dying Lord* would cheat
Me in his *Legacie of Drink and Meat*.

84.

(His *Word* is most Omnipotent, and He
Can doe what e'r He says; and more than I
Can or would understand. What is't to me
If He transcends Humane Capacitie?
Surely it well becomes Him so to doe,
Nor were He *God*, if He could not doe so.

85.

Let Him say what He will, I must denie
Him to be *God*, or else Beleeve his *Word*:
Me it concerneth not to verifie
What He proclaims; I onely must afford
Meek Credit, and let Him alone to make
Good, whatsoever He is pleas'd to speak.)

86.

Grosse and unworthy Spirits sure They be
Who of their *Lord* such mean Conceptions frame,
That parting from his deerest Consorts, He
No Token of his Love did leave with Them.
But simple Bread and Wine: a likely thing,
And well-becoming *Heav'ns magnificent King*,

87.

A likely Thing, that when the lusty blood
Of Bulls and Goats cannot wash Sin away,
The Blood of Grapes should with a stronger Flood
Quite overwhelm and drown *the Worlds decay*:
O no, such Virtue in *no Blood* can dwell
But that which through the *Veins of God* did thrill.

88.

Ask me not then, How can the thing be done,
What power of Sense or Reason can digest it?,
Fools, as you are, what Demonstration
So evident as this *My God profest it*?
And if you once can prove that *He* can lie,
This Wonder, and *Him* too, I will denie,

89.

What thank is it that you can credit that
Which your own ſenſe and Reaſons eye reads plain?
Heavn 's much to them beholden, who will not
Beleeve it higher is than they can ſtrein;
Who jealous are of God, and will not be
Induce'd *to truſt him further than they ſee.*

90.

And yet had you theſe modeſt eyes of mine,
You in this gloomie *Cloud* would ſee the *Sun*
That *Sun*, who wiſely doth diſdain to ſhine
On Thoſe who with bold Prying preſſe upon
His *ſecret Majeſtie*, which plainly I
Becauſe I make no anxious ſearch, deſcrie.

91.

This is the *valorous Reſolution*
Of Gallant Faith: and this will ſerve to be
The bleſſed Rule by which all thoſe will run
Who are the *Scholars of Humilitie*.
Yet, I muſt tell thee *Pſyche*, *itching Pride*
Will not hereafter thus be ſatisfied.

92.

A thouſand waſpiſh *Syllogiſmes* will
Be buzzing from the Mouthes of thoſe who build
Their groundworks of Religion on the skill
Which they for granted take, their brains has fild;
Till *Queries*, *Doubts*, *Diſtinctions*, *Niceties*,
Firſt grow to *Schiſmes*, and then to *Hereſies*.

93.

Needs will they prie into the *Manner how*
This myſtick Miracle to paſſe was brought,
And madly being not content to know
What *Chriſt* thought fit to teach them, ſtudy out
They know not what, and *make this banquet prove*
A Sacrament of war, and not of love.

94.

Some peep too neer, and ſpie what is not there,
Some careleſly take what is there away:
Some will confeſſe no Miracle, for fear
That ſhould prove Conſequential, which they
Would not have ſo, and that themſelves ſhould be
Forc'd to acknowledge *more than they can ſee.*

95.

Some ſift *Exiſtence*, *Subſtance*, *Accidents*,
And make the Laws of *Ariſtotle* be
The Umpiers in Religion. Thus the Rents
Which *Art* ſtrives to ſew up in Pietie
By that unworthy clowniſh Needle are
Onely made wider than before they were.

96.

O happy world, if all would once agree
In that which *Jeſus* hath ſo plainly taught!
If thoſe *ſhort Words* might but ſincerely be
Imbraced, and no more in queſtion brought!
If for the *Manner* they would truſt their *Lord*,
And for the *Subſtance*, take Him at his Word!

97.

For Heav'n its faithfull wheel ſhall ſooner turn,
And backward hale the Sun into the Eaſt;
The Northern *Polar Bear* ſhall ſooner burn,
And *Sirin's* mouth be ſealed up with Froſt;
The *Earth* into the Sphears ſhall ſooner leap,
And tumble down all *Height* into the *Deep*;

98.

Then any Syllable which droppeth from
The Lipps of *Jeſus* can be born away
Upon the Windes ſwift wings, and never come
Back with its full effect. And yet the day
Will come, when Men will be ſo mad in this
Cleer point, as to *diſpute away their Bliſſe.*

99.

It is in vain to tell theſe *Wranglers* how
Jeſus could graft cold ſtones into the ſtock
Of *Abraham*, and make them Fertile grow
In *Iſraelites*; Or that the Bread He took
In's daily diet, was not wholly ſpent,
But part into his *Bodies ſubſtance* went.

100.

In vain to tell them, how, into his Blood
The Wine he drank was changed day by day:
For though ſuch Speculations underſtood
With prudent reverence, might make eaſier way
Unto the *Myſterie*; yet *Wranglers* will
Becauſe they will be ſo, be *Wranglers* ſtill.

101.

But as the ſweeteſt Roſes are beſet
With a ſtrict Seige of Thorns; whilſt vulgar floures
Which are not worth the Choking never meet
With armed Neighbours, whoſe infeſtive Powers
Might plant their Bane about them: ſo it fares
With this rich *Bread* invaded by the Tares.

102.

What heart can of the monſtrous *Gnoſtiks* think
And not abhorre their damned ſacrifice,
The matchleſſe, and the moſt blaſphemous ſink
Of odious impudent Impieties?
Pſyche, Thou never yet heardſt of ſo black
A ſin, as they doe their Religion make.

Vid. S. Epiphan. Hæres. 26. 27.

But

103.

But I in reverence to thy Blush, forbear
That deep Abominations Den to rake,
Whose rank Sent reaks up to the highest Spheir
And in *Gods* Nostrills stinck: Yet leave must take
To tell thee thine own *Albion* will not be
Afraid of *Sacramentall Villany*.

104.

For in the Dreggs of Time, when Wealth and Pride
Have fatned *British* Hearts fit to defie
All *Sacred Discipline*, and to the Tide
Of furious Licence and Impiety
Op'd a vast Gap, unhallowed Hands will dare
From holy Priests this reverend Work to tear.

105.

Mechanick Zeal, inspir'd by *Sottishnesse*,
And by enthusiastick Ordination
Of Self-deluded Fancie *Call'd* to dresse
This Mystick Feast in the reformed fashion,
Will purest Purity it selfe defile,
And by Heav'ns Gate finde out a Way to Hell.

106.

But happy Thou who shalt not live to see
Thine Eyes tormented by that curst Sight,
Which shall both Acted, and Permitted be
By equal Sons of everlasting Night.
Come then, let our Discourse return and be
Spent on this *Miracle of Purity*

107.

Thy *Lords* great *Feast* was the high Consummation
Of *Israels Passover*; A *Feast* which did
With mystick power antidate his *Passion*,
And that long-long'd-for Word, *'Tis finished*.
Right noble was that *typick Passover*,
But nobler this, because *Substantial*, here.

108.

How much more pure and pretious is this *Lamb*
Who, though the *Feast* unto himselfe be *soure*,
Presents no Sauce of *bitter herbs* to them
Who are the Convives, but with all the power
Of Sweetnesse entertains their Palates, and
All Joyes to wait upon them doth command.

109.

This is that more renoun'd *Viaticum*
The *Israel of God* to fortifie
When they from *Pharaohs* iron Bondage come;
And travell to their holy Liberty.
O *Psyche*, those old *Stories* plainlier are
Reacted in the *Christian* Hemisphear.

110.

Sin is that hatefull *Egypt*, where doth reign
A King how much more fierce than *Pharaoh* was,
The Tyrant *Belzebub* who throws his Chain
About the World, and makes all Nations passe
Under a more unreasonable Law
Than *making Brick, whilst They'r denyed Straw*.

111.

But pious Soules are by this *Paschal Feast*
Both strengthned and encouraged to throw
This servile Yoak away, and thither haste
Where everlasting Liberty doth grow:
Although their hard obstructed Passage be
Thorough the *Wilderness*, and the *Red Sea*.

112.

This enigmatick Life of Misery
Can own both those repugnant Names: what are
Its Storms, and Broils, and Tumults, but a *Sea*
Red with Destruction? What is daily fear
With helplesse Desolation, and Distresse,
If not a squalid fatal *Wilderness*.

113.

But through this wretched *Desert*, and this *Sea*,
The Virtue of this *Passover* will lead
Beleeving Soules, untill they safely be
Of blessed *Canaan* inherited,
That *Canaan* whose Milk and Honey is
The sweetnesse of exuberant *Paradise*.

114.

That *Canaan* where no *Jebusites* shall be
Thorns in the Sides of its accomplish'd *Rest*,
And whence no *Babylonish* Potency
Shall root Them out who there are once possest;
A *Canaan* which alone makes good the grand
And glorious Title of *The holy Land*.

115.

This *Sacramental Bread*, and this alone
Is that supporting *Staffe of Life*, by which
The stout and faithfull Generation
Take their brave journey unto Heav'n, and reach
The top of their Desires more surely far
Than by his *Staffe* the Artist does the Star.

116.

By *Bread*, and Bread alone, Man now must live,
Ev'n by this *Bread* which from *Gods* own *Mouth* came;
Christs potent *institution* did give
This Virtue to it; and Himselfe proclaim
Aforehand, that Men must not hope or think
To Live, but by *this Suppers Meat and Drink*.

117.

All Delicacies moulded up in one
Pure pretious Composition are here:
Ne'r did the *Sybarit's* Invention
Upon their Tables sacrifice such cheere
Unto their *Bellies*, which alone to them
The greatest of the Deities did seem.

118.

The *Syracusian Bords* did never sweat
Under such Dainties: *Alexandrian Feasts*
Did never with such princely sprightfull Meat
Ravish the Palates of their dearest Guests:
No *Asiatick*, nor no *Medick Fare*,
No *Cates of Marseils* may with these compare.

119.

Great *Solomons* profoundest Industrie
Which through all Nature did his Pleasures hunt,
Sifting and boulting everie Suavitie,
To finde what Sweets did flow with most Content,
Nought but unsavorie *Vanitie* could taste:
All *Solid pleasures* here alone are plac't.

120.

Here, in this *Bread*, this rich Conspiracie
Of most substantiall Delights; to which
That pure Angelick Cheer which bounteousllie
Heav'ns carefull Hand did every morning reach
Unto his *Israel*, journying in the bare
And hungrie *desert*, was course homely fare.

121.

Nor is the Dainties of the *Cup* lesse rich
Than that which in the noble *Patin* lies:
The *Wine of Love, of Life, of Spirits*, which
By new un-heard of heavenly properties
The heart of Man with such Delights doth cheer
As never fears the worst assaults of fear.

122.

Heavens prudent *Law* had taken order that
No Creatures Blood the Lippe of Man should stain:
O no: The Caution was just and fit,
That all those Mouthes might be reserved clean
In reverence to the *Blood* of this great *Lamb*
Which was into believing lips to stream.

123.

O *blessed, bloody, peacefull Wine*! O how
Divinely hast thou satisfaction made
For that enflaming Potion which doth flow
In other Wines! may *Noah* now be glad
Of his Invention, since his foule mishap
Is clean wash'd out by this all purging Grape!

124.

This is that *Wine* wherein dwells *Veritie*
The *Veritie of Heav'n*: For *Heav'n* in it
All melted is: Those noble Joies which we
Bath'd in at home, are heer together met
In sweet epitomie, and smiling swim
About the *Chalices* most reverend Brim.

125.

Let *Luxurie* turn other wines into
The *milk of Venus*, and unto its Cupps
As to the Bottles of her bosome goe,
Whence onely furious uncleanesse drops:
This is the purest Juice that can be prest
From *Chastities* own most unspotted breast.

126.

Of this, milde Doves may drink, and never fear
An inflammation which might entrench
On their chaste Spirits: Devoted Virgins heer
Their shie and bashfull Hearts may safely drench:
This *Liquor* breeds no flames but soft and cool,
Which though they burn, cannot infect the soul.

127.

Should *Greek, Canarie*, or *Pannonian Wine*,
Should *Spanish, French, Italian*, and the rest
Which crown the Bowles of Princes, all combine
In one Extraction, and be richly drest
With Aromatick Helps; they would be all
If paralleld with this, but *costly Gall*.

128.

Ambitious *Cleopatra's* sumptuous Bowle
Where her Luxuriant Jewell learn'd to swimme,
And its inestimable Riches roule
Melted and mixed with the gallant stream,
Compared with this *Cup*. was full as vile
As any Bottle filled at her *Nile*.

129.

This makes those wines all blush for their own shame
Which in proud *Belteshazzers* Goblets smil'd;
Which *Holofernes* to the beauteous *Dame*,
And yet more Masculine then Beauteous fild;
That *Dame*, who in her Nations quarrell durst
Lesse for his Wine than for his heart-blood thirst.

130.

Sardanapalus with his Coste and Care,
Such precious liquor never could obtaine;
No *Epicurean wishes* ever were
Advanced unto so sublime a strain,
As to desire so rich a Draught as this,
Whose worth above all Fancies Compasse is.

For

131.

For where the Juice of other Grapes doth reign,
Both Sense and Reason feel its Tyranny;
Which being drownd together with their Brain,
Forthwith each Member, and each faculty
To beastly Madnesse is enslav'd, and flies
On Murders, Rapines, Rapes, and Villanies.

132.

But where this *Wine of Angels* domineers
The Heart with *noble Drunkennesse* it fills,
For all its Powers and Spirits it overbears
With a sweet stream of mystick Miracles,
Untill intoxicated by this *Flood*
Of Love and Heav'n, the Man is *Drunk with God*.

133.

Strange, *Psyche*, are this *Drunkennesses* Fits;
Oft have I seen, and them as oft admired:
The World has thought these Men besides their Wits,
When with this Liquors flame it saw them fired.
But We know what *ecstatick Raptures* mean,
And *Zeals* exploits, when it hath got the Rein.

134.

Oft have I seen brave *Spirits*, when they rose
From this great *Banquet*, fill'd with generous Rage,
Flie in the face of Sin; and nobly choose
The stoutest Foes whereon they might engage
Their heav'nly Confidence, nor has their high
Adventure failed to reach down *Victory*.

135.

Oft have I seen Them scorn the Frown of Death,
Oft have I seen them hug the Crosse and Spear,
Oft have I heard them spend their finall breath
In wooing greater Torments to come neer,
Oft have I seen them enter single fight
Both with the *Peers*, and with the *Prince of Night*.

136.

For well they know what Strength they have within,
And by tenacious *Faith* they hold it fast:
How can those Champions ever fail to win
Amidst whose Armour *Heav'n* it selfe is plac'd?
What Battery can prevail against that Breast
Which is infallibly with *God* possest?

137.

For to augment the Wonder, *Psyche*, this
Great *Feast of Feasts*, can never all be spent:
When Millions are filled, still it is
Intirely whole, and knows no detriment.
So, though the whole World drinks in Air, yet still
The undiminish'd Region is full.

138.

And yet not so. For here each One doth eate
The totall Feast, yet each One leaves it whole:
These antecedent Ages cannot cheat
Those which lagg on behinde: whilst Heav'n doth roll,
And Earth stand still, this ever-teeming *Bord*
The same Delights will unto All afford.

139.

No Fount lives on such living Springs as dwell
In this pure *Cup of Life*, to which though all
The World doe daily flock, to drink, yet still
It keeps its *equal Plenitude*, nor shall
The busie *School*, with all its Company
Of *Doubts* and *Queries* hope to draw it drie.

140.

Though all Heav'ns starry Tapers lighted be
At *Phebus*'s eyes, his Raies are still intire;
Though in each River, Fountain, Lake, or Sea
His Image shines, yet his original Fire
Is onely one, which doth it selfe so wide
In its *compleat Similitude* divide.

141.

Thus, and more really than thus, this *Feast*
Most absolutely One, it selfe doth spread
Into the Mouth and Heart of every Guest,
And there far more celestial Splendor shed
Than when the Sun by his meridian Ray
Triumphs upon the highest Throne of Day.

142.

Thy Blessed *Lord*, not many years agoe,
Had borrow'd of the World *Humanity*,
And dress'd Himselfe in *Maries* bowells so
That He became compleatly Man: yet He
Though by this Condescent, new Raies He set
In *Natures* Crown, still thought Himselfe in debt.

143.

Right Generous as He was, He meant to pay
All backagain which He receiv'd from Her:
His Body and his Blood He ment to lay
Upon the Crosse, and make Requitall there
To all his Creditors, and freely by
That Payment ransome Them from Misery.

144.

And yet, because his *Humane Nature* He
So dearly lov'd that He resolv'd to bear
It home in Triumph, and eternalie
Those Robes of boundlesse *Love* and *Mercie* wear:
E'r He his journey took, He plotted how
It might *Ascend*, and yet *Remain below*.

145.

Remain below; and be as oft Restored
As Man would please to take it: And the way
He Instituted was by this adored
Mysterious *Banquet*, which doth day by day
Repay his *Flesh and Blood*, that *Man* may eat
And drink, and *with his God incorporate*.

146.

For, to compleat his most excessive Love
Beyond the reach of any Parallel;
This noble *Pay* He doth so far improve,
That his eternall *Godhead* joyns to swell
The royall *Feast*; for this can never be
Dissevered from his *Humanity*

147.

O *Banquet*! fit for His Magnificence
Who is the Universes Soveraign.
By this dear Project, *Psyche*, *Mercies Prince*
Collecteth in his more than golden Chain
His World unto Himself, and ties it close,
That no Disunion can interpose.

148.

The glorious *Incarnation* began
To tie this Knot; which now redoubled is:
There *God* vouchsaf'd to joyne Himselfe with *Man*
Here *Man* has leave to make the Juncture His,
And knit himself to his Redeemer. O
What *God* stoop'd ever to his Creature so!

149.

By this sweet Combination Men doe grow
Forgetfull of their Singularities,
Their proper Interests, their *I* and *Thou*,
Their *Mine* and *Thine*, their grounds of Avarice,
Of Envie, of Ambition, and comply
In holy *Peace*'s common Unitie.

150.

This is the Cement, which together ties
The *Stones* which in the *Churches Fabrik* lie,
The common Ligature which doth comprise
Each *Joynt* and *Member* in the Mysterie
Of *Christs spirituall Body*, untill He
The *Shepheard*, and his *Sheep*, in one agree.

151.

For as the *Reasonable Soule* doth swimm.
Intirely one through all the Body; yet
In every Member, and in every Limm
In its *Totality* doth single sit:
So by this *Sacramentall Union*
Jesus is One to All, and All to One,

152.

Beleeve it *Psyche*, though thy Mortal Eye
Sees no such brave Attendance on this *Bord*,
Yet thick the *Waiters* stand whose Dignity
Shines next the Glories of their royall *Lord*:
No Prince was on his Coronation Day
E'r honored by such Servitors as They.

153.

The gallant *Cherubs*, and the *Seraphs* here
With legions of fairest *Angels* meet,
And in all awfull Reverence draw neer,
Ravish'd at what you Mortals *Drink and Eat*;
Here royall *Principalities* attend,
Here *Thrones* bowe down, & heer *Dominions* bend.

154.

For when they are above in their bright sphear
The glorious Ocean of eternal Sweets,
Their blessed Eyes behold no richer Cheer
Than *Mercy* on this noble *Table* sets;
Nor did the *Cherubs* which kept *Paradise*
Finde there such glorious Varieties.

155.

Pure are their Eyes, and they can easily passe
Through the thick *Veil* which on the *Feast* doth lie;
A *Veil* which in profound Compassion was
Thrown on the Count'nance of this *Mystery*,
Which darts more glories from its naked face
Than ever did great *Mose*'s Temples grace.

156.

So long as mortall Grosseness sticks upon
The Brows of Man, and cloggs his feeble Sight,
One glimpse of heav'nly Majesty alone
Would seal his eyes up with eternall Night;
For what exceedeth, doth corrupt, their reach;
Transcendent Lustre prov's as dark as Pitch.

157.

When Batts may venture to the Eagles Nest,
And full against the Suns, their own eyes set;
When blear-ey'd Owles may leave their gloomie Roost
And with safe Looks the Face of High-noon meet;
When *Midnight* dares throw off her sable Cloke,
And into bright *Aurora*'s Wardrobe look.

158.

Then may dim-sighted Men with safety gaze
Upon their *Lords* unveiled Brightnesse; then
May they directly to his royall Face
Without a Perspectives Assistance run;
Then may they boldly scorn, their Eyes to shrowd
Under the moderate Shaddow of a Cloud.

159.

But *Jesus* who full well their Weakneſſe knew,
Did in the Shelter of *plain Wine and Bread*
Accommodate his Goodneſſe to their View;
That in *Familiar Elements* they might read
The hidden Myſtery, and happy be
Above all that their Mortal eyes could ſee.

160.

The time ſhall come, when the dull *Duſt* ſhall be
By the briſk Virtue of the *Reſurrection*
Refin'd and rais'd to a Capacity
Of radiant and ſpiritual Perfection;
When faithfull Soules in their celeſtial Reſt
Shall at the *Lambs unveiled Supper* feaſt

161.

Mean while, it is their Priviledge, that they
May freely in the Shade enjoy the Sun;
That in the Darkneſſe they may meet the Day,
And in *Hopes* Region finde *Fruition*.
But who, ſweet *Pſyche*, would beleeve, that herice
Man ſhould draw reaſon of *Irreverence*!

162.

Alas, when *Time* ſhall old and doting grow,
And *Chriſtian* Spirits ſympathize with it;
Men will be bold to make this *Banquet* know
That by its Out-ſide They doe ſquare and fit
Their eſtimation of it; and that there
Their Faith admits no more than doth appear.

163.

It muſt be Superſtition, if they
Should think *Gods Table* holier than their own;
If of this *Cup* and *Patin* they bewray
An higher thought, than of thoſe all the Town
Uſe in the publick Inns, when e'r they keep
Their free *Communion of Good-Fellowſhip*.

164.

Nor *Jove* nor *Juno*, nor the ſillieſt He
Or She of all that Rabble, who were made
Gods by vain Man; found ſuch impiety
In thoſe their Makers, as to be betray'd
To ſloveniſh Altars, and to clowniſh Rites
By *fained Zeal*'s irreverent Deceits.

165.

Muſt *Rudeneſſe* onely be permitted to
Attend on *Jeſu*'s *nobleſt Myſtery*?
And muſt it for moſt *pure devotion* goe
Becauſe ſo *groſſe* and *lazie*? Surely We
Are much too blame in Heav'n, who never knew
Such kinde of Service to our *God* was due.

166.

Is this the Thanks for keeping in his flames
Of moſt intolerable Majeſty,
Which once unveild, by its immortal ſtreams
Would them devour, and all their ſlovenrie?
Alas, that *Love* ſhould thus neglected be,
And for no cauſe, but *mighty Charity*!

167.

But thoſe brave Lovers, of whoſe generous breaſt
Jeſus intire poſſeſſion has took,
Are ſo inamored of this royal *Feaſt*,
That with all humble Reverence they look
Upon it, and in faithfull pure deſire,
After Angelick Complements aſpire.

168.

Their Hearts beat high with that illuſtrious Zeal
Which fires our Breaſts, and fain would ſtoop as low
As doe the *Seraphs*, when this *Miracle*
Of Love invites their reverent knees to bow:
Fain would they have their paſſionate Piety
As infinite as is this Myſtery.

169.

For infinite it is; and gladly I,
Would its Infinitude to Thee diſplay;
No Theem with ſuch delight could ſit on my
Admiring Tongue: But *Angels* muſt give way
To ecſtacies, in ſuch vaſt Deeps, where *Love*
Himſelfe the utmoſt of his Power doth prove.

170.

Here *Phylax* ended, and obſerved how
The Bait would operate which He had caſt
To *Pſyches* heart: which being captiv'd now
By his Diſcourſes Charms, and chained faſt
Unto the *Tables* foot which He ſet out,
This pious anſwer gently forth ſhe brought:

171.

My Soules ſweet Friend, what thanks can I repay
For all this honey which thy Tongue hath ſhed
Into my ears and heart! O *Phylax* may
He whom Thou praiſedſt, poure upon thy head
Thy full Requitall: As for ſimple Me,
What can the poor Worme *Pſyche* give to Thee?

172.

She can give nothing, but continues ſtill
A begger, and for further Favours ſues;
Yet not for Cates my ſtomacks mouth to fill,
O no: No Famins Power could make me chuſe
My other Diet, if at this ſweet *Feaſt*
Of Love and Heav'n, my Soul may now be Gueſt.

And

173.

And if it be not so, I am undone;
Such Hunger knaws, such Thirst does burn my heart
That by that *Banquets* Comfort I alone
Can rescued be from this impatient Smart:
And 'tis thy courteous fault, dear *Phylax*, who
With its Description Me hast ravish'd so.

174.

The sickly, what but Health can satisfie?
And what but *Balsame* can desired be
To stop the Wounds wide Mouth and bloody Crie?
What does the hunted Deer so pant to see,
But some coole Fount, or soveraign Ditany?
What can the Captive wish, but Liberty?

175.

My *Health*, my *Balsame*, and my *Liberty*,
My *Dear Dictamnum*, and my *Fount of Bliss*,
My onely *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* lie
Treasur'd up in this *Banquet*: If I misse
Of this my Wish, alas, what shall I doe,
What hope, what helpe for my encreasing Woe?

176.

She fainted here. But *Phylax* reach'd his hand
Unto her Arm, and Comfort to her Heart.
I like, said He, thy noble Ardour, and
Its fuell will unto thy Fire impart.
In yonder House there lives a reverend *Priest*
Who for thy pious soule will dresse this *Feast*.

177.

This said; He leads the Virgin thither, where
In a close room a knot of *Faithfull Hearts*
For that great Busnesse early did prepare;
For Pagan Tyranny forc'd them to all Arts
Of Privacie, and glad they were to choose
Such Temples as were hidden from their Foes.

178.

There in a *Chalice* and a Dish of Wood,
The furniture of Primitive Poverty,
The wonder of their Saviours Flesh and Blood
With golden Hearts they waited on. But We
Alas in Patins and in Cups of Plate
With Hearts of Wood this Banquet celebrate.

179.

They in the *Strangers* Zeal-inflamed eye
Such genuine beams of Piety descried
As soon dispell'd all mists of Jealousie
Which scrupulous Fear had rais'd; unknown untried
She is receiv'd: Besides, the holy *Priest*
By *Heav'n* was warn'd to entertain this *Guest*.

180.

Phylax withdrew his nimble Selfe into
His Closet of Invisibility;
Yet still attended on his *Psyche*; who
Approached to the royall *Mystery*
With such brave fervor, that her hungry *Haste*
Almost as boundlesse seemed, as the *Feast*.

181.

O how her Soule into the *Dish* did leap,
And dive down to the Bottom of the *Cup*!
With what Inamorations did she weep!
What sighs of Joy did break her bosome ope!
How did *Fear* strive with *Love*! How did she groan
Between *Humility*, and *Ambition*!

182.

O how She thinks her Lips and Heart impure!
And yet she cannot for a World refrain:
She knows not how this Life she should endure,
If *from* the *Life of Life* She must contain:
She knows not how her *Iron* should forbear
To meet the *Loadstone* now it was so neer.

183.

Whilst in this dainty Agony she lay,
Into her Mouth the *Priest* gives her her *Bliss*,
Which to her Heart directly took its way
And drown'd it in exuberant Sweetnesses:
She now no longer *Psyche* is, for she
Is all converted into *Ecstasie*.

184.

O most Miraculous *Feast*, how fain my *Song*
Would be Luxuriant in admiring Thee!
But neither mine, nor *Phylax's* high Tongue
Knows how to reach that lofty Harmonie
Of all united Sweets and Joyes which lie
In bounteous *Loves* profoundest *Mystery*.

185.

Yet may my *pained Soule* have leave to lay
At this *Songs foot* its just and heavy Sighs;
Which, never since mine Eyes first op'd on Day
So deeply rellished Lifes miseries:
The more my shame, whose mighty Sins for Me
Have earned this Heart-knawing Agonie.

186.

Time was, when *Heav'n* in this late happy *Isle*
Kept open house; when this Celestiall *Feast*
Did freely woo all Hearts to come and fill
Their holy Appetites with all the best
Of *antidated Bliss*, and grow Divine
With this Spirituall mighty *Bread and Wine*.

But

187.

But now both *Feast* and *Bord* devoured are
By a new *Banquet*, as jejune and drie
As barren Air; for all this *Pulpit Cheer*
Feeds but the itching *Ears* strange *Boulimie*:
Whilst still the Heart remains as lank and thin:
And nothing fatter grows, but lusty Sin.

188.

Sin fatter grows; so fat that now it dares
Kick both at *Earth* and *Heav'n*, and scorns to be
Aw'd by those generous and ingenuous *Fears*
Which are the Reins of *Virtuous Modesty*;
It mocketh *Veng'ance* and derideth *Law*,
Because their *patient Sword* they *slowly* draw.

189.

O how come *Christian Soules* so well content
To want the choicest Viands Heav'n could give!
O how preposterously Abstinent
Are they who with all riotous Dainties strive
To fortifie *the Belly*, but can finde
No Time to Victuall and enforce the *Minde*!

190.

Surely those *Hero*'s were more prudent far
Upon whose nearer hearts the warmer Blood
Of *Jesus* dropp'd: not once a Moneth, or year,
Or divers Years, they with this holy Food
Cheer'd up their Soules; but every Morning fed,
And made the *Lord of Life* their *Daily Bread*.

191.

With *Heav'n* this alway kept their bosomes warme,
This made Them Eagle-like their strength renew;
With *death-despising Courage* this did arme
Their gentlest Spirits; By this they Masters grew
Of Earth and Hell, which having trampled down,
Heav'n too by *Violence* They made their own.

192.

But O, my *Heart*, why art Thou stealing thus
From thine own Woes, thy Neighbours to deplore?
Time was, when (whilst thine unfledged Wickednesse
Flew not at Heav'ns long patient face, nor tore
This Judgment thence,) I once a Week at least
Could at this *Bord of Blessings* be a *Guest*.

193.

Then with sweet Comfort could I turn mine Eye
Back on the year, which with Delight did run;
Then could I count what Gains I reaped by
My constant Tradings in Devotion;
Rejoycing in my satisfied Minde
That every Sunday I in Heav'n had din'd.

193.

But now the flaming Courters of the Sun
Are drawing on the fourteenth Moneth, since I
Attended on the Celebration
Of this sweet *life-enlivening Mystery*;
Which yet I then was faine to steal, and so
A Thief that Day to Paradise did goe.

194.

I went indeed, But a *Forbidden Tree*
Strait woo'd my liquorish Hand, and foolish I
Beleev'd the flattering Bait, and would not see
How treacherous an Hook beneath did lie. (Me,
Dear, wonderous dear, this heedlesse Fault did cost
For all my heav'nly Joyes and Powers it lost Me.

195.

It lost Me all, and no Recruit was nie,
But I am left a Prey to this long *Fast*:
O how the Palate of my Soule is drie,
What burning Drought doth shrivell up and waste
The Bowels of my Heart! how is my Minde
With most uncomfortable Squalor pin'd!

196.

O how my Understandings Pinions tire,
And flag below when I aloft would soar!
What leaden Numnesse damps those hopes of Fire
With which my Fancie 'gan to glow before!
What Languor cloggs my fainting Will, whilst I
On dark unworthy Earth thus groveling lie!

197.

O how this drie and barren *Verse* attests
The heavy Truth of these my Lamentations!
O pitty Me, all you whose gentle Breasts
E'r felt the Stings of Mysticall Vexations!
Pitty Me, ô my *candid Readers*, now
What makes me tire your Patience, you know.

198.

Had I my wonted Share in that dear *Feast*
Which with coelestiall Spirits embraves the Heart;
A fairer *Banquet* I for You had drest;
Who now can onely by my pined Smart
Warn You to prize, and so imbrace with most
Religious Tenderness, what I have lost.

199.

Lost hitherto: But must that *Losse* runon,
And can my Life mean while make good its Name?
Can *Day* maintain her Self, if once the Sun
Deny to feed her with his vitall Flame?
Can Rivers keep their constant full-side Course,
If once the living Spring doth them divorce?

201.

O tender *King of Love*, whose sumptuous Care
For hungry Hearts that high Provision made,
Behold *my starved Soule lies gasping here*
For one dear Crumb of thy mysterious Bread,
And craves to cool its burning Tongue, *one Drop*
Of liquid Life from thy all-saving *Cup*.

202.

I know my Worthlessenesse, sweet *Lord*, and how
Unfit I am to look for any Share
In those peculiar Delicates, which Thou
For thine own genuine *Children* didst prepare:
Yet to a *Dogg* once more thy leave afford
To catch what falleth from thy *Childrens Bord*.

PSYCHE:

OR

LOVES MYSTERIE.

CANTO XIII.

The Death of Love.

ARGUMENT.

LOve, *having* Liv'd *for Man, is pleas'd to* Dy,
To make his purchase sure by Life *and* Death;
Through Earths profoundest Gulfe of Tyranny,
And the vast Ocean of Heav'ns mighty Wrath
He nobly waded, and upon the Shore,
Having first spent his Blood, his Soule did poure.

1.

Oule of all Sweets, ô Life, how dear art Thou
S To all that ever had a Taste of Thee!
How much of Heav'n it selfe infus'd doth flow
Into the region of thy Suavity!
Indeed Heav'n were not Heav'n, did it not joyn
To make it Selfe, by Marrying Thee, divine.

2.

Thou in the Center of Divinity
Before the Birth of Ages hadst thy Spring,
Where thou didst sweetly Smile amidst the *Three*
Most undivided One, and traversing
Those Heights & Depths of Blessedness, didst through
Eternities immense Expansion flow.

3.

Thence, when the World burst out from Nothing, thou
Didst spare some Streams Created Hearts to cheer;
No Bosomes with that Influence did glow,
But of thy Sweets they straight enamor'd were,
Which, as their richest dearest Jewells, they
Close in the *heart of their own Hearts* did lay.

4.

Their Goods, their Parents, or their Children were
Not halfe so pretious to Them, as *Thou*:
Their Joynts, their Limbs, their Skin, they well could spare
Their tender Name and Fame, they could allow
A Prey to Injury, so they by them
Might *Thee*, and thy Security redeem.

Th:

5.

The vileſt *Worme*, whom *Thou* doſt pleaſe to grace,
Forgetteth not that worth he gains by *Thee*:
He ſhoots his warey Self from place to place,
And, when oppreſſed, feeble though he be,
He turns again, and with the ſtrongeſt Foe
Tries what for thy deer Reſcue He can doe.

6.

The wretched *Serpent* is content to feed
On baſeſt Duſt, rather than part with *Thee*;
Though Curſes poure their Streams upon his head,
He makes his Body all one Helmet be
To ſheltre it; and roules himſelf about
Himſelf, to keep all mortall violence out.

7.

Nay when the Sword or Wand its way has cut
Quite through his Circles, till his Body be
An heap of fragments; He himſelf doth knit
Ev'n by the Cement of his Wounds, till He
Grows One again; So lothe he is to die,
Though *his damn'd life be but his Miſerie.*

8.

What Voyages will ſilly *Swallows* take
Warme Seaſons round about the World to chaſe!
What hard ſhift will the hunted *Partridge* make
To ſhun the greedy *Griffons* deadly face! (will fear
What Wings of Speed, what Tricks, and Sleights
Of Death, ſoon teach the cloſe-purſued *Hare*!

6.

In how great Sweat and Pains doe *Piſmires* ſpend
Their warmer Moneths, to reap and carry home
Their Cropp, which in the Cold, may them befreind
With Suſtentation, and defend Them from
The fear of looſing that poor *Life*, which They,
In love of it, to endleſſe Toile betray

10.

The moſt induſtrious never-tired *Bee*
Flies through all Summer, knocking at the door
Of every likely Flower, where thoughtfull ſhe
Can borrow ought towards her Winter Store;
And thus for love of *Life*, her honey trade
A bitter courſe of Painfulnes is made.

11.

Yea, ev'n the ſimpleſt *Weed*, whoſe *Life* doth but
Preſerve that Stink with which She taints the air,
When Winter gins its chains of Froſt to put
Upon the Earth, makes all her Spirits repair
Down to the Root: for rather than be dead,
Alive She chooſeth to be buried.

12.

But yet no Creature with ſuch painfull Pains
Doth purchaſe *Lifes* Security, as *Man*:
What Plots and Projects tumble in his brains,
What Cares and Labours make Him faint and wan!
Earth open houſe to all things elſe doth keep,
But *He muſt ſowe before he looks to reap.*

13.

A tedious *Prentiſehood* He ſpends, to learn
How he may toile himſelf another Day,
And by his ſtill-returning Labours ern
What will ſupport his Strength, that ſtill He may
Be grapling with his Work; for *his own Sweat*
Muſt be the conſtant Sauce unto his Meat.

14.

To get a Living, 's a ſufficient Charm
T'allure him through the moſt portentous Sea;
To make him ſcorn the moſt outragious Storm
Though Death within three Inches of Him be;
To fire him unto all impieties,
Defying *Veng'ance*, and the Thundering Skies.

15.

A Charm ſufficient to make him Liſt
Himſelf an Enemie to the life of Man;
Whilſt he fears not to make his ſtoney breaſt
Harder, by martiall Steel and Braſſe, and can
Without all bluſhing take his bloody *Pay*,
For his Endeavours daily to *Deſtroy*.

16.

O wonderous Riddle! though *eternall Death*
Inevitably be entaild upon
His monſtrous Crimes; yet He his *preſent Breath*
Eſteems ſo deer, that ſtill he dares run on
In any *Deadly Wickednes*, which may
Maintain that life which muſt e'r long Decay.

17.

Indeed the Man whoſe ſwelling Coffers bring
Him forth free choiſe of all the dainty Store
Which Land or Sea can yeild to cheer a King,
May finde ſome feeling reaſon to adore
His *jollie Life*: But what convincing Plea
Can *Beggers* move to this Idolatry?

18.

Yet They who are ſo deſtitute within
And poor without, that equally they want
Both Food wherewith to fill their wretched Skin,
And Clothes to cover it; are well content
On theſe hard terms to *live*, *nor would They be*
By any Death quit of this Miſery.

19.

The woefull *Captive*, whose dark Dungeon is
No other but his antidated Grave,
Though neither Light nor open air be his,
Yet huggs his *Life*, as deerely, as the brave
And lustie *Gallant*, who himself can please
With all the Fat of pleasure, and of ease.

20.

The *Leper* clothed in his winding sheet
By his disease, abhorrs the thought of death:
Life still is ev'n in his dead Body sweet,
And full as pretious He esteems his Breath
As doth the Virgin whose fair Bodies dresse
Of native Lilies, and of Roses is.

21.

He who doth in a Fevers fornace frie,
Would yet not Cool himself within his Grave;
But hires Physicians costly Industrie
To study out some way how He may save
His torturing *Life*: Not for a World would He
By *Death's*, most soveraign Physick eased be.

22.

The lamentable *Gally-slave*, who is
Fast chained to perpetuall Miserie,
Still toiles and rows through the tempestuous Seas,
Without all Hopes that any Port can be
An Haven of Rest to Him; and yet full dear
He holds that *Life* which holds him Pris'ner there.

23.

She whom a Seige begirts so close, that she
Is crowded up to nought but Bones and Skin,
Flies from the thought of gaining Libertie
By *Deaths* Assistance; and will rather win
Upon her Bowels to devour her childe
Than be by Famine of her *Life* beguil'd.

24.

The curs'ed *Traitour* who is chain'd alive
Unto his Chaire of Death; though he be sure
It needs must be in vain for *Life* to strive;
Yet in strong Love of it, he will endure
To feed on his own Arms, that so He may
What e'r it cost Him, *Live one other day.*

25.

He who disjoynted on the Rack doth lie,
Although his Body now no more be his,
After a *thousand deaths, is lothe to die*,
And any Crime is willing to Confesse.
He doth Confesse what needs must be his *Death*,
Onely to gain a *little longer breath.*

26.

Thus all the Gall that sharpest Miserie
Into the heart of *Mortall Life* can poure
Meets there such Powers of vitall suavitie
As conquer all its Bitternesse: Such store
Of pretious Delicates as dare despise
The keenest force of all Calamities.

27.

Snatch what you will from Man, besides, and He
Will stoutly set his shoulders to sustein
His Losse; but if his *Life* required be,
In vain all *Comforts* fawn on Him; in vain
Are *Crowns* and *Sceptres* proffer'd Him, a price
Too poor to hire Him to his *Obsequies.*

28.

Since then the *Life* ev'n of the *meanest Wight*
Scorns to be balanc'd with the richest Treasure;
O then what mighty Depth of Worth, or Height
Of purest Pretiousnesse can serve to measure
The value of the *Life of Jesus; which*
Doth earth with all the best of Heav'n enrich?

29.

A *Life* more worth than all the Breath which fann'd
The panting Hearts of the whole World beside;
More worth than all the Tract of Ages, and
Old *Time* himself: A *Life* which nobly vie'd
With vast *Eternitie*, so sweet, immense,
And pure was its Miraculous Excellence.

30.

For whilst all *Humane Life* was by the Breath
Of the contagious *Serpent* tainted So,
That by the rankling Principles of Death
It from its Cradle was condemn'd unto
Its Herse; *His* kept unstein'd, and scorned all
The gaping Graves Pleas for his Funerall.

31.

Yet this dear *Life* of his he held lesse dear
Than *worthlesse men*; so generous was his Love
That He his own Hearts Blood could freely spare
To ransome theirs; desiring so to prove
Ev'n by their own Souls Rule, that they to Him
More dear than his all pretious Self did seem.

32.

They, and the *worst of them*; for he did not
Pick out some worthy Freinds, for whose sweet sake
His *Life* He was content to offer; but
Ev'n for his Foes that dear Oblation make.
This was *Loves highest Gallantrie*, and fit
For *Him* who was *the Mighty King of it*,

This

33.

This was the brave Exploit which *Phylax* now,
To raviſh *Pſyche's* Heart, meant to diſplay.
For though the buſ'neſſe ſhe before did know,
Yet 'twas *at Diſtance*: *Circumſtances* may
Make deep Impreſſion, and the *preſent Sceen*
Of Miracles, more Admiration win.

34.

Beſides, he knew her Soule was fired now
With noble vigour from the *Heav'nly Bord*,
And would delight to towre and travell through
The loftieſt wonders of her *loving Lord*.
This made him bring her from the *ſacred Cave*,
When by the *holy Kiſſe* Sh'had took her leave.

35.

Then up he leads her unto *Calvarie*,
The Hill of Marveils, that that Proſpect might
Yeild her with uncontrolled Libertie
Of Loves chief ſtations an open ſight:
And there arriv'd, *Mark now, my Deer, ſaid He*,
What *further Wonders Jeſus* did for thee.

36.

Wert Thou enthroned on the proudeſt Hill
Which on the glorious Back of Heav'n doth riſe,
Thou couldſt not with a nobler ſpectacle
Feaſt the brave Hunger of thy wondering Eyes,
Than from this *Mountains* moſt renowned Head
Thou by my Finger, and my Tongue ſhalt read.

37.

In yonder ſtreet of Ruines, once there ſtood
The *High-preiſt Anna's* Houſe; but *Caiaphas*
Who was his Sonne by Marriage, not by Blood,
(Unleſſe *joynt thirſt of guiltleſſe Blood* may paſſe
For *Conſanguinitie*,) His Dwelling had
Where now thou ſee'ſt that Heap of rubbiſh made.

38.

Thoſe *Caytiffs*, who had in the Garden ſeiz'd
Upon thy *Lord* to *Annas* hall'd him firſt,
To ſee what Cenſure his *grave ſpight* was pleas'd
To paſſe on Him for whom it long did thirſt:
But He, with cruel Favour Him diſmiſt
Unto his *Sonne*, the *bolder bloodier Prieſt*.

39.

Thus, through the ſtreet, and *Scorn*, to *Caiaphas*
Is *Jeſus* led: *He* ſmil'd within, to ſee
With what ſucceſſe his Bargain crowned was,
And thought his *Money* well beſtow'd which He
To *Judas* gave: Yet in his Face, and Eye
He ſtill maintain'd his *Prieſtly Gravitie*.

40.

So haſt thou ſeen a Lyon caſt his Eye
Upon his harmleſſe Prey with *grave Diſdaine*,
As if he could afford to paſſe it by;
Whilſt He his greedy Paws can ſcarce contein,
Or with his Teeth bite in their own Deſire
Of Blood: ſo certain is his ſalvage Ire.

41.

Like one who jealous was of Peace, and Law,
He calls Him to account, and asks Him why
He ſtrove *Diſciples* after Him to draw,
And with his *new-found Doctrine* multiplie
Sects in the Church, and Tumults in the State;
Both which religious Loyaltie muſt hate.

42.

(Such *Impudence* upon *Sinnes* face doth reign
That whilſt the Laws of Heav'n and Earth ſhe breaks,
She dares on *Innocence* throw her own ſtein,
And in high Zeal loud exclamations make
Againſt all *Innovations*, which on Them (ſlame.)
Shee chargeth, for whoſe blood her Thirſt doth

43.

Thy *Lord* well underſtood his vain Demand;
And, why, ſaid *He*, requir'ſt Thou this of me?
Loe my *Accuſers* crowd on either hand,
Who in their ſpight againſt Me, all agree:
My Doctrine publick was; Hear then what They
Againſt Me, now I challenge Them, can ſay.

44.

I in no *Conventicles Cloyſters* did
Shrowd any Leſſons that I meant to preach:
The Synagogue and Temple witneſſed,
And ſo did they Themſelves, what I did teach.
My Goſpel it concern'd the World to know,
And from my Lips in publick it did flow.

45.

This ſaid. A ſurlie *Serjeant* who ſtood by,
Firſt bent his angrie Brow, and then his fiſt,
With which at *Jeſu's* Face his *ſpight* let flie,
Crying, Bold fellow, can *Gods* reverend *Prieſt*
Deſerve no fairer Anſwer? Now we ſee
What kinde of Manners grow in *Galilee*.

46.

Wouldſt Thou not look that Thunder now ſhould be
The Echo unto that unworthy Stroak?
For how can *Jeſus* be unmannerlie
Towards the *Preiſt of God*, who though He took
This ſervile veil to ſhroud his glorious Head,
Can yet approve himſelf both *Prieſt*, and *God*.

47.

But hear what from the *Lambs* Mouth *Meekness* ſpoke:
If in my Anſwer any Crime there be,
Accuſe Me Thou, and let the *High-prieſt* look
That legall Juſtice be perform'd on Me:
If not: before the face of *Juſtice Seat*,
Why doſt Thou mine *injuriouſly beat*?

48.

Soft was this Anſwer; but their Breaſts were Stone
And beat it back: The unrelenting *Prieſt*
With all the *Scribes* and *Elders* joyn'd in one
Conſpiracy of Haſte, their Projects caſt
To *hire Falſe-witneſſe*, as before they bought
That Treaſon which Him Priſ'ner thither brought.

49.

Is this the reverend *Sanhedrim*, which here
Hunts for a *Lie*, that *Truth* may not eſcape?
Muſt groſſe *Injuſtice* poyſon *Moſe's Chair*?
Muſt bloody *Spight* put on *Religions* ſhape?
No wonder if the People forward be
To tread their Leaders Stepps to Injury.

50.

Whole Troops of *Witneſſes* came thronging in
With thicker *Articles*: When *Rulers* dare
Once egg the *Vulgar* on to act that ſin
In which Themſelves cannot for ſhame appear,
Bold *Calumnie* thinks Law is on her ſide,
And with all furious Impudence doth ride.

51.

But this rude *Rout* were *younglins* yet, and raw
Knights of the Poſt, and had not conn'd their Lie
With wary Art: As yet They did not know
What need they had of *perfect Memory*:
This made each one of Them accuſe his Brother,
Whilſt all their Stories jarr'd on One another.

52.

Yet They muſt not be chidden, whoſe Intent
Aim'd onely at the *Publike Good*; leaſt this
Should unto others prove Diſcouragement,
Who might urge Articles with more Succeſſe.
Alas, thoſe Men were *well-affected*, but
Quite out of Count'nance by the *Court* were put.

53.

Their *honeſt Meaning* by the *Sanhedrim*
Is kindely conſtru'd, and with Thanks requited;
That others might with ſubtler Art to trim
Their fairer Accuſations be invited;
For ſtill the *patient Court* expects to ſee
Who will the next *Calumniators* be.

54.

But when the firſt Miſcarriage did diſmay
All other *Lyars*: *Satan*, who ſtood by,
Quick as his Thought, ſnatch'd unto Hell his way
To fetch ſome help, leaſts the *Prieſts Villany*,
And his great *Hopes*, ſhould intercepted be:
Such care to murder thy dear *Spouſe* had He

55.

Deep in the bowels of eternal *Night*,
And neighbour to the black *Court of Damnation*,
A Den there is where *Stinks* with *Stinks* doe fight,
And *Ejulation* roar at *Ejulation*;
Where *Horrors Horrors* fright, and where *Diſpair*
The face of *Deſperation* doth tear.

56.

Hither came *He*: When loe the Iron *Door*
Gap'd like the thirſty Earth to drink him in,
Whilſt from its joyfull Mouth the *Cave* did poure
A Stream of flaming Sulphure, to begin
Its *Soveraigns* Welcome; whom that Complement
(Such was his princely Grace,) did well content.

57.

For in He went, and there his *Daughter* ſaw
Buſie in pouring ever-flaming Lead
Upon her Captive *Soules*, whom *Lies* did throw
Into that boiling Curſe. Upon her Bed
Of red-hot Iron, not yet cooled lay
Luſts Holocauſt, *Madame Potiphera*.

58.

She lay and bit, and roar'd and bit again
Her *ſlanderous Tongue*, whence deadly Shafts ſhe ſhot
At holy *Joſeph*, when She had in vain
Spent all her eyes Artillery, and what
Soft Blandiſhments her Wit could muſter up
To bring about her hot and luſtfull Hope.

59.

There lay that *foule-mouth'd Ten*, whoſe envious *Lie*
Blaſted the florid *Sweets* of *Canaan*,
Spreading a *Dearth* upon *Fertilsty*,
And ſpewing Gall where Milk and Honey ran:
They curs'd amain, and ſtill their *Lie* maintain'd
In ſpight of Death which in their Boſomes reign'd.

60.

There lay that *Pair of Venal Soules*, who by
Their hired *Lie* effected *Naboths* death;
Acting themſelves that foule Impiety
With which They ſlander'd Him: With flaming breath
God and the King they curſe, and wiſh all Hell
Melted into the Heart of *Jezebell*.

The

61.

Th' *Assyrian Railer* there his Throat did rend
With loud assertion of his Blasphemy;
Avouching still that *God* himselfe did send
Him to extirpate all the *Jews*: And why
Fond *Rabsheka*, does *He* thus deep torment Thee?
For that bold Errand, if on it he sent Thee?

62.

There lay that slanderous *Pair of Elders* who
Susanna did so *reverently belie*.
At her their Accusations still they throw,
And swear they found her in Adultery;
Yet with more fury they on *Daniel* raile,
Crying, *See how Injustice may prevail*.

63.

These, and ten thousand more lay roaring there,
Whilst the remorseleſse *Mistresse of the Den*
Triumphed in their Tortures: Never Bear
With such intemperate Fiercenesse raged when
Her hungry Teeth were flinging ope their way
Thorough the Bowells of her helpleſse Prey.

64.

Fell *Calumnie* it was: a monstrous She;
Her Forehead was compos'd of seav'n-fold Brasse;
An obstinate *Swarthinesse* which scorn'd to be
Pierced by any *Blush*, grew on her face;
Her hollow Eyes with *peevish Spight* were fill'd,
Her powting Lips with *deadly Venome* swell'd.

65.

Her dreadfull Jaws repleniſh'd Quivers were
Where Darts, and Spears, and Pikes, and Arrows stood
Prepar'd and sharpned all for mortal War:
Her mouth no Moisture knew, but blended Blood
Of Asps and Basilisks, which she suck'd in
To spit *sure Mischief* upon *guiltleſse Men*.

66.

The Stings of Ten choise Dragons joyn'd in one,
Was all the Tongue wherewith She had to speak:
This made her language *pure Destruction*,
For *certain Death* at every Word did break
Forth from her Lips, if not at their first Sound,
Yet most infallibly at their Rebound.

67.

Her Brain is that mischievous Shop in which
As every other *Slander* forged was:
So that which did all Parallels out-stretch,
And dar'd *Omnipotence*'s soveraign Face,
Proclaiming that *thy Lord not by his own*,
But Belzebubs Power, did tread the Devills down:

68.

When ever any rankling Canker breeds
Kingdomes or Countries ruinous Overthrow,
Her viperous Trade it is, the fatal Seeds
Of restleſse Fears and Jealousies to sow
In Peoples Hearts, whilst She ten thousand *Lies*
To *blast their Rulers Credit* doth devise.

69.

She spying now her *royall Father* there,
His Benediction begg'd upon her Knee:
Blesse Me dear Sire, said She, and give Me here
Some new found Engine of fresh Cruelty:
These *Soules* are us'd too kindly; all their Pains
Grow stale and cold, familiar their Chains.

70.

Fear not; it shall be so, cri'd *Satan*; but
Sweet Childe, another Work first craves our Care:
Him whom I deepliest hate, my Art has got
With *Juda's* help, fast in a fatal Snare;
I mean, that *Galilean Beggar*, who
Has Me and all my *Fiends* abused so.

71.

But now the *Priests* forsooth, are so *demure*
(And I'le remember't when I get them here,)
That though they in the Project did conjure,
And bought that *Christ* ev'n at a Rate too dear,
Their *Holinesses* some *pretence* must have
How in Destroying Him, their *Fame* to save.

72.

Confusion on their *Fame*; who though they dread
Not what the Thundering *Wrath of Heav'n* can doe,
In vindication of a *guiltleſse Head*;
Stand in base awe of the vile *Vulgar* so,
That they confesse most *Infamous Impiety*
Whilst They the People make their onely Deity.

73.

Base-hearted Hypocrites! Can they not be
Brave venturous Sinners, like to *Me* their *Prince*?
Yet since they needs will *sneak to Hell*; sure We
For once will help the Fools, to their *Pretence*:
They want *False-witnesse* for a Cloak, and Thou
This *Livery* canst best on Them bestow.

74.

But see Thou mould'st up some *Athletick Lie*
Whose burly Bulk all *Truth* may over-bear.
Some *petty sucking Knaves* their best did trie,
But straight their *ill-shod Tales* did enter-fer,
On *Thee* the Work depends. Come let's away,
The *High-priests Court*, or rather *Mine*, doth stay.

This

75.

This said: his *Daughter* by the hand He took,
And with more sprightfull speed then Indian Arrow
Cuts through the tender whineing Aire, he broke
Earths sturdie obstacles, and posted thorough
The sullen clogging Masse, untill He came
Back to his *other Home*, *Jerusalem*.

76.

There when he saw the *Council* at a stand
Gaping and staring one upon another,
He spi'd withall, *two itching Rogues* at hand
Scratching their heads, and beating them together:
He knew their meaning, and through both their
Unseen, unheard, his *Daughter* strait he darts (hatts

77.

As when the Bosome of the *Delphick Priest*
Began to boile with his desired *Hell*,
His Rapture by his Gestures he confest,
Hastening to vent his *belking Oracle*;
So this *accursed Pair*, now kindled by
The *Furie* speeded to belch out their *Lie*.

78.

For straight each flung his hand above his head,
And cri'd, *I have it sure*; *let's to the barre*:
And when their Projects they examined,
They found that both in one Mould fashion'd were:
At which they kiss'd, and shaked hands, and prest
With *full-mouth'd Accusation* to the *Priest*.

79.

Great *Caiaphas*, and ye the *Sanhedrim*
The holy Guardians of Heav'ns reverend *Law*,
Hear Us, said They, who will object to *Him*
No *hearsay stories*, but what we both *saw*
And *heard*; and may henceforth nor Eye nor Ear
If we speak what is false, or see, or Hear.

80.

We saw him strutting in the *Temple*, where
His most blasphemous Pride he broach'd, and cri'd,
I will destroy this house which Hands did rear,
And build another full as fair and wide
Without the Help of Hands; as if bold He
No *Mortall* were, but some *great Deitie*.

81.

Nay to be sure his *Blasphemie* might want
No Complement of desperate Impudence,
Though six and fourty yeares he knew were spent
In compassing that *work* Magnificence,
He blush'd not to avouch that in three dayes
The Fabrick to perfection he would raise.

82.

But *Psyche*, how shall Feeble Waves prevail
Against impenetrable Rocks! in vain
This wretched *Lie* indeavoured to assail
Unshaken *Truth* which did in *Jesus* reign;
And split it self, could the blinde *Judges* eye
Have seen its shivers, which about did fly.

83.

For grant this Article were full as true
As it is false; Why must it branded be
As *Blasphemous* in *Him*, who in the view
Of ample witnesse prov'd his Potencie
Sufficient was the Temple to restore,
When He from *Death* her Captive *Lazarus* tore.

84.

But strait a Murmur rolld about the *Hall*,
Which the *Fond People* toss'd from one another;
The Council gravely shak'd their heads; and all
Mingled their jealous Whisperings together:
Till *Caiaphas* stood up, and ask'd thy *Lord*,
Why He *no kinde of Answer* would afford.

85.

Jesus, who never spilt a word in vain,
For *sweet and pretious was his blessed Breath*,
Would no Reply unto that witnesse deign
Which shameless *Falshood* venteth; and which hath
Its Answer in its self, to any Ear
But that which is *resolved not to hear*.

86.

Wherefore the *Preist*, advis'd by *Satan*, now
Contests him deep, to trie if He could make
Him prove his own Accuser: All Men know,
Said He, those towring Words of thine must speak
A more then *Mortall Power*; nor must thou hope
Thy silence now shall lock the Businesse up.

87.

For by the everliving *God*, *whose Name*
Too glorious is on Mortall Tongues to sit,
I heer conjure Thee cleerly to proclaim
Whither Thou be the *Christ*, whom *Holy Writ*
Has promis'd to the World, that *Blessed One*,
The *Heir of Heav'n*, and *Gods eternall Son*.

88.

O who would think this *Consecrated Tongue*
Which with such *reverentiall Awe* doth make
Mention of *God*; mean while should burn in strong
Thirst of most guiltlesse Blood! But Hell can break
Ev'n into Heaven it selfe, and *Satan* dare
Before *Gods* Throne amongst his *Sons* appear.

And

89.

And He his Scholars teacheth to begin
The fouleſt Crimes with *Gods* all-beauteous *Name*,
That ſo more eaſily He may uſher in
What elſe by plain and neceſſary ſhame
Would be obſtructed. Thus the Charmers Tongue
Diſtills his Poiſon through his dainty ſong.

90.

But he who came *Truth*'s glorious Lamp to light,
Was pleaſed now to give a full Replie:
His *Heav'n*, his *Sire*, *Himſelf*, did him excite
Himſelf, his *Sire*, his *Heav'n* not to denie.
In Me, ſaid He, fulfill'd your Scriptures are,
I am God's Son, and Heav'ns apparent Heir.

91.

And though your Eyes now look ſuch *Scorn* on Me,
Time comes when they ſhall melt in tears for this,
When on the Clouds high Chariot they ſhall ſee
My Majeſtie in Glories high Exceſſe,
And at the firſt glimpſe of my Power know
I have a *Judgement Seat*, as well as you.

92.

No ſooner was this generous *Truth* profeſt,
But *Caiaphas* in deep diſſimulation
His politick but bloody Malice dreſt;
And ſtarting from his ſeat in zealous Paſſion,
Tore his own Clothes, in token of his high
Diſtaſte at that preſumed *Blaſphemy*.

93.

Tis true, his *Law* did cleerly Him forbid
To rend his Clothes: but what car'd He for Law,
Who now about Injuſtice beat his Head,
And onely aim'd how He the World might draw
Into opinion that the Pris'ners Caſe
Beyond all poſſible holy Patience was.

94.

Vain *Hypocrite*, keep thy Clothes whole to hide
Thy ſhameleſſe ſelf, whom Thou one day ſhalt tear
For ſetting forth this Embleme, which doth bid
The *People* uſe the *Pris'ner* at the Bar,
As Thou thy *Robe*: But they are dull, and yet
Reade not what Thou commend'ſt to Them by it.

95.

They read it not. But, *Pſyche*, bloody He
Awakes their *drowſie cruelſie*, and cries,
What need we further Witneſſes? for yee
Your ſelves have heard his wide-mouth'd *Blaſphemies*.
Speak what you think; the Caſe ſeems unto Me
So plain, that I dare let you Judges be.

96.

O Righteous *Judge*, and worthy of the *Chair*
Of reverend *Moſes*, who doth firſt invite
The *People* unto Blood, and then repair
Unto their Sentence! Whither Wrong or Right,
Speak what think ye, a Firebrand is, and will
Kindle the Furie of their Murdering Zeal.

97.

For when the Bloodhounds feel their feet are looſe,
They ſtraight purſue the Sent, and with joint Crie
Proclaim *him* guiltie: And, ſay They, may Thoſe
Not live, who think He is not fit to Die.
This roaring Sentence ſerv'd the turn; and ſo
Abuſed Jeſus for *Condemn'd* doth goe.

98.

What matter though the ſacred *Rolls* can ſhow
No Statute, which, as due, his Life demands?
This *Popular extemporal Vote, is Law*
Enough to yeeld Him into barbarous Hands,
And *He*, ſo foul and monſtrous is his Cauſe,
Muſt die for breaking that which never was.

99.

Forthwith the buſie *Officers*, and all
The inſolent *Servants* take *Him* as their Prey;
And ſetting him amidſt the ſmoakie Hall,
Make his unmoved Patience their Play.
Where, as a Preface to his deep diſgrace,
Their odious *Scorn* they ſpit upon his Face.

100.

One at his Mouth, another at his Eyes,
One at his Noſe, another at his Beard,
His Slaver aimes, and impudently tries
To *ſhoot his ſhame with Art*. Was ever heard
Such putid Crueltie! Where are, ô *Jews*,
Your *Eyes, and Face*, that thus you *His* abuſe!

101.

Have not all *Beauties* made their gracefull ſeat
In this *Majeſtick Look*? Is *Libanus*,
Is *Paradiſe*, is *Heav'n*, ſo fair and ſweet?
Are *Phebus*'s Eyes ſo purely glorious?
Is delicate *Aurora*'s April Cheek
So roſeal as this, ſo ſoft, ſo ſleek?

102.

Cull out ten thouſand of the faireſt Faces
Where goodly *Feature* ever made her home,
And draw an Extract of their richeſt Graces;
Yet that bright *Quinteſſence* muſt bluſhing come
Into the preſence of theſe *Looks*, to which
All *Humane Beauties* cannot hope to reach.

103.

For ne'r did milder purer *Lovelineſſe*,
Crown'd with the beſt of *Comlineſſe's* Joyes.
Flouriſh upon ſo fair a Throne as His
Accompliſh'd Countenance; in which the Choiſe
Jewells of moſt incomparable *Grace*
Had every one their goodly proper place.

104.

And muſt this bleſſed *Face of Sweets* alone
Be made the Sinck of your vile Excrement:
Much rather upon *Caiaphas*, or on
Great *Ceſar's* Cheeks your Spittle might be ſpent,
Or on the Starrs whoſe Fires all lighted were
At thoſe bright *Eyes* your Filth becloudeth here.

105.

Is this the pay his *Spittle* muſt receive,
His Soveraign *Spittle*, which unto the Blinde
His never known nor hop'd for Sight did give,
That now Himſelfe his own pure Eyes Muſt finde
Drown'd in the Scum of your foule Mouths! --- O
Dear *Pſyche*, I have ſomething more to ſay. (ſtay

106.

Thy pious Tears are ready broach'd, I ſee
To waſh this filth from off thy *Sponſes* face;
But rein them in a while, that they may be
Officious unto His *more deep Diſgrace*.
The *greateſt Griefs* are ſtill behinde; More great
Than thine, or then the whole Worlds Tears can wet

107.

Theſe *Varlets* when their clotted Spittle had
Made his bedawbed Countenance ſo foule,
That They their own Works Sight abhorr'd; their *Bad*
They turn to *Worſe*: for ſtraight a Cloth they roule
About his patient Head; which ſhould have been
Rather to Wipe, and gently make it clean.

108.

Thus having Blinded *all the Worlds ſweet Light*;
Some with their Fiſts, ſome with their Cudgells flie
Upon his head and ſhoulders; and their Spight
So gameſome is, that he muſt not deny
To make them ſport, although his Bruiſes be
Of Groans more reaſon, than of Jollity.

109.

The petulant Caytiffs, as they threſh Him, crie,
Great Sir, We know you are a *Man of God*,
And Pray you would be pleas'd to Propheſie
Whoſe Hand it is that ſtrikes you, or whoſe Rod.
No matter though your Eyes that Towell binde,
Prophets are *Seers*, and cannot be blinde.

110.

No ſurer way could *Peeviſhneſſe* contrive
Its moſt malicious Selfe to multiply;
For every Jeer they caſt, and Stroke they give
Is now improved, and doth double fly,
Whilſt, by the *Art of Spight*, to over-bear him,
Each Jeer dos Strike Him, and each Stroke doth Jeer
(*Him*.

111.

Ignoble Scorn, and ſordid Inſultation
Add Bitterneſſe unto the Soule of Gall,
And lend *new ſtings* of torturing Vexation
To the moſt barbarous Racks, when e'r they fall
On *generous Spirits*; O then with what profound
Griefe did theſe *Taunts* thy *Lords brave boſome*
(wound!

112.

But on your Heads, *bold Wormes*, your *Mocks* rebound,
And, though you little think it, *Jeſus* ſees
Your antick Crueltie, and the profound
Abyſſes of your foule Impieties,
Ev'n your black Hearts, whoſe Secrets He one day
Ope to the whole Worlds view, and hate, ſhall lay.

113.

You then ſhall need no *Propheſie* to declare
Who ſtroke the firſt, or who the ſecond Blow;
Whoſe Stroks moſt hard, whoſe Jeers moſt bitter were
Who did the quainteſt Wit of Malice ſhow:
Your *foule Exploits* ſhall then be printed *fair*
Upon your Foreheads, and themſelves declare.

114.

Whilſt at this *working Play* they buſie were,
Jeſus ne'r ſhrunk, or ſought to ſhield his head;
But was as ready all their Spight to bear
As they to heap it on him: Never did
The patient Anvill more unmoved ſtand
Under the Labouring Smith his iron hand.

115.

For He himſelf reſolved was to wade
Through the *Red Sea of all Diſgrace and Pain*,
To bleſs and ſanctifie the *noble Trade*
Of Patience, and by his Example train
His faithfull *Martyrs*; and inſtruct them how
Unto a *noble Army* they might grow.

116.

At length they with his Sufferance wearied,
In meere compaſſion of themſelves give over,
And take the Clothe from his Victorious Head,
Which now to deeper Griefe did Him diſcover;
For his *Diſciple* ſtraight he heard and ſaw
Bruiſing him with a farr *more violent Blow*.

Peter

117.

Peter, of late so brave and valiant, who
Had boasted that the *grimmest face of Death*
Should not out-look his *Faith* and *Dutie* to
His *Lord and Master*; with the self-same breath
Had *twice* renounced his Allegiance, and
Now on the Brink of his *third fall* did stand.

118.

For as he lingred in the Hall to see
What would become of *Jesus*, One who was
A busie Actor in the Treacherie
Under foule *Juda's* Conduct, cries, alas
In vain this Rogue himself strives to conceale,
His *Galilean Tongue* doth him reveale

119.

His hand then clapping on his Shoulder, I
Full well remember thy *bald Pate*, said He;
Nay never stare, nor studie for a Lie,
For in the *Garden* I did meet with Thee.
And *Sirra*, know that now I have you heer,
I will revenge my Cosen *Malchus* ear.

120.

Think not this *lethern staring Pair* of yours
Can pay the Debt you owe his single One:
We know the *Witch your Lord*, whose conjuring Pow-
Can clapp them on again: But by the *Throne* (ers
Of God I vow, that now I'l take a course
To make thee sure, spight of all *Magick force*.

121.

It is no running nor no squulking now;
Heer are no *Shades* nor *Trees* to hide your Head;
D'y see your *goodly Master* yonder, how
With his foule Guilt oppress'd and silenced,
Like a dumb Post he stands? Friend, you must goe,
And in his *Censure* be his *Follower* too.

122.

As when the Waves came tumbling in his Way,
Faint-hearted *Peter*, though his *Lord* were by,
Did all his Confidence in Him betray,
And therefore sunk: so his Accusers Crie
Now storming in his ears, with faithless fear
He gives this Tempest leave to domineere.

123.

Yet there He crav'd his *Saviors help*; but now
He sinks so deep, that He despairs of that,
And with vile Cowardise contriveth how
To save his wretched Skin: He cares not what
He *Swears*, or how he Lies, so any Shift
Him from his *Punick Gulph* may serve to lift.

124.

O hearken all ye *Confident Mortalls*, who
Presume your strength may scorn the Batterie
Of any earthly or infernall Foe:
This Heart of late did beat with full as *high*
Resolves as yours; but now it melts away,
And all his *Courage* yeildeth to *Dismay*.

125.

By *Heav'n*, he cries, and *Him who Heav'n did frame*
By *all the Temple* and *the sacred Law*,
By the great *Sanhedrim*, by *Pilates Name*,
By *Cesars Head*, by whatsoe'r I know
Divine or reverend, I freely swear
I have no knowledge of that *Pris'ner* there

126.

If I were with him in the *Garden*, may
I never enter into *Paradise*;
In *Abrahams* Bosome may I never lay
My Head, if it did ever rest in *His*;
Nay, may all *Egypts Plagues*, and *Sodoms Flame*
Be mine, if till to day I knew his *Name*.

127.

Right lustie are thine *Oathes*, and generously
Thy daring *Curses* thou dost thunder out,
Repli'd the *Soldier*; and why might not I
For once mistaken be? For without doubt
Thou never serv'dst that *sheepish Master* there
Who canst so *bravely Curse, and stoutly Swear*;

128.

Thus did He *gain* his too dear *Libertie*
And *lost Himself*: But as He sneak'd away,
A *Crowing Cock* awak'd his *Memorie*
Into the fair light of his *Duties Day*;
For his apostate Eyes did now repent,
And back to *Jesus* with *Submission* went.

129.

When loe, *Mild He* who could no Pitty finde
For his own most abused Innocence,
With ready Beams of heav'nly kindness shin'd
Upon his Servants traytorous offence;
Forewarning *Peter* how to use *his Sheep*
When into any Error they should leap.

130.

Denyed Jesus would not Him Deny;
But spake his *Pardon* By his *gracious Look*;
Yet so that He might easily descry
In the soft lines of that pathetick Book
What undeserv'd and deep engraved Smart
His falshood made in his deare *Saviours Heart*.

131.

How pow'rfull and how long a Sermon He
Preach'd in th' Epitomie of this short *Glance!*
But with such speed all Wonders use to be
Atcheived whensoe'r *Omnipotence*
Is pleas'd to work: for heer it shew'd its Art,
Witness the *Miracle* in *Peter's* heart.

132.

For this most Potent *Glance* subdu'd Him so,
That driven by holy Shame, He seeketh where
To *weep away his odious Crime*, And loe,
His *Tears* now *Bitterer* than his *Curses* were.
Thus when the Sunn on sturdie Ice doth look,
It strait repents into a running Brook.

133.

But now *Aurora* from the roseall East
Had newly dressed, and sent out the *Day*;
To finish his *Designe of Night*, the *Priest*
To *Pilate* doth dispatch thy *Lord* away:
Nor needs He teach his *Miscreants* what to doe,
Who *Spights fell Trade* had better learn'd than so.

134.

For strait the boistrous *Rout* with Cords and Chains
Load *JESU'S* Hands and Feet, and hurrie him
To *Pilat's* Palace: All the Streets and Lanes
Sweat with tumultuous Crowds, who pour'd their (stream
Of Scoffs, of Curses, and of Blasphemy
Upon his innocent Head, as He pass'd by.

135.

Hast Thou not seen how in a silver Night
The *mad-brain'd Doggs* all gather in the Street,
Where with united Barkings at the Light
Of beuteous *Phebe*, Heav'n and Earth they beat?
Such and so causeless were the Clamors which
Against thy *Lord* these *railing Curs* did stretch.

136.

Arrived thus at the *Pretorium*, They
In to the *Governor* the *Pris'ner* send;
For this with them was a Religious Day,
And no unholy Place forsooth could stand
With their strict Pietie, who clensed were
To celebrate their reverend Passover.

137.

Shame on their foul Hypocrisie, who in
The midst of this their zealous Sanctitie
With eager furie strive to act a Sinn
To monstrous to be expiated by
Their *greatest Sacrifices* Power; and strain
By this *Lambs blood* their *Paschall Lamb to stain.*

138.

But when the *Judge* came forth, and ask'd them what
Offence exposed *Jesu's* Life to Law?
The surly *Priests* grew insolently hot,
And cri'd, We hop'd the *Governor* e'r now
Had understood that our grave *Sanhedrim*
No *Malefactors* makes *without a Crime.*

139.

Can it be thought that We would load a *Lamb*,
With chains, and send Him for a *Wolfe* to Thee?
If so to Us his Censure and his Shame
Is due, and ours the *Nails* and *Crosse* must be;
O then release that righteous *Soule*, and bid
The *slanderous Sanhedrim* be Crucifi'd.

140.

To this *bold Shift* was *Malice* driven, to make
Meer *Accusation* for *Conviction* passe.
But then, repli'd the *Judge*, what made you take
This pains, since you have found the *Pris'ners* Case
So fouly grosse? you might, and may doe now,
Goe sacrifice him unto *your own Law.*

141.

True, said the *Priests*; nor had our pious Zeal
Loiter'd thus long, did but our *Law* permit
Our righteous Indignation to deal
With such a *Malefactor* as is fit.
The *Crosse* is his high due; and none but you
That *decent Dooth* can upon Him bestow.

142.

The *generous Romane* shak'd his head to see
The *Jewes* so shameless in their bloody Hate:
And yet to coole their mutinous Spirits, He
Commands the *Pris'ner* to the Judgement Seat:
But first requir'd Them fairly to display
What horrid Crimes they to his Charge could lay.

143.

Enforced heer Themselves to shelter in
The Sanctuarie of some *strong-built Lie*;
If We, said they, by his outragious Sinn
Were able but to mould and tune our Crie,
The Noise not onely would amaze your Ear,
But rend all Heav'n, and Veng'ance downward tear.

144.

For know, *just Sir*, that in profound Despight
To *Heav'n*, and that unspotted *Truth* which We
Receiv'd from thence, this hellish *Brat of Night*
Blush'd not to broach his blasphemous Heresie.
But through the *credulous Countrey* Preaching ran
Tainting the honest *Commons* with his Bane,

Yet

145.

Yet well it were if *Heav'n alone* had been
The Butt of his bold sinne: but traytorous He
Endeavoured to work his dangerous teen
On *Earth*, and its *Imperiall Majestie*;
Great *Cæsars Tribute* he deni'd as due,
And his *vile self* he for a *King* did shew.

146.

Thus roar'd the *Priests*. But when the *Judge* had well
The businesse weigh'd by grave Examination,
With *Spight*, and not with *Truth* he found it swell,
And therefore made this honest *Protestation*:
Had I your Eyes, I know not what might be,
But with mine own, *no fault in Him I see*.

147.

As when the Flames are by the Winde beat back,
With boiling Murmure they their Wrath increase,
And a more violent Combustion make,
Strengthning themselves against the stoutest Trees:
So the repulsed *Priests* more hot did grow,
And with full mouth these *Exclamations* blow:

148.

'Tis strange *wise Pilate* should not cleerly see
What all about our *Nation* is spred;
For all *Samaria*, and *Judea* He
Hath with this *Heresie* envenomed;
Which first he broach'd in *Galile*, and thence
Extended its pestiferous influence.

149.

But this defer'd their bloody Hopes; for now
The mention of *Galile* did put
Pilate upon a further Search to know
Whither the *Pris'ner* did belong, or not,
To *Antipas* his power: which when he found,
Unto the *Tetrarch* He dispatch'd Him bound.

150.

Thus through *new Streets*, and *new Revilings* He
To surly *Herod*'s Lodging hurried is.
Herod could not conceal his Joy to see
Him whom his *unbeleeving Curiousnesse*
Had long desired, since his Court did ring
With *Jesu*'s *Acts*, which Fame did thither bring.

151.

And now he doubts not but the *Pris'ner* will
In hopes to gain his *Favour and good Word*,
Strain to the utmost of his Power and skill,
And some *Miraculous Spectacle* afford.
But *Herod* knew not that this Man was *He*
Who scorn'd to buy his life with flatterie.

152.

Thick were the Questions which He spurr'd to Him,
But *Jesus* would no *idle Motions* hear;
For with *grave Silence* still he answer'd them:
And though the *Preists* and *Scribes* all railed there,
He said as little to *their shamelesse Lie*,
As to the *Tetrarchs Curiositie*.

153.

Is this, said *Herod* (big with high disdain)
Great *Cæsars Rival*, who is onely fit
As *King of sheepish stupid Fools* to reign?
Is this that *Wonder-working He*, who yet
Has neither Hand, nor Head, nor Power nor Brain
Himself accus'd and scorned to maintain?

154.

Is all the wide-spread *Glorie of his Name*,
Are all his *Miracles* shrunk in to this,
That he Himself with most ignoble shame
Should prove a *Miracle of Sottishnesse*?
Is this the *King*, to tear whose young heart out,
Through thousand *Infants breasts my Father* sought.

155.

How my fond fancy wrong'd brave *John*, when I
Dream'd this was he, to life returned! But
Should it be *John*, his grosse *Stupidity*
Assureth Me *Revived* He is not.
Come *Souldiers*, use your antick Wits, that so
We may have *sport at least*, before he goe.

156.

Glad were the *Guard*, and ready equallie
To mock at *Jesus*; and to please their *Lord*:
About Him round They danc'd with hideous Crie,
And bid him still that Tempest with his Word;
And when He *silent* stood, conjur'd Him to
Cast that *dumb Divell out* which bound Him so.

157.

One limping comes, and Him intreats to heal
His *withered Foot*, with which he kicks Him strait.
Another cries, O make this *Lame Hand* well,
And then he beats Him with its brawnie weight.
A third desires Him to restore a dead
Dog unto Life, then throws it at his Head.

158.

But wearied with their scornfull sports, at last,
Come dresse Him *Like a Prince*, the *Tetrarch* cri'd,
And let the *Jews* return their *King* to taste
What Banquet *Pilate* will for Him provide:
His entertainment surely must be high
In Correspondence to his Royaltie.

159.

Tell Him I thank Him for his Courteſie,
It made Me merry, as You all have ſeen:
I will not rob his *Lordſhips Pleaſures* by
Keeping this *Idiot* from Him: When I mean
To *play with Fools*, I hope my *Galile*
With one ſuch *Sheeps-head* more may furniſh Me.

160.

Thus *Jeſus* in a gorgious Robe is clad,
That more conſpicuous his ſhame might be.
And ſo through freſh *Diſdains and Scoffings* led
To be the Game of further Tyranny,
Pilate admir'd to ſee his ſplendid Hue,
Knowing what *Garb* was to *Delinquents* due.

161.

For *Priſ'ners*, when their Lives preſumed were
Forfeit to Law and Death, were wont to be
In *funeral Black* array'd, which might prepare
Them to the thoughts of their Cataſtrophe,
And intimate the Colour of that Sin
Whoſe horrid Darkneſſe cloth'd their Soules within.

162.

But ſo did *Providence* correct their *Spight*,
That He whoſe Breaſt was purer than the Day,
Did in his Veſture wear no guilty Night;
But by his Foes own Hands, in an Array
Of Glory was attir'd, and quitted when
They hal'd Him to his Condemnation.

163.

So oftentimes, when a *Conſpiracy*
Of Windes their puffing labouring *Wrath* doe blow
About the World, in hopes to damp the Skie
With ſwarthie Clouds and Storms; they onely throw
All Vapors out, and with a ſtill and fair
Serenity array the purged Aire.

164.

But *Pilate* pondering what had hapned now,
And feeling *Moral Honeſty* beat high
Ev'n in his *Pagan Heart*; could not allow
His Conſcience to be *Slave* unto the *Crie*
Of the importunate *Jews*, who rearing ſtood,
And ſet their Mouths wide ope for *guiltleſſe Blood*.

165.

My duty I have fully done, ſaid He;
Him and *your Accuſations*, have I
Unto the bottome ſifted: As for Me
I hope I never gave you reaſon why
You ſhould preſume that any *Clamors* may
Fright *Pilate* out from *Juſtice's High-way*.

166.

Neither your *Temple* nor your *Altars* be
More venerable unto you, than is
My moſt unſpotted *Judgement Seat* to Me:
For all Hells yellings and impatient Cries
I truſt Mine ſhall as valiantly reſiſt
As *Mino's*, or as *Rhadamanthus's* Breaſt.

167.

What I to *Cæſar* owe, and what to *Right*
I long have known, and muſt not now forget:
My Heart is Romane, and the deareſt *Light*
Of Heav'n is not ſo pretious to it
As *ſpotleſſe Honor*, which can never be
Cohabitant with *Wrong* and *Tyranny*.

168.

Mine own *Heart-blood* I rather would let flow,
And let your *Thirſt* carouſe in it, then I,
From any *guiltleſſe Veins* their Streams will draw
To quench the loudeſt *Importunity*.
Mine is mine own; but what have I to doe
To give Anothers Life, when Law, ſayes, No.

169.

Law takes no hold of *Jeſus*, nor muſt *I*
Nor did the *Tetrarch*; and why then will you?
He that he is a *King* doth not deny;
But adds withall, *His Kingdomes not below.*
No hurm to *Ceſar* by this *Man* is done,
Who doth his Kingdome fancy in the Moon.

170.

There let his *Fancy rule and reign*: But yet
'Tis pitty for his *Follie* He *ſhould Die.*
It never yet was heard, that *Want of Wit*
Paſs'd for a *Capital Offence.* Nay I
Have been inform'd, that in the *Tribute* He
Has witneſſed ſufficient Loyalty.

171.

For by his *Doctrine* He did it maintain,
And by his *Practiſe* too; though *Calumnie*
Hath your Beliefe abus'd, and caſt a Stain
Upon his *Innocence.* Come, therefore I
Will, *for your Credits*, Him *Chaſtiſe*, and ſo
Give Him Diſmiſſion without more adoe.

172.

And this the rather, ſince *by Cuſtome* I
Ingaged am to honor this your *Feaſt*
In granting ſome Offendors Liberty
Who in your Judgement ſhall deſerve it beſt.
And who, can you think, leſſe deſerveth Death,
Then He whoſe *Innocence* him acquitted hath?

Thus

173.

Thus ſtrove the *Judge*, that He might *not condemn*
Both *Jeſus*, and *himſelf*. When loe the *Prieſts*
His gracious offer ſhameleſly contemn,
And ſpur the *People* (in whoſe *furie* reſts
Their finall Hope,) to beg with all the *Strife*
Of ſtouteſt throats, none but *Barabba*'s life.

174.

Prodigious *Prieſts*! is not *Barabbas* He
Whom all the Town knows guilty of the fact
You fain would faſten upon *Ieſus*? yee
Your ſelves beheld what *tumults* he did act,
And how his deſperate *riot* he purſued
Untill in *Murder* he his hands imbrued.

175.

And is the *Murderers* life ſo dear, that He
Muſt live with you, whilſt *Innocence* does die?
Does foule *Barabbas* his curs'd Company
Suit better with your reverend *Sanctitie*?
Or can you think both *God* and *Man* ſo blinde
As not to ſee, and hate, your *bloody minde*?

176.

Strange, *Pſyche*, ſtrange it was, with what loud cryes
The *mad-brain'd vulgar* heav'n and earth did tear:
Barabba's *Name* through all their *clamour* flies,
And they for none but for *Barabbas* care:
He is their *Darling*, and they cannot live
If *Pilate* will not grant them his Reprieve.

177.

Thus helliſh *Hate* op'd *Providences* door
To heav'nly *Love*, and made *Barabba*'s be
The whole *Worlds type*, which from the fatal Pow'r
Of endleſſe Death, and equall Miſerie
Was to be ſnatch'd to day, whil'ſt in its place
A *Lamb* all white and guiltleſſe ſentenc'd was.

178.

Mean while the *Judges Lady* ſent her *Page*
In poſting ſpeed to pray her *troubled Lord*
Not to be *mad* becauſe that Rout did rage,
Nor venture to prophane the *Roman ſword*
With innocent blood; for, certainly, ſaid ſhe,
Jeſus is juſt, and they ſeditious be.

179.

For my *good genius* as I lay aſleep
Appear'd unto me hand in hand with *thine*;
Thine beat his Breaſt, and bitterly did weep,
And toll'd the reaſon of his griefe to *mine*:
He ſaid (and deeply ſighed, as he ſaid,)
Pilate *with* Jeſus *now will be betrai'd.*

180.

Pilate will be betrai'd to take away
The Life of *Jeſus*, and his own withall,
For *Jeſus blood* will crie another day,
And unto *Pilats veins and heart* will call:
His veins and heart muſt anſwer that ſtrong cry——
——I ſtarted here; and out the *Dream* did flie.

181.

Thus *heav'n admoniſh'd Claudia* ſtrove to drive
Her *husband* from his Precipices brow;
And did withall miraculous witnes give
What wrongs the *Jews* at *Jeſu's* life did throw:
For *Heav'n* was pleas'd that his integritie
By *either ſex* ſhould now aſſerted be.

182.

No ſooner had the trembling *Page* delivered
His ominous Meſſage; but the *Judges* heart
With fatall *jealouſie* and *horror* ſhivered,
His joints unbuckled, and his eyes did ſtart,
His hair ſtood ſtaring up, his blood flew back
And left his lips, and all his viſage black.

183.

But when the *Scribes* and *Prieſts* had learn'd *this news*,
Behold, they cry, how He by *Magick art*
Hath ſent ſome helliſh *Spirit* to abuſe
The honeſt thoughts of noble *Claudia*'s heart;
That by this trick the *Judge* might frighted be,
Our *Truthes* made *ſlanders*, and *himſelf* ſet *free*.

184.

Then all the *People* with *freſh clamors* roard,
Thundring *Barabbas* in the *Judges* ear:
That violent ſtorm quite blew away the Word
His *Lady* ſent Him; and through ſudden fear
Of *inſurrection* He returns to treat
About the Buſines which himſelf did hate.

185.

Friends, ask your *ſecond thoughts*, ſaid He, and ſee
If they upon *Barabbas* needs will dote:
I would not that your too much *haſte* ſhould be
Your *prejudice*; 'twas *haſte* made you ſo hot
Againſt your ſmother'd *reaſon*: but free leave
To chooſe again, to all of you I give.

186.

For I would fain my *Courteſie* ſhould be
True to its Name; which ſure cannot be ſo,
If none but foule *Barabbas* muſt be He
Whom you will let me upon you beſtow.
Conſider well, and you will finde it ſtand
More with your *credits*, *Jeſus* to demand.

Inraged

187.

Inraged at this Word, they all renue
Their former *Clamor*, and *Barabbas* roar:
For none but for *Barabbas* We doe sue;
Grant now what thou hast granted heretofore:
Our wonted Boon We ask: If you deny
Barabbas to Us, keep your *Courtesie*.

188.

Mov'd with their *boistrous Madnesse*, *Pilate* cries,
If the Seditious *Murderer* alone
Can seem to you to be a *worthy Prize*,
Tell Me what must with *Innocence* be done;
Both cannot be Repreeved; therefore speak
What kinde of course with *Jesus* I shall take.

189.

Well-pleas'd were they that He had giv'n Them leave
To name the Way of their own *Cruelty*.
A cheerly Exclamation they heave,
Crying, the Case is plain, *Let Jesus die*;
Sentence Him but unto the *Crosse*, and We
At *charge of Executing Him* will be.

190.

Then, as an Army with impatient Shout
Rends the wide Field, when most inraged They
Flie to their *Work of Blood*: So the whole *Rout*
Discharg'd at *Pilates* Ear; and all they say,
Up in this most inhumane Word is tied:
Away with Him, let Him be Crucified.

191.

O more than hellish *Impudence*, and *Spight*!
Is this the *People* whose high Estimation
Of *Jesus*, did the *High-priests Plots* affright
And force them to a *secret Conjuration*!
The *People* who some *Prophet*, at the least,
Forc'd by his *mighty Miracles*, Him confest!

192.

The *People*, who to pave his welcome Way
Stripp'd the Trees Bodies, and their own, and spred
That princely entertainment to display
How ev'n his *Asses feet* they honored!
The *People*, who did brave *Hosanna* crie!
A Word, O how unlike to *Crucifie*!

193.

(How well *sage Heads* have fix'd the odious Brand
Of *Fickleness* upon the *Vulgars* face!
For safelier may you on the *Lybian Sand*,
Or on the *Adriatick Billows* place
A Palaces Foundation, than relie
Upon the *Peoples best Fidelity*.)

194.

The horror of that Word made *Pilate* start,
Who stepping back, and holding up his Hands,
Cri'd out, O far, far be it from my Heart
To think of such *Injustice*! your *Demands*
Should not be *Trapps*; nor is it fit that I
Should *Tyrant* prove, your Wills to satisfie.

195.

Bears He the Stain of *Murder* or of *Treason*
To mark Him out for Death? *Can any Eye*
Barabbas finde in Him? Or is it reason
That *He, because He has no Crime, must Dye*?
And can you choose no other Man, but Me
The *Pander* of your *bloody Lust* to be?

196.

Great *Cesar* thinks Me wise enough to hear
And judge of Cases; and why should not you?
Jesus I have examin'd; whom as clear
And pure I finde, as is the *Virgin Snow*;
As clear of *capital Crimes*, for these alone
Come in the compasse of this *Question*.]

197.

Wherefore no Tongue shall e'r have Cause to say
To the confusion of my *Honor*, that
Pilate bow'd down his *Conscience* to obey
A *lawlesse Motion*. Henceforth urge Me not:
Some reasonable *Castigation* I
Will lay on *Jesus*; but *He must not die*.

198.

As when a Knot of eager *Hornets* are
Repulsed by a wary Hand; they flie
About with doubled Rage, their Foe they dare
With irefull Buzzings, and more furiously
Give a fresh Onset. So in *louder Cries*
The *Peoples Spight* at this *Repulse* did rise.

199.

The *Cataracts of Nile*, or those which fall
Down headlong from the steepest *Alps*, make not
Such an intolerable Noise, as all
Their *yelling Mouthes*, resolv'd no more to shut,
Till they can conquer by *impetuousnesse*:
And *Crucifie Him*, still their *Clamor* is.

200.

The *Palace* trembled at the hideous Noise;
Whose fragor thence unto the *Temple* flew;
Nor could the *Temple* hold it, for the *Voice*
It selfe through all the startled *City* threw:
It shak'd the *Judge*, and almost turn'd him over;
Yet he his strength and spirits did recover.

And

201.

And wisely pondering that the *Highpriest's spight*
The coals of this combustion did blow;
And that they on the *mad-braind vulgars might*
Had built their *salvage hopes*: He studies how
To frustrate their malitious designe
By a severe, yet tender *Countremine*.

202.

For in he takes thy *Lord*, and yeilds Him to
The cruell *whip*, that by that *crueltie*
Way to his *Pitty* he might make, and so
With *blood* the *bloody people* satisfie.
He hop'd if once they saw him *all in gore*,
Their *thirstiest malice* would not wish for more.

203.

The *surly Beadles* fetch'd their *strongest Tew*,
And having strip'd their *patient prey* of all
His raiment, with rude churlish twitches drew
Him to the stoutest Pillar of the Hall;
To which they bound him fast, for fear that He
Should sink down under their strokes crueltie.

204.

With *iron whips* then to their Work they fall,
And *plow* the dainty *Garden* of his *back*:
The *furrows* neither shallow were nor small,
But long and wide, and deep, which they did make:
Yet all were quickly filled by the *flood*
Of their own *most inestimable blood*.

205.

For to the bottome of each tender *Vein*
The cruel engines div'd, and roare from thence
The pretious *purple springs*; which in disdain
They tos'd about, till their mad violence
In too too pretious colours painted thick
Upon the *Pillar*, and the *floor* did stick.

206.

The *Pillar* and the *Floor* now blush'd to see
How those remorseless *blood-hounds* knew no shame;
For still they prosecute their Tyrannie,
Untill their *wearinesse* prevails with them
(As lately with the *servants* of the *Priest*)
In mercy to their own selves, to desist.

207.

But then the *Soldiers* take their cruell cue,
And come to vex him with more *witty spight*:
A *Crown of thorns*, (the sharpest things they knew,
Yet things of delicacie and delight
If with their *Hearts* compar'd) they wreath, and it
On *Jesu's* tender Head with violence set.

208.

And thus the *Curse* which Heav'n injoyn'd to grow
On *sin-condemned Earth*, removed is,
And deep engrafted into *Jesu's Brow*;
Whose Temples well contented were with this
Sharp Crown, and envied not *their dainty Pride*
Whose tresses were in *roseal chaplets* ty'd.

209.

Then on his back (for alwayes with *disdain*
Their *Rage* was swell'd) a *Purple robe* they throw:
Alas, how needlesse! now in richer *grain*
His *native Scarlat* doth about him flow,
Whilst all his Body is arrayed round
In one expanded universall wound.

210.

And having put a *Reed* into his hand,
(A *silly Sceptre*, and which well comply'd
With his *vile Crown*,) about him round they stand
To act their Pageantrie, and to deride
This *patient and miserable thing*,
Whom *of contempt* they had created *King*.

211.

May the great *Soveraign of the Jews*, said they,
Ou-live the Harts, the Ravens, the Eagles years;
May his *victorious Engines* He display
Throughout the World, affrighted at his wars:
Thus may He *thresh all nations*; and here
They beat him; and went to another *jeer*.

212.

May Heav'ns propitious eye for ever dwell
On him who best deserves its care: may all
The clouds which with the *fattest blessings* swell,
Upon his Head let their best riches fall
As freely as these drops rain down on it;
And at this Word they all upon Him *spit*.

213.

On the brave *Romane Birds imperial wing*
May thy illustrious *Name* and *Glory* ride;
And may *Tiberius* to this *nobler King*
Thus yeeld his mighty *Throne*: this said, a wide
And massie *Chair* full at his head they throw,
Which grav'd its foot-steps deep upon his brow.

214.

Then, after three low bowings, on his knee
One a *Petition* brings; and having pray'd
Him to accept his *suit*, He instantly
Flings it upon his face: Another play'd
Ambassadour, and told Him what strange things
He had in charge to Him from *neighbour Kings*.

215.

Most excellent Sir, my Bus'neſſe is, ſaid He,
Of ſuch immediate conſequence, that it
Can no delay digeſt; which urgeth Me
To this unwonted, and uncivill Fit
Of craving *preſent Audience*: and here
He boxed both his ears to make Him hear.

216.

A third came with a *golden Goblet* in,
Crying, *My Liege*, the *Queen* to you hath ſent
This *Mornings Draught*, and prayes You to begin
That She may pledge your *Highneſſe*: Here he bent
His curſed brows at *Jeſus*, and threw out
Upon his face the *Urine* He had brought.

217.

A fourth his *Reed* did from him ſnatch, and cri'd,
Your *Scepter*, *Sir*, to heavy is, I fear;
Let not your *Majeſty* your Servant chide
If he offend in too much *loyal Care*;
Your Selfe ſhall judge how grievous is its Weight;
Which ſaid, Him with the *ſturdy Cane* he beat.

218.

A fift with erneſt ſupplication ſu'd
But for the honor to *ſupport his Train*:
Then ſnatching up his Robe behinde, with rude
Unſeemly Peeviſhneſſe, he kick'd amain,
Bruiſing thy *Spouſes* naked Body, till
His *weary Toe* ſtay'd his *unwearied Will*.

219.

A ſixt came crying, *Treaſon*, *Treaſon*, *Sir*,
Treaſon againſt your *ſacred Majeſty*.
The *Jewes* your Subjects, all *Conſpiring* are
Againſt your *Honor* and your *Life*: O fly
And ſave your Royal Selfe. This made Them all
Seeing Him *bound ſo faſt*, a laughing fall.

220.

O *Pſyche*, I cannot deſcribe how they
Did mock, and grin, and gurn, and ſneer, and pout;
How they did wring their Mouthes; what antick play
They us'd their *gentle Saviour* to flout.
Imagine all the worſt thou canſt conceive,
And infinitely worſe than that beleeve.

221.

This Sceen thus acted; *Pilate* brings him out
In this ſtrange habit, to the *Peoples* view:
Telling them He had ſifted Him, but nought
He could diſcover which did bear the ſhew
Of *capital Demerit*: Yet, ſaid He
Behold how his *light faults* revenged be.

222.

If this *ridiculous Garb* be not enough
With Shame to clothe Him, yet conſider well
In what exuberant Streams his Blood doth flow,
And gueſſe what favour I have ſhew'd Him: Tell,
Me if you think a new room may be found
In *all his Body*, but for *one more Wound*.

223.

Behold the Man, this *torn and worried Thing*
Is He, however *Comely* heretofore;
Sure he has for his *fooliſh Name of King*
Paid dear enough; and had not I had more
Regard unto your *Credits* than mine own,
Such proofs of Cruelty I had not ſhown.

224.

O Spectacle of moſt Commanding Sorrows!
How would all *Hearts* but *Jewiſh* melt to ſee
Theſe ghaſtly Torrents, and theſe gaſping Furrows
Upon the harmleſſe *Back of Purity!*
How would a *Tygers* thirſty *Wrath* relent!
How would the *Soules* of hungry *Bears* repent!

225.

Had theſe unhappy *Jews* had any Eyes
But thoſe of rancorous *Malice*, they might here
Have ſeen how their own *Griefs* and *Miſeries*
To patient *Jeſus* all transferred were;
And ſcor'd upon his *Back*: They might have found
A *ſalve* for all their *Sores* in every *Wound*.

226.

They might have ſeen his innocent Temples wear
That *Malediction* which to them was due:
The *ſtinging Briars* he was pleaſs'd to bear,
And leave the *fragrant Flowers* to them, which grew
Both in their *mortal Gardens* here, and which
With endleſſe Sweets did *Paradiſe* enrich.

227.

At leaſt that Leſſon of Compaſſion They,
As well as *Pilate*, might have plainly read,
Which in *red capital Letters* written lay,
And to the Eyes of all Spectators ſpread
So fair a Challenge, that no generous Breaſt
Could their ſtrange Importunity reſiſt.

228.

But loe, the barbarous *Prieſts*, unſatisfied
With all that Blood which was already ſhed,
Becauſe *ſome more behinde remained*: Cried
O eaſe the *Earth* of that *blaſphemous Head*,
Before *Heav'n* vindicate it ſelfe, and We
Involved in the *Flood of Veng'ance* be.

It

229.

It is no *Boyes Fault* his, that you ſhould deem
A *Whipping* is ſufficient Puniſhment:
O rather ſquare your own by *Heav'ns* Eſteem,
And joyn with ours, your righteous Conſent;
A Croſſe, a Croſſe: Heav'n cannot pleaſed be
Untill this *Monſter Crucifi'd* it ſee.

230.

This moſt unreaſonable Madnes made
The *Judge as loude as They*: In vain, ſaid He,
You hope by *Roaring* to make Me afrayd:
The Man is guiltleſſe in mine Eyes; if yee
Reſolved are that *Innocence* muſt *Die*,
Goe *Murder Him your Selves*, and ceaſe your *Crie*.

231.

Harſh was this Word, and on their Plot did grate
So hard, that they enforced were to flie
Unto the *Refuge* which They moſt did hate,
As knowing it was an *old-anſwered Lie*:
That Law They now pretend, to which long ſince
The *Pris'ner* juſtified his *Innocence*.

232.

Nay, They repli'd, *it is not We, but Law*;
Our *Law*, more dear to Us than are our lives,
Calls loude for Him to Death. Be pleas'd to know
That our great *God* no grace nor pardon gives
Unto the leaſt *Blaſpheemers*; and ſhall He
Who makes himſelf the *Son of God*, goe free?

233.

If Thou *Protector of our Laws* wilt be,
Break not our greateſt for this *Varlets* ſake.
Should He intrude into the *Familie*
Of Caſar, and his *Sons* great *Title* take;
Sure Thou wouldſt think a *Croſſe* his due: and is
Wrong to *Heav'ns Emperour* a leſs Crime than this?

234.

Blood-thirſty Hypocrites! For well they knew
How they their *Law* in urging it denyed;
For though this Accuſation had been *true*,
Yet muſt not *Jeſus* by the *Croſſe* have dyed:
The *Law* an *heap of Stones* ordein'd to be
The *Death*, and *Monument* of *Blaſphemie*.

235.

Yet this *new Plea* did ſtartle *Pilate* ſo,
That He again retires, and tries again
What new Examination might doe:
But though he many Queries put, and fain (joyne,
Would ſome *Pretence* have found, with them to
Still *Innocence* all *Slander* did out-ſhine.

236.

But when He tels the *Multitude* his Minde,
Onely new Oile upon their Flames He threw;
For in their loudeſt Fury all combin'd,
Upon Him with this *bold replie* they flew:
If *Jeſus* you diſmiſſe, We muſt have leave
Great *Cæſar* to acquaint with this *Repreive*.

237.

Did not the *Traytors Head* contrive to wear
A *Crown of Gold*, where now thoſe *Thorns* are ſet?
And Who, We pray, more dangerous Enemies are
To *Cæſars* right, than They which thirſt for it?
He ſays *his Realm is not on Earth*: And what
Should *Traytors being Taken*, plead but that?

238.

But were He free again, and had proud He
New Thouſands at his Heels, which might aſſiſt
His *Wills Carreir*; Might his *Deſigne* not be
True to our *Fears*? And muſt He be diſmiſt?
Diſmiſſe Him If you will; yet know that We
Muſt hold you then for *Cæſars Enemie*.

239.

Pilate had with their *Malice* grappled long;
But now his *Place* and *Credit* lay at ſtake,
He who before was ſo *upright* and *ſtrong*,
Degenerouſly turn'd *Unjuſt* and *Weak*:
Firm ſtood his *Chair* upon the *Pavement*, but
His *Heart* and *Conſcience* ſoone fell flat on it.

240.

For as He 'ginns to name their *King* again,
Away with him, they Crie, *We have no King*
But *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* over Us ſhall reign,
And He alone: As for this *Curſed Thing*,
'Tis more than time that to his *Croſs* He goe;
And every one that is his *Favourer* too.

241.

Alas, this Blaſt did on his faint Breaſt did blow
So thick a Storm of *Ielouſie* and *Dread*,
That now he fancied all the Town did draw
Their mutinous Swords againſt his ſingle Head;
And that the *Prieſts* had with their *ſpecious Lie*
Diſpatched unto *Rome* an Embaſſie.

242.

Thus toſs'd and baited, by the Tempeſt, He
His *Faith* and *Truth*, the deareſt Wares he had,
Throws over bord, and to their *Crueltie*
Joyns his *Conſent*; which yet appear'd ſo mad
And full of foul and odious *horror*, that
He calls for *Water* to waſh off its *Blott*.

243.

Why doſt thou raviſh, Fooliſh *Hypocrite*,
The *virgin Nymph*? What *Water* wilt thou get
To waſh *this* clean, which cannot make Thee white,
But onely is by this thy Touching it
For ever made impure: Should all the Sea
Flow on thy Hands, they ſtill would *Bloody* be.

244.

The *Leopards Spots*, which fix their Feet ſo ſure
Upon his skin, ſhall ſooner melt away;
The *Æthiop's* Face ſhall ſooner learn a Cure
And turn its ſwarthy Night to beauteous day;
The *Ravens* with *Swans* in White ſhall ſooner vie,
Than thou be purg'd from thy *ingrained die*.

245.

Yet *Pilate* flatter'd by his own Device,
Will needs be dabbling in the *Water*; and
Behold, ye *Prieſts* and *People* all, he cries,
Of *Ieſu's Blood* I waſh my guiltleſſe Hand:
Although my Tongue the ſentence paſſe, yet ye
Extorted it, and *yours the Act ſhall be*.

246.

Content, ſaid They; ſince you will have no ſhare,
Ours let the *Actions Glorie* wholly be:
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* will thank us for our Care,
And *Cæſar* praiſe our zealous Loyaltie.
So will your ſelf, when you have weighed well
What kinde of Monſter you have ſent to Hell.

247.

As for *his Blood*, which frights your *timorous Hand*,
It is to us the *Brighteſt Paint of Glorie*,
And will to all Succeſſions commend
Our pious Loyall Reſolutions Storie;
For our ambitious Wiſh it is, that It
May *On Heads, and on our Children ſit*.

248.

Unhappy Wiſh! had this been rightly fram'd,
No Prayer had flam'd with purer Piety, (ſtreamd
Nor pull'd more Bleſſings down, then would have
In this rich *Blood* upon Them all But ſee
The fatall Power of *Malice*, which can thus
Make *Zeals ſweet Dialect* turn *venomous*.

249.

For 'twas not long e'r *Titus* came to poure
This *Blood* upon Them, and their *Wiſh* fulfill:
Them and their *Seed* its Streams did then devour,
With ſuch full Veng'ance did the Torrent ſwell;
Their *Town* and *Temple* too this *Deluge* found
Which in their *Wiſhes Surpluſage* were drown'd.

250.

For never yet did *Warr* ſo riot in
The *Blood* of any helpleſſe Wights, as here;
Nor *fatall Miſery* hunt out any Sin
With ſo *ſeveer a Queſt* as that: So dear
They found their *Wiſh* and bloody *Exclamation*,
Which prov'd the *funerall Knell to all their Nation*.

251.

And now the *Judge* within whoſe Breaſt the *fear*
Of Men, vile Men, more than of *God* did reign,
Thoſe Bonds of generous *Right* himſelfe did tear
From which he woo'd the *People* to refrain;
And gives his owne unhappy tongue the Lie,
Judging the Lord of Innocence to die.

252.

O monſtrous ſentence! were the fell *Decrees*
Which ever yet from *Tyrants* Mouths did breake,
With the Deſcriptions of their Cruelties,
All writ in *one black Roll*; they would not make
So hideous a ſhow as this alone,
Of *Barbarouſneſſe* the dire *Perfection*.

253.

All *Injuries* in *this* triumphant are,
Being skrued to the higheſt pitch of *Spight*;
Injuſtice but a *Suckling* was, till heer
She on the ſudden grew to her full height:
Herod had nurſ'd her well, but *Pilate* now
With the *Iews* help, taught her *compleat* to grow.

254.

For could *Hell* mould ſo horrible a *Doome*
As might ſend every *Infant* who did ſee
Lifes morning Light, ſtrait from his Mothers Wombe
To his *Deaths Ev'n*; that *Sentence* yet would be
Leſſe barbarous than this, which doth at once
Condemne *more than the whole Worlds Innocence*.

255.

Alas, unfortunate *Pilate*, how haſt Thou
Condemn'd thy Self whilſt Thou didſt ſentence *Him*!
The time draws nie, when *Cæſar* will not know
Thee for a *Freind of Cæſars*; Thy *Eſteem*
And *Office* too unto their Evening draw,
And *foure Years* more will make *Thee feel the Law*.

256.

The *Law of Banniſhment*; when *France* ſhall ſee
Thee to *Vienna* ti'd, that fatall place,
Where *Hell* ſhall to thy Soule diſplayed be,
And thy black *Conſcience* warr againſt thy face,
Muſtring the *Guilt* of this unhappy *Day*
Before thine Eyes in terrible Array.

There

257.

There thy *wives meſſage* ſhall again reſound
And ſting thine heart; thine own *Profeſſions* there
Of *Jeſu's innocence* ſhall all rebound
Upon thy breaſt, and thy foule boſome tear;
There ſhall that *water* bubble up, and boile
Upon thine *Hands*, which did its ſtreams defile.

258.

There ſhall thy whips their laſhes turn on thee,
There ſhall the *thorns* grow thick upon thy Head,
There ſhall the *Buffettings* and *Mockings* be
Unto thy ſelf in full tale numbered;
There thy prodigious *ſentence* back ſhall flie,
And point out *Pilate* as one *fit to die*.

259.

Then ſhall the cruel *Croſſe*, the *Nailes*, the *Spear*,
Walk through thy thoughts and murder thee alive;
Till *Crucifi'd* by thine own *fatall fear*
Thine *hand due vengeance* to *thy ſelf* ſhall give,
And from thy *Hell above* by curſed death
Send thy *diſpairing ſoule* to *Hell beneath*.

260.

So ſhall thine *hand* thou thoughtſt thou waſhſt ſo white
Foully imbru'd in thine own horrid gore,
A copy to all following *Judges* write
Of what *ſure vengeance* righteous *Heav'n* doth poure
On them who warp *Laws rule* to *Peoples luſt*,
And make the *throne of Juſtice* be *unjuſt*.

261.

But when the *Lamb of Heav'n* was ſentenc'd thus
Unto the *Shambles*: Streit upon their *prey*
The rampant *Soldiers* fly: His gorgeous
Attire they from him ſnatch, and him array
In his own ſimple *fleece*; yet ſuffer ſtill
The torturing *thorns* upon his head to dwell.

262.

This rubb'd, and wounded all thoſe *wounds* again
In which the *clotted blood* began to reſt;
This op'd the weary *Mouth* of every *vein*,
As if it would have had them now *confeſt*
The *utmoſt drop* they knew: yet though this loſs
Went deep, they kept enough to *paint the Croſs*.

263.

Without delay then unto *Calvarie*
They hurry Him; ev'n though their *Senates Law*
Provideth that no Execution be
Done, till by *ten dayes Thoughts* the *Judge* may know
Whither he has not in ſome *paſſionate haſte*
Without ſufficient grounds his Sentence Paſt.

264.

The *Prieſts* had *mony*, that commanding Spurr
Which fires all *Soldiers* with impatient Speed;
And *Pilate* now can caſt in no Demurr;
The *Jews* aſſure him that he has no need:
But need, or not; his thoughts in vain doe beat;
The *Soldiers* now were *bought to doe the Feat*.

265.

But being *Martiall generous Spirits*, they
Muſt not debaſe their *armed Backs*, to bear
The ſervile ignominious *Croſs*: nor may
The *Jews*, who now all purified were
To celebrate their *Paſchall Supper*, be
Stain'd by the Touch of that *accurſed Tree*.

266.

On *JESU'S* Wounds his *Death* the *Soldiers* lay,
And He muſt ern his *Croſſes Service*, by
Bearing its tedious Weight, before he may
Be *born* by it. Thus with a barbarous Crie
Of Tongues and Trumpets which the Welkin rent,
Through the cheif ſtreets this *ſad Proceſſion* went.

267.

But *He* whoſe Springs ſo drained were before
Both of their Blood and Spirits, now grew *faint*:
In vain they kick'd him, and in vain they tore
Him forward by his Hair; for no Conſtraint
Can make *weak Nature* her own Power exceed,
Nor finde out *Firmneſſe* in a *broken Reed*.

268.

What *Heart* but ſeared by the fire of Hell,
Could now *Compaſſions* courteous Tears forbear?
But yet the *Soldiers* boſomes by the fell
Contagion of the *Iewiſh Malice* are
So deeply tainted, that what might invite
Tigres to *Pittie*, does but whet their *Spight*.

269.

For meerely in prevention of the Loſs
Of that choiſe *Sport* they hoped for when He
Was once ſet fair and ſure upon his *Croſs*,
As the full *Mark* at which all *Scoffs* might be
Directly aim'd; Him from this Load they ſpare,
And force *Cyrenian Simon* it to bear.

270.

Nay, *Live you ſhall*, ſay they till you may *Die*
As you deſerve: mean while this *Erneſt* take
Of that *full Summe* which We will by and by
On *Golgotha* without abatement make:
With this they beat Him, and ſo much the more
As with his *Blood*, he no *Complaints* would poure.

271.

Indeed the *ſofter Sex*, who upon *Him*
And on his *Woes* did wait with *tenderer Eyes*,
In his own *Blood* could not behold Him ſwim,
But with their Sympathetick *Tears* and *Cries*
Confeſs'd that they had *Bowells* ſtill, although
Remorſeleſs *Stone Mens* hearts did overgrow.

272.

But *Jeſus* who did all this greivous while
Encourage by his *patient Silence*, thoſe
Moſt inſolent *Jeers* and *Blaſphemies* the vile
And ſpightfull *Jews* could frame: doth now oppoſe
Theſe *Womens* loving *Tears*, and upon them
With nobler *Pitty* turn their *pittying Stream*.

273.

For 'twas his *brave Ambition* to engroſs
All *Greifs* and *Sorrows* to Himſelf to day;
Eſteeming every *Groan* of theirs his *Loſs*,
And all his *Woes* diſcredited, that they
Should ſeem to need *Aſſiſtants*, when ſtout He
To his own Shoulders woo'd all *Miſerie*.

274.

Weep not ye *Daughters of Jeruſalem*,
Weep not for Me who have ſet ope my Breaſt
To every *Greif* which into it can ſtream,
And thither mean to welcome every Gueſt:
Weep not for Me, ſaid He, whoſe *Sorrows* are
Not to be quenched by a mortall *Tear*.

275.

If you will broach your *Bottles*, let them run
For your *own ſelves*, and your unhappy *Seed*;
For loe thoſe *fatall Days* are poſting on
Which all your *Brine* and more than all will need,
The Days when *Bleſſing* ſhall no longer ſpred
Its joyous Complement on *Mothers* Head.

276.

For then the *Barren Womb* ſhall praiſed be
As *fertile* in the choiſeſt *Happineſs*;
Then everie Tongue thoſe Papps ariditie
Which never brought up Babe to Woe, ſhall bleſs.
Then ſhall the deareſt pledges of your Love
Your *Sonns and Daughters, living Torments prove*.

277.

Then in impatient longing for a *Grave*
Deſpairing Men ſhall to the Mountains call,
And everie neighbour Hills Compaſſion crave
Beſeeching them upon their Heads to fall,
And hide them, *though in Death*, from ſeeing how
Calamitie about the World doth flow.

278.

For if in me a *young* and *verdant Tree*
The *flames* of *Veng'ance* thus prevailing are,
What ſhall the Refuge, or Condition be
Of *Stumps* and *Trunks*, all withered and ſear,
Which are already dri'd, and fit alone
For *feuell* for their *own Combuſtion*?

279.

In a *freſh Curſing* and *Blaſpheming fitt*
This ſet the *mad-braind Rout*; who ask'd Him why
When they of late ſo humbly begged it
He would not condeſcend to *Propheſie*?
And why, He who could *others Woes* ſo well
Diſcern, could nothing of *his own foretell*?

280.

And ſee, good *Prophet*, yonder *Hill*, ſaid they;
Take your own Counſell now, before it prove
Too late, Come let Us heare what you can ſay
Both it and its Compaſſion to move.
Set out your Throat; if hard and loud you plead
Perhaps 'twill bow *its own* to hide your Head.

281.

Then having ſtar'd a while upon Him, all
Whoſe *Fiſts*, or *Toes*, or *Spittle* him could reach,
With thick and peeviſh indignation fall
Upon his bruiſed bloody Body: Which
Triumphant ſcorns, He meekly vanquiſh'd by
His *Silence*, and march'd up to *Calvarie*.

282.

Ev'n to this *Calvarie* We ſtand on heer,
This Mount which from a *Scull* hath gain'd its Name;
For in this ſolemn Place the Sepulchre
Of reverend *Adam* ſtood; which carefull *Fame*
Told to *Poſteritie*, and ſo the *Hill*
Wears in its *Title* that *old Story* ſtill.

283.

With ſuch *Decorum* did thy prudent *Lord*
Order his meritorious *Paſſion*, that
The *ſecond Adam* might his help afford
Unto the *Firſt*, where He lay chain'd and ſhut
Up in *Deaths Priſon*, the remorſeleſs *Grave*,
Which to *Corruption* did Him enſlave.

284.

Ieſus on that *drie Duſt* reſolv'd to ſhed
His moſt enlivening purifying *Blood*;
That He might waſh and cure the tainted *Head*
Of *Mortalls Miſerie*, by the ſoveraign *Flood*
Of his own *Life*; that *Life* which onely can
Reſtore *true vitall vigor* unto Man.

Heer

285.

Here *Psyche*, here the *Crosse* its foot did set
When it sustaind the *Worlds Redeemer*; here
Is that renouned *Soile* which once was wet
With richer *Drops* than ever shoured were
From kindest Heav'n; for by that *fertile Dew*
Salvations Harvest to perfection grew.

286.

But yet this *Hill* wears not that onely Name
Of *Calvarie*; 'twas call'd *Moriah* too
Of old, when zealous *Abraham* hither came
His most renounced *Sacrifice* to doe;
And by unparalleld Obedience prove
The valourous Bravery *of faithfull Love*.

287.

Brave *Abraham* hither came; his *Altar* heer
He built, and prepossess'd the *Crosses* place:
So *Isaac* did thy *Lords* a while; But there
An hamperd *Ram* strait substituted was:
Thus *Isaac* scap'd; but now there was no *Ram*
Which might supply the place of *heav'ns dear Lamb*.

288.

Jesus himselfe must sacrificed be,
Not *by*, but *to his Father*: *Psyche*, now
That *fatal Houre* was come when *Tyrannie*
Held the free Reins, and did its freedome know;
When purest *Innocence* was abandond quite
Unto the Luxurie of proudest *Spight*.

289.

For loe the *Souldiers* thy torn *Saviour* stretch
And fit Him unto his *tormenting Tree*:
His blessed *Hands* unto the Topp they reach,
(Those *Hands* whose workmanship all creatures be,)
His *Feet* unto the bottom; (those pure *Feet*
Which no Bloud, but their own, did ever wet.)

290.

These *Hands* and *Feet* with cruell Nailes they make
Sure to the *Crosse*, and fasten Him unto (crack
His *Pains* and *Death*. What heart-strings would not
To see these tender Veins broke open so!
What Tears could keep at home, and not gush out
With those deare *Streams* which now flowd all about!

291.

Sure none who dare the Name of *Christian* wear,
Can with such stony Hearts *this story read*,
As not to feel these *Nails* their Bosomes tear,
And finde their tender Contemplations *bleed*:
For how can living genuine *Members* be
Not wounded with their *Heads* calamity?

292.

But these inhumane *Torturers* shouting loud
In desperate applause of their own *Sin*,
Rear up the *Crucifix*; and then grow proud
To see this *Trophe* of their *Rage*. So when
Harpies on heaps have heap'd their butcher'd Prey,
They smile, and clap their Wings with cursed Joy.

293.

Then on each hand a *Thiefe* they Crucifie:
For when they on *his Person* no more shame
Could heap, they labour by this Companie,
To make the World suppose Him *one of Them*:
Alas He knew no other *Theft*, but this,
To *steal his Torturers to heav'nly Blisse*.

294.

For whilst between these *Briars* like the *Rose*,
Or like fair *Virtue* twixt her foule *Extreems*
He fastned is; He plots against his *Foes*,
And projects how to pay Them *Diademes*
For these his *Tortures*; unto Heav'n he flies
On *Loves* stout wings, and to his *Father* cries:

295.

Father! By all the Sweets of that dear *Name*,
Regard the Prayer of thy *Dying Son*:
By this my *Crosse* and all its *noble Shame*,
By these *four Wounds* which with full Current run,
By all these *Thorns* which grow upon my *Head*,
And *those* which in my *Heart* are fastened,

296.

Remember not the Sin of these poor Men
Who through *blinde Zeal* perceive not what they doe;
Though *foolish*, yet they are my *Bretheren*;
O spare Them then! Let not their *Error* who
Occasion all the Worlds most Soveraign *Blisse*,
Make their own Soules their proper Portion misse.

297.

Thus for the rav'ning *Wolves* the *Lamb* doth pray,
The *Partridge* for the *Hawks*. *O mighty Love*
Which all the *Injuries* of this cruel Day
Cannot suppresse! The more the *Torturers* strove
To wreak upon *Him* their elaborate *Spight*
The more his *Mercy* tries on Them its *Might*.

298.

Thus when *Arabian Odours* bruised be,
Their sweet revenge they on their Enemies take
By pouring out to them their Treasury
Of pure *Perfumes*, whose breath doth nothing speak
Of *Griefe* or *Anger*, but is eloquent
In the kinde Language of *delicious Scent*.

Thus

299.

Thus when the tender *Vine* is nailed faſt
Unto the Propp, and by the Pruning Knife
Robb'd of her Branches; She takes no diſtaſte
At all thoſe deep entrenchments on her life,
But with a bounteous *Vintage* ſtrives to cheer
The Heart of Him who thus had *wounded* Her.

300.

But what care *ſalvage They* who ſcorn to be
Softned by *Kindeneſſe*? *Wax* indeed may run
At the warm Touch of *High-noon's Charity*;
But ſordid *Mud* and *Clay*; although the *Sun*
Doth with his kindeſt Rayes about them flow,
Inſtead of *Melting*, onely *harder grow*.

301.

They think that *Jeſus* has more need to pray
For his *owe Selfe* than *them*; and with diſdain
Smiling at his unask'd-for *Kindeneſſe*, They
Buſie themſelves how to divide their Gain; (*Fleece*,
This was his *Clothes*, the *Lambs* poor plunder'd
The ſimple prize of their high Villanies.

302.

His other Garments they divide and ſhare;
Bur finding that his ſeamleſſe *Veſture* was
All of one Texture, they contented are
To offer the decision of the Caſe
To *Fortunes Sentence*, and conclude by *Lot*
To give that whole, they thought too good to Cut.

303.

Too good they thought this *Common Web* to be
Mangled and torn; yet with the ſelf-ſame heart
Abhorred not his pretious *Fleſh* to ſee
All gaſh'd and rent by *Hatreds* utmoſt Art.
The *Butcher* thus thinks fit the *Skin* to keep
Intire, although He *quarter out* the *Sheep*.

304.

Mean while, arrayed in his naked Gore
Sweet *Jeſus* hangs betwixt the Heav'n and Earth
Like one of *Both* rejected; and does poure
The *Worlds red Price* at *four wide Flood-gates* forth
An Object of *more Pity* never yet
Was ſeen, nor one which reaped *leſſe of it*.

305.

All *Paſſengers* without *Regard* went on
And turn'd their unkinde backs upon his *Woes*.
Yet well it were if this *Neglect* alone
Made Warr againſt his *Patience*; but from thoſe
Who to this pitch of *Sorrows* rais'd him, He
Feels new aſſaults of *poſitive Miſery*.

306.

For not contented with their *Nails* and *Thorns*
To digg his pretious *Body*, now they ſtrive
To pierce his *Soule* with ignominious Scorns,
To wound his *Meekneſſe*, and his *Sufferings* grieve;
As if his *Pains* and *Croſſe* would not ſuffice,
Unleſſe he *mocked*, and *reviled* dies.

307.

They point their fingers, and their heads they ſhake,
And then their crueller Tongues, and thus they crie:
Remember what your *Pride* once pleas'd to ſpeak:
You in *three Dayes* yon' *Fabrick* could deſtroy,
And rear it up again; yet *mighty Sir*,
The *Temple ſtands*, and *You* are *hanged* here.

308.

For ſhame make good your *boaſted Power*, and now
Command thoſe *Nails* to leave your *Hands* and *Feet*,
Command your *Croſſe* before your face to bow,
Command your loſt *Blood* to return and meet
Your gaping *Wounds*: Is't not high time to ſave
Your Selfe, if you reſolve to ſcape your Grave?

309.

O no; the *Elders*, *Scribes*, and *Prieſts* replie,
Though many *ſeeming Wonders* He has done,
Though he has cured many a *Maladie*,
Though he has conjur'd up *Salvation*
For others; yet We know for certain He
Cannot unto *himſelfe* a *Saviour* be.

310.

No *lying Prophet* ever yet was known
Who once into the hands of *Juſtice* brought
Could by his power of Witchcraft reach his own
Deliverance, and work his Carcaſe out
Of Chains or Tortures; for if this might be,
How could we know *Heav'ns Truth* from *Forgery*?

311.

Now it appears by Whoſe Aſſiſtance He
Mix'd with his *bare Word* that *miraculous Strength*
Which charm'd the *Peoples* fond *Credulity*.
But *Belzebub* is wiſe enough at length
To leave his *Inſtrument* to *Juſtice*, when
His *utmoſt Miſchiefe* He has done to Men.

312.

Now it appears what ſmall cauſe *Pilate* had
To ſhake his Head at our importunate *Crie*,
Had not our *Zeal* that *fervent Onſet* made
On his abuſed *Lordſhips Lenity*.
This rank *Impoſtor*, then repreeved, might
Have ſtill paſs'd for a *Wonder-working Wight*.

Yet

313.

Yet if the potent *King of Israel* now
Will but vouchsafe to Step down from this *Tree*
And to his *Subjects* doubtfull Hearts allow
This Proof of his *divine Supremacy*;
For our parts We are ready here, and will
Beleeve his Pow'r and his Commands fulfill.

314.

What can he more expect of Us, who here
Attend upon him in his deepest *shame*,
Waiting till He will these please *Clouds* to clear
Which damp the lustre of his glorious *Name*?
So fain would We unto our *King* to day,
Would He *assert Himselfe*, our *homage* pay.

315.

But *silly King*, he cannot stir, you see,
No, though his *Kingdome* lieth at the Stake:
He talk'd as if the *Clouds* his *Coach* should be,
And that he ment upon the *Aires* high *back*,
To shew himselfe in State to Us; but now
His *Crosse* is all the *Chariot* he can show.

316.

He often bragg'd that *God* was his great *Sire*,
How is it then his *Father* owns Him not?
Sure were He worth the owning, all the *Quire*
Of Heav'n would hither Flock, to hide this Blot
Of his broad Shame with their pure Wings, & bear
Him hence in triumph to his *native Sphear*.

317.

Shame on your *Blasphemies* you shameless *Rout*
Of *Priests* and *People*! *Jesus* aimeth not
To save *Himselfe*, but *You* who sting and flout
His noble *Patience*: He has not forgot
That in his Soveraign *Hands* and *Fingers* still
The whole *Trasn of Omnipotence* doth dwell.

318.

For those *Almighty Hands* he stretcheth out,
And busie is in working your *Salvation*.
He could *Come down*; but stayes till he has wrought
That *mighty Act of his victorious Passion*.
He could *come down*, but stayes till he may draw
Up after Him this *groveling World* below.

319.

He could *come down*, did you not *fix* Him there
Not with your *Nails*, but with your stronger *Sins*:
He could *come down*, were his *own Life* as dear
To him, as *yours*: But on his *Wrongs* he winns,
And by all resolute *Love* strives to prevail
Against all *Spight* and *Rage* which him assail.

320.

O *Psyche*, cruell were those *Scoffs*; but yet
More stinging *Scorn* then this is still behinde:
For now the very *Theeves* upon him spit
Their odious Taunts, and seem in Him to finde
What their *vile Soules* amidst the Miseries
Of their own *cursed Crosses*, dare *despise*.

321.

Ink scorns the *Snow*, foule *Night* accuseth *Day*,
The dirty *Puddle* mocks the *virgin Spring*,
Dark *Shades* contemn the *Suns meridian Ray*,
Black *Night-ravens* call the *Swan* a swarthy Thing,
Ignoble *Bats* revile the *Eagles Eyes*,
And *Hell* it selfe insults o'r *Paradise*.

322.

Art thou that mighty *Christ*, said they, and yet
Hang'st here the *Game* of all *Contempt* and *Spight*?
Can *Heav'ns great Son* his Selfe so far forget,
As rather to endure to *Die*, then *fight*?
Discredit not, by yeilding cowardly,
The *Lord of Hosts*, if he thy *Father* be.

323.

Come justifie that *royal Title* there,
Which now but laughs at thine ignoble *Head*;
Approve thy Selfe *King of the Jews*, and fear
Not to redeem thy *Fame* and *Life*: But spread
Thy Favour too on Us, that under Thee
The *Soveraign*, We may glorious *Nobles* be.

324.

For since in these thy deep Misfortunes We
Of all thy World thy sole *Companions* are;
We well in your restor'd *Prosperity*
May promise our *Desert* the deepest share.
So spake the *Theeves*; and then they roar'd for Pain;
But quickly fell to scoffe and curse again.

325.

And shall not *Heav'ns Artillery* now attend
Its *wronged King*, and vindicate his Cause?
Can *Earth* hear this, and not in sunder rend
Snatching these *Elves* into her deepest Jaws?
No: *Jesus* now no *Veng'ance* doth approve
But that of *patient and Silent Love*.

326.

Sweet Veng'ance! which so strongly wrought upon
One of this *lewd blaspheming Pair*, that he
Converts his *Curses* to *Devotion*,
And prompts his *Fellow* unto *Piety*,
Rebuking sharply his malitious Tongue,
Which still persu'd his *Lord* with shameless Wrong.

327.

Then like a *wise* and *sober Theif* indeed;
He seeks to *steal* into his *Saviours grace*:
O *King of Heav'n* he cries, I plainly read
Thy *Majesty* though in thy *clouded Face*.
Sure Thou hast taught mine Eyes this skill; ô then
Compleat this *Mercy*, which Thou hast begun.

328.

When in thy *Kingdome* Thou shalt mounted be
Upon thy *Throne of Glory*, ô forget
Those *Wrongs* which *ignorant I* did poure on Thee,
On Thee, the *God of Innocence*: but yet
Forget not *Me*, who must for ever die
Unlesse repreived by thy *Clemencie*.

329.

Jesus, whose Goodnesse never did disdain
So hear and answer a *meek Sinners* Crie,
Though his provoked Lips he did refrain
Amidst those thick Storms of loud Blasphemie,
With gracious Sweetnes doth Assurance give
Unto the *Dying Theif*, that he shall *live*.

330.

Fear not, said He, thy *Death* is drawing nie,
But it shall prove the *Gate of Life* to Thee;
My *Word*, the Pillar of all Certainty
I freely pass: Thou from that curfed *Tree*
Shalt step this Day to *Paradise*, and there
Under the Bowers of *Blisse* with Me appear.

331.

The *Preists* and *People* laugh'd and scoff'd to hear
Him talk o' giving *Blisse*, who hung in *Pain*;
Blinde Fools, who could not now discern how clear
His Power shin'd, which thus its Prize could gain
Out of *Hells Mouth*, & with Loves sweet constreint
Make of a *Cursing Theif*, a *Praying Saint*.

332.

By this deer *Token* He to every one
Of them aforehand did their *Pardon* seal,
If they would doe what the *meeke Theif* had done,
And to his *Grace* with *penitent hearts* appeal:
But most unhappy They this deep *Designe*
Of Love, did obstinately countremine.

333.

Profoundly did this *Scorn of Mercy* tear
Thy *Spouses* most compassionate *Breast*: But He
Observing now his deerest *Followers* there,
The *Mother of Him and Virginitie*,
With faithfull *John*, a keen and double Dart
Of *fresh Greif* shot quite through his *bleeding Heart*.

334.

For in his *Mothers* tender Soule he saw
That cruel *Sword* stuck deep which *Simeon*
Foretold so long agoe: The *Virgin* now,
Who at the first brought forth her blessed *Son*
Without all *Pangs*, doth in *hard Labour* strein,
And pays her *Debt of puerperiall Pain*.

335.

O how the *Bowels* of her yearning *Heart*
Are rent and torn! her *hands*, her *feet*, her *head*,
All bear their proper Torments, and no *Part*
Can say, To me these *Sorrows* doe not spread;
For from her *Sons* deer Body every Wound
Doth on her sympathetik Self rebound.

336.

Her Temples are with thick-set *Thorns* hedg'd in,
Nail'd unto Tortures are *Her* dainty *Feet*,
Tatter'd and *mangled* is *Her* tender *Skin*,
Her Flesh plow'd up, *Her veins wide open set*,
And all her modest *Body* to the *view*
Exposed is of every shameless *Jew*.

337.

On *Her* those *Jeers*, and *Taunts*, and *Blasphemies*
Their venome pour, and swell with Greif her *Breast*;
That *Breast* which noble *Love* so straitly ties
And cements to her *Sons*, that not the least
Division can interpose, nor make
This *Double One*, themselves for *single* take.

338.

If She had in her *other Self*, if she
In *Mary* had been *Crucifi'd*, the *Crosse*
Had tolerable been; but thus to be
Destroy'd in Jesus, is so vast a Loss
That *Mari's* swallow'd up in it, and this
Calamitie becomes both *Hers*, *and His*.

339.

Her Hope, *her Joy*, *her Life*, *her Love*, *her Blisse*,
Her Heav'n, *her Son*, *her God*, all these She now
Beholds betrayed to her Enemies;
And what has *Mary* more? How shall she row
Through this vast Sea, which in each gaping Wave
Presents her ô how much more than a Grave?

340.

As oft as to the *Crosse* she opes her Eyes,
Death rusheth in; Yet she as oft doth Die
As unto their Compassion she denies
That ruefull *Spectacle*. If *Psyche*, I
Or Thou, or any *Seraph* had been so (do?
Beseig'd with *Soveraign Griefs*, What could We

What

341.

What could we doe but *sink*? Yet noble she
Struggling amidst a thousand Deaths, at last
Snatch'd from her mighty *Losses*, *Victory*;
Whilst at the feet of *Gods* great *Will* she cast
Her own; as gallant *Abraham*, when He
Preferr'd before his *Isaac*, *Pietie*.

342.

Yet what was *Isaac* unto *Jesus*! ô
With how much *dearer Prize* did *Mary* part!
Though *Isaac* pretious was, He could no so
Profoundly be ingrav'd in *Abrahams* Heart,
As *Jesus* in his *Mothers*; yet is She
Content of *her Hearts Heart* depriv'd to be.

343.

O heav'nly *Mother*, never *Agonie*
Was more heroick than was this of thine;
Excepting that of thy great *Son*, when He
His *humble Patience* did prove *Divine*.
Decorum 'twas that Thou should'st tread alone
The *hardest Steps of Glory* next thy *Son*.

344.

But *Psyche* though this *Amazon of Love*
So stoutly fought; yet *John* who stood by her
Was of a weaker Metall far, and strove
With less Successe the *Passion* to bear:
He strove a while; but at the last, *poor Saint*,
As *Griefe* became *outragious*, he grew *faint*.

345.

For when his loving Eyes beheld that *Breast*
Upon whose Sweets his Head was wont to lie,
And those dear *Arms*, which us'd to hug him fast
And chain him unto *Blisse*; The *Tyranny*
Which now possessed them, soon overthrew
His tender *Heart*, and all his *Comforts* slew.

346.

Jesus observ'd them *Both*, and saw how *she*
Although her *Pain* and *Sorrow* greater were,
Yet made them bow unto her *Will*; how *He*
Suffer'd his *lesser Griefe* to domineer
Over his wounded Soule; and seeing this,
Felt what he saw in *Both*, for *Both* were *His*.

347.

He felt their Tortures; but with *deeper sense*
Then they themselves, and *more Excesse of Pain*;
His *Soule* being temper'd to all Excellence
Of *dainty Softnesse*, which did entertain
Even in its *Bowells*, every Torments Darts
He spi'd in any of his *Spouses* Hearts.

348.

Witnesse his bounteous Care, before he dies,
To cheer them by a pretious *Legacy*:
His noble *Mother*, far above all price,
Ev'n in that *dearest of Relations*, he
Bequeaths to *John*; and *John* to her again,
That in his stead, her *Son* he might remain.

349.

Sweet Legacie! where though the *Mother* be
The *richer Gift*, considered alone,
Yet is the Balance poisned equaly
Now *John's* inhanced by the Name of *Son*:
For that *high Name* intitles him to be
No lesse than *Jesu's priviledg'd Deputy*.

350.

A long-long Houre had now run out, since by
His weeping Wounds the *King of Mercy* hung:
Yet all this while from the hard *Peoples Eye*
Not one *drop of Compassion* he had wrung.
This made the *Sun*, though on his high-noon Throne,
Fear his own Eyes had not their duty done.

351.

But looking wistly, He perceived how
Men had exiled all *Humanity*;
This Sight upon his face a Blush did throw,
In shame and horror at the Prodigie;
He blush'd and shut his *royall Eyes*, and hurld
More than *Cimmeria* all about the World.

352.

In *mourning Weeds* the *heav'nly Spheares* at last
Upon their *dying Master* will attend,
And with no gaudy Tire of Light be drest
Now all the *Powers of Hell and Darknesse* bend
Their uncontrolled *spight*, in *Him*, to damp
All other Lights *divine original Lamp*.

353.

The *Aire* was frighted at this monstrous Change,
When *Midnight* seized upon *highnoon Day*,
Marching with Apparitions, and strange
Phantomes of duskie fire, in fierce array;
Whilst every hollow *Winde* which passed by
Bemoan'd with *sad Groans* this *Calamity*.

354.

The lesser *Sparks of Heav'n* all started at
Their sudden priviledge, who now might view
The open face of *Noon*; not knowing what
Had thrown upon the *Sun* his Sable Hue;
With doubting twinckling Eyes on him they gaze,
Seeing *him down*, *yet in his highest Place*.

355.

Each gentle fair-condition'd *Bird* and *Beast*
Hi'd them unto their Nests and Dens for fear:
Onely some ominous *Ravens* and *Scritchowles* preſt,
With *Beasts of Prey & Night*, through the black Aire:
And fit *Companions* for theſe *Jews* they were
Who in all *Horridneſſe* their Brethren are.

356.

Frights and *Diſmays* walk'd not ſo thick upon
The face of *Egypt*, when 'twas buried
In a ſtrange *three-days Night*, as now they run
Both *there* and *here*, for every where they ſpread,
Having as large a Circle as the *Sun*,
Who now *from all the World at once* was gone.

357.

The grave *Aſtronomers*, who with *Phœbus* were
Of old acquaintance, and knew all his *Giſtes*
His *way*, his *Inns*, his *Hoſts*, and whetſoe're
His reſtles *Coach* in his bright path perſiſtes,
Wonder'd what ſudden Monſter did ariſe
And rob him of his Locks and of his Eyes.

358.

'Tis plain the *Moon* was innocent, for She
Knew not the buſi'nes, being far away;
No leſs than Halfe the Heav'ns Immenſitie
Betwixt Hers, and Her *Brother's* Station lay,
For whilſt He flouriſh'd in the *perfect height*
Of *Day*, She groveled in the *Depths of Night*.

359.

But grant by ſome *portentuous Wheel* She from
Her proper Place was whirl'd thus farr away
Yet how could *her poor Bulk* uſurp the Room
Of *His vaſt ſtamp*, and damm up *all the Day*?
Sure *Phœbus* ſcorns that Her *ſmall Blot* ſhould rob
The *total Beames* of his mighty Globe.

360.

O No! It was a *larger Blot* than ſo,
A Blot in which all Blackneſs did combine,
A Blot which no Compariſon doth know,
A Blot made up of every foulеſt *Sinn*;
A Blot as hideous, as profound, and wide
As Impudence could make; 'twas *Deicide*;

361.

No wonder now *Heav'n* would no longer be
Beheld by thoſe who did its King deſtroy;
That *Phœbus* his leſs reverend Majeſtie
Deny'd to them which only work and joy
Was, to eclipſe and quench that *Soveraign Sinn*
Whoſe open Eyes His duſt not gaze upon.

362.

And yet this *Darkneſs* a faint Copie was
Of that more monſtrous *Pitch* which ſtuck upon
The Eyes and Hearts of the blind *Jews*: Alas
This Prodigies ſtern Admonition
Could not awake their Thoughts, to ſearch, and ſee
How *Heav'n* was frighted at their Crueltie.

363.

The itching Wit of their immortall *Spight*
Draws every Thing into *new Blaſphemie*:
Behold, ſay They, the moſt audacious Might
Of His inſufferable *Witcherie*:
Whilſt other *Wizards* onely on the *Moon*
Or *Starrs*, throw Darkneſs; He choaks up the Sun.

364.

But now the *Ninth Houre* of the Day drew on,
And brought the *laſt Act* of this *Tragedie*
Along with it; that *Houre* in which alone
More *Horrors* than all Ages e'r did ſee
In one Conſpiracy together met,
And in Array themſelves all armed ſet.

365.

His other *Griefs* but faint *Praludiums* were,
Which onely gathering Clouds did overſpred;
But now the Tempeſt in its full Carriеer
Broke down and ſous'd directly on his head;
JESUS was now encompaſs'd with the Stream
And ev'n *into his Soul* the Waters came.

366.

The Waters of that diſmall Cup which He
Both fear'd and low'd, eſchew'd and choſe to Drink;
The fatall *Dregg's of Wrath and Miſery*,
Of every black and dreadfull Thing the Sink:
A *Dead Sea*, unto which *Gomorrha's Lake*
Compar'd, would wholſome Milk and Hony ſpeak.

367.

Heav'ns Juſtice, Who had with a conſtant Eye
Obſerv'd all Tribes of Men, and noted down
Each little Slip, each broad *Impiety*,
With all the Trappings *Time* and *Place* had thrown
About them; hither made a journey, and
Full in thy *Spouſe's* face took up her Stand.

368.

Leſſe Terror from the *Vulture's* count'nance breaks
When ſhe her Tallons claps upon her Prey;
Leſſe from the irefull *High-prieſt* when he takes
His Curſing Aime at *Jeſus*; than to day
Flaſh'd from this cruel *Mayd*, in whoſe fell look
Her diſmal throne *accompliſh'd Vengeance* took.

Immortall

369.

Immortal Dread ſtar'd wide in either Eye;
Her forehead was plow'd up with furrows deep,
Sown with the Seeds of all *Severity*;
(Which now for *Jeſus* were grown fit to reap.)
Her *Lips* were *Fire*; her Cheeks were burning red,
And for a *Tongue* a *flaming Sword* ſhe had.

370.

She never in ſuch horrible Array
Appear'd till now on Earth; not when ſhe came
With *Water* arm'd to waſh the World away;
Or unto *Sodome* with a *Flood of Flame*;
Or when her *fiery Serpents* ſhe did bring
The *Iſraelites* Rebellion to ſting.

371.

A Veil (ſo hideouſly black, that *Night*
Is a tralucid beauteous thing to it,)
Over her head was ſpred, which, though *Day-light*
Were now at Liberty, would not permit
The ſtouteſt Mortals ſin-condemned Eyes
Ever to reach the Comfortable Skies.

372.

On either ſide, ten thouſand *Furies* were,
With Millions of *Pangs* and *Ejulations*;
Woefull Eternity was alſo there
Hugging each *Horror*: Troops of *Deſperations*
Raving and rioting in their own Blood
In the vaſt Armies Rear behinde *Her* ſtood.

373.

But in her Hand a *ſable Book* ſhe held,
Which now She opened unto *Jeſu*'s eyes:
When loe each dreadfull *Page* appeared fill'd
With more intolerable *Prodigies*
Than thoſe tranſcendent *Monſtrous Shapes* which (were
Marſhall'd in her *Hell-repreſenting Rear*.

374.

There that *Rebellion* painted was, which grew
In *Paradiſe*, ſo huge and rank a *Weed*
That it none but the Worlds own Limits knew,
For through all Generations its Seed
It ſcattered, and made each *poiſnous Birth*
Bring full Aſſurance of its own *Death* forth.

375.

The *Serpent* which in *Eden* planted it
Wears not ſuch fatal *Horror* in his Face,
Nor ſtings ſo deep, nor doth his Venome ſpit
So far and wide, nor e'r attended was
With ſuch a numerous *Frie of Devills*, as this
Old *Beldame Sin* by *young Ones* followed is.

376.

This was the fearfull *Frontiſpice*: But now
The curſed *Leaves* She opened one by one:
Pride had uſurp'd the firſt, and there did ſhow
Her ſwolln and bliſter'd Countenance, which did run
With baneſull Matter, being bruiſed by
A *Fall* ſhe caught as ſhe was climbing high.

377.

The next was *Spight*, broad *War*, cloſe *Calumnie*;
Then *Avarice* beſmeard with knawing *Ruſt*,
And putid *Lying*, and foule *Treachery*,
With ſneaking *Theft*, and everſtinging *Luſt*,
Intemperance wallowing in a naſtie Flood
Of *Vomit*, *Murder* in a Sea of *Blood*.

378.

That ſelfe-relying heav'n-diſtruſting Thing,
Fooliſh baſe-hearted *Infidelity*;
Grinding *Extortion*, and ſelf-torturing
Becauſe for ever jealous *Tyranny*;
Enchanting *Error*, venomous *Hereſie*,
Idolatry, and right-down *Blaſphemy*.

379.

But for their *number*, it exceeds the skill
Of *Computation*, and all *Figures* reach;
Not all the *Sparks* whoſe gliſtering Armies fill
The field of Heav'n; not all the *Atomes* which
Traffick about the Summer Air, can tell
Their mighty *Total* how to parallel.

380.

For each *dwarf Fault*, and *Gyant Crime* did ſtand
In martiall rank and file arrayed there,
Which any Humane *Tongue*, or *Heart*, or *Hand*
Was ever ſtained with, ſince *Eve* gave Eare
Unto the charming *Tempter*, and let in
The fatal Torrent of contagious *Sin*.

381.

Nay more than ſo; for every *Stain* and *Blot*
Which through all *Ages* to the end of *Time*
Shall taint the World, *Juſtice* had thither got,
And in a black *Appendix* marſhall'd them.
Thy proud *Revolt*, and every *Fault* beſide,
Pſyche, were there diſplayed full and wide.

382.

And if the *leaſt of Crimes*, as ſure it is,
Be *infinitely foule*, imagine then
How ſtrange a *Maſſe of horridneſſe* was this
Whoſe bulk did ſwell with *all the Sins of Men*:
What ſtore of *black Infinities* were here
For *bleeding Jeſu*'s *wounded Back* to bear!

383.

For *Justice* heap'd them all upon his *back*,
That hee who *did no sin, might suffer all.*
How would the Worlds establish'd *Pillars* crack,
Should such a Load upon their shoulders fall!
How would the al-supporting *centre* faint,
And strive to shrink into a smaller point!

384.

How would the joynts of noblest *Seraphs* quake,
How would the *Cherubs* sinnews tremble, at
This *Burden*, which all *Natures Bones* would break,
And lay *Heav'ns* highest stoutest *Powers* flat!
This *Burden* which all humane *Soules* would press
Down to that *bottom* which is *bottomlesse*!

385.

Now *Jesus* groans, and feels his heart-strings stretch,
For black upon his *Soule* the *burden* lies;
Those other torments hee forgetteth which
The *whips* and *nails*, and *Jewish blasphemies*
Had multipli'd on him: Thus *rivers* be
Quite lost, when swallow'd by the *bitter Sea*.

386.

Should all the tortures that did ever yet
The Veins, and Joints, and Hearts of *Martyrs* tear,
In one fell Composition bee knit,
And then enraged to their full carriere;
Lesse furious would their fury be than that
Which now on *Jesu's Soule* in triumph sate.

387.

Some comfort it would be, if *Heav'n* would now
Vouchsafe a *gentle looke* upon its *Son*
Who spies no *consolations glimpse* below:
But ô the *spheares* are not eclips'd alone
By *Phœbus* absence; no another *Night*
Has thrown its Veil upon *Heav'ns* dearer *Light*.

388.

The *Light* which from his *Fathers* pleased eyes
His *whole Soule* us'd to drink, its streams did hide:
With earnest labouring looks, he pleads, and pries,
But is by sad *obscuritie* deny'd.
O blackness, which no Parallel canst know!
To thee all *Ink* is *Milk*, all *Pitch* is *Snow*.

389.

Long did he grapple which this *mighty grief*
In *patient silence*: But his *Soule* at length
Snatching at least the *desolate relisfe*
Of *free complayning*, with the wofull strength
Of his sad tongue, this *out-cry* He did make:
My God, my God, why dost thou me forsake!

390.

Am I not still that *Son* in whom alone
Thou wert *wel-pleas'd*? Is not thy bosome still
The same where once my habitation
I did enjoy? Why dost thou me expell
Who am the *image* of thy blessed *face*,
From the least sight of its all-sweetning grace?

391.

Had every *outcry*, every *groan*, and *shreik*,
With which the air of *Bethlehem* was rent
When *Rachel* saw how all the street did reek
With an unheard of flood of innocent
And infant blood, met in one *ejulation*,
Its fragor had not match'd this *exclamation*.

392.

Never was such a Lamentable *cry*
Wrung from the mouth of *Griefe*: nor ever was
Complaint more unregarded: *Clemencie*
Was deaf, and *Heav'n* as well as *Earth* did pass
By without any Bowels: Never day
Did such a *Sceen of heavines* display.

393.

Sorrow her self amazed at the sight,
Would have repented of her Tyranny:
But *Jesus* meant not to decline the fight,
Who could not *conquer'd* be, though He could *die*.
O no: He hugs his horrors, and although
His *nature* shrinks, his *courage* loves his *woe*.

394.

Thus gallant *Souldiers* in the dreadfull wars
With generous *Pride* their gushing blood behold,
Counting their *glories* onely by their *scars*,
And judging all their dearest limbs well sold,
Yea and their Hearts and Lives, if so they may
Upon their Herses wear *triumphant Bay*.

395.

But now as in the Fornace of his Pain
This *helpless Victor* fries, he cryes, *I thirst*;
For sure He longed to drink up and drain
The *dregs of grief*, that none of the accurs'd
And deadly draught he might behinde him leave
His *mortall Brethren* evermore to grieve.

396.

Yet they unkindly on a Reed present
Him *Vinagre*, who broach'd the *Wine* for them,
The *Wine* of his dear *Blood*; all which He spent
To wash and cheer their hearts. Does he not seem
O salvage *Jews*, without the help of this
Your gift to have enough of *bitternes*?

397.

Is this your thanks to Him who every yeat
Your ſtream of *harveſt-pleaſures* poures on you;
Who to compleat your Banquet, doth prepare
Thoſe ſoveraign dainties which in *Eden* grow;
And who, mean while hath with his bounteous hand
Giv'n you your *milk and honey flowing Land?*

398.

Yet *Jeſus* takes it kindly, *Pſyche*; He
Knew well this knawing draught would beſt befit
The *dying King of greif*, whoſe miſerie
So dear and pretious on his Soule did ſit,
That He their *wine aromatiz'd with Myrrh*
Thought far leſſe pleaſant then this *Vinagre*.

399.

Beſides, that *Poiſon* he remembred well
Which from th' enchanting *apples* ſweets did flow;
By wholſome *Bitternes* he means to heal
Ev's liquoriſh *Luxury*: His Palate now
Doth expiate Hers, and nobly teacheth it
That *apples* fatall relliſh to forget.

400.

And now the *Tragedie* began to draw
To its ſad *end*; for *Jeſus* having by
Immortall patience undergone the *Law*
And *curſe*, and grappled with the monſtrous frie
Of all the Worlds *Tranſgreſſions*: lifts his head
In triumph up, and cryes, *Tis finiſhed.*

401.

O that it were! ſaid *Mary*, who ſtood by;
So ſhould my Soule live ſtill with my dear *Lord.*
If he has found a way how not to die,
Why does ſweet *Jeſus* not make good his Word
By coming down! So ſighed pious ſhe:
But he made haſte to his Cataſtrophe.

402.

For *Juſtice* now had nothing more to ſay,
Since by the *ſtreams* which down the *Croſs* did flow
All her Objections were *waſh'd away*,
And every *Page* of her black *book* did grow
As pure and faire as the fereneſt ſkies
When reſcued from the gloomy clouds diſguiſe.

403.

Wherefore *ſhe* ſtraighe diſmiſs'd her horrid train;
And then withdrew her ſelf. Theſe being gone,
Jeſus look'd up into *his Heav'n* again
And ſaw the *veil* which dwelt till now, upon
His *Fathers face*, remov'd. O bleſsed ſight!
O cheerly morning after heavy night!

404.

He ſaw his everlaſting *Arms* as wide
Stretch'd out, as his were on the *Croſs*; He ſaw
His bleſſed *boſome* ope, which ſeem'd to bid
Him to his neſt of bliſs return, and grow
His *happy ſelf* again; He ſaw his *eye*
Flaming in pittying Loves extremitie.

405.

An everlaſting *Laurell* in his *hand*
He ſaw, deſigned to confute the *ſhame*
Of his own *thorny crown*; He ſaw the grand
Cherubick quire ambitious to proclaim
His *Conqueſts* in their *ſongs*: And at the ſight
Reſolv'd to die, he cryes with all his might:

406.

Father, into thine hands I here commit
My Spirit, which thou woo'ſt to come to thee.
Up flew that *mightie word*, and after it
Out brake his *bleſſed Soule*; for ſtraitway he
Bow'd down his Head, ſubmitting ſweetly to
That *will* he came *by life and death* to doe.

407.

The holy *Temple* heard his dying cry,
And, as it could, its *Clothes* tore; for loe
Its *veil* in ſunder rent, and ſeemed by
That ruptures mouth to ſay, I muſt let goe
My priviledge, and *Jewiſh* rites muſt be
Reſigned unto *Chriſtianitie.*

408.

Earth heard it too, and quaked at the noiſe:
Her rocks did rend, her ſepulchres did ope,
And many ſleeping *Saints* wak'd at the voice,
Ruſsled their duſt together, and gat up.
Natures commotion was ſo great and ſtrange,
That in the *guard* it ſtrait begot a Change.

409.

The bold *Centurion* with the *Earth* did quake,
(So did the *Soldiers* with the *rocks*,) and cry
Surely the World ſlept in a *deep miſtake*
Whilſt it perceiv'd not *Jeſu's* Deitie:
His *Father* now has owned Him, and *He*
Di'd when himſelf was pleas'd in bliſſe to be.

410.

For ſtill his *vitals* in their ſtrength remain'd,
And he had force enough a while to live;
Witneſſe that ſinall Blaſt for which he ſtrain'd
When He that ſtrong and thundering cry did give:
Theſe wretched *theives* we ſee ſtill in their Pain,
Whilſt he in his *own veſt* is gone to reign.

Nay

411.

Nay ev'n on ſalvage and obdurate *Jews*
So far can *guilty Fear* prevail, that now
The danger-ſtricken *People* could not chuſe
But grant their Hearts did feel this *Terrors Blow*,
For though their ſullen *Tongue* would not, their *Fiſt*
Confeſt their *fright* upon their beaten *Breaſt*.

412.

Here, *Pſyche*, whoſe ſoft Heart had come and gone
A thouſand times, as he the *Story* told,
Now yeilded unto *Griefs Dominion*,
And e'r her *Guardian* ſpi'd it, down ſhe roll'd,
Joyning her *Paſſion* to her *Lords*, and trying
To *live with Him*, who di'd for Her, *by dying*.

413.

But *Phylax* by his heav'nly tender Art
Soon cheer'd, and rais'd her up, and told her She
Muſt liſten now unto the other Part
Which of this *Sadneſſe* made a *Comedie*.
She look'd, and ſigh'd, and cri'd, *All Joyes are dead*
When Jeſus dies; and yet, dear Sir, proceed.

414.

Know then, ſaid *He*, this *Paſſion* and *Death*
Hath purchas'd all the Joyes that Heav'n can breed,
And cancell'd every fatal *Bond* of Wrath
Which *Sin* had drawn againſt old *Adams Seed*:
All *Jeſu*'s Wounds are *Gates* by which Man may
Take freely into *Paradiſe* his way.

415.

All ſort of *Pains* and *Shames* and *Sorrows* he
With matchleſſe valour did monopolize;
The ſpightfull Wit of all *Hells Treachery*
He vanquiſhed by being made its Prize;
And yeilding up his meritorious Breath,
Blew down the Power ev'n of *prevailing Death*.

416.

Which when fell *Satan* ſaw, it him repented
Of this great buſ'neſſe he had brought about,
And at his Den in *Paxis* he lamented
His undermin'd Deſigne, when Crying out
Great Pan is dead, he made confeſſion how
He had projected his own Overthrow.

417.

For this was *Pan* indeed, the *God of Sheep*,
Who held his tender *Flock* ſo dear that He
From Wolves and Lyons it ſecure to keep,
Expos'd Himſelfe to all Extremity.
And for the *Fold* found a ſure Rampart out,
When with his *Blood* He moated it about.

418.

But now a *Soldier*, he whoſe onely Heart
Was harder than thoſe *Rocks* which *Griefe* did burſt,
Boldly took on him *Cruelties laſt Part*;
For into *Jeſu*'s ſide his Sphear he thruſt.
Deep in his Heart the Iron div'd, and brought
The finall Stream of *Blood* and *Water* out.

419.

That *Water* which the *Pericardium* bound
About the Heart, that *Blood* which in it dwelt:
Thus all that in thy *Saviour* was found
To feed and feaſt his *Friends*, He freely ſpilt.
The *Pelican* ſo with her deareſt Blood
Diets and fattens up her *dearer Brood*.

420.

This done; the *Sun* unveild his Clouded Eye,
And joyed the *Redeemed World* to ſee:
Forthwith the monſtrous *Shades* away did flie
Unto the bottome of Nights hideous Sea;
That now *Sins Blackneſſe* chaſed was away,
Earth might behold a *double glorious Day*.

421.

But will no *Pitty* on the *Body* look
Which now has born the utmoſt ſpight of ſpight?
Yes; *Arimathean Joſeph* undertook
To pay unto it its *Sepulchral Right*,
And now with loving Loyaltie doth meant
To prove that he had a *Diſciple* been.

422.

A true *Diſciple*, though a Secret one;
Witneſſe his *Fear*, to generous *Courage* grown;
For though his *Maſter* now were dead and gone,
His Faith revives, nor ſhall the *High-prieſts Frown*
Or *Peoples Fury*, fright his Duty from
Yeilding his *Saviour* his *own coſtly Tombe*.

423.

A Man of *honorable Place* was he,
And *Pilate* eaſily grants him his Requeſt;
The *Corps* reſigned is unto his free
Diſpoſall: which he ſtraight-way doth inveſt
With daintieſt Linen, that the Winding Sheet
Might Delicacie learn by Kiſſing it.

424.

Right well he Knew this ſolemn *Paſchal Feaſt*
Forbad him all *Pollution* by the *Dead*:
And yet his pious Love durſt not deſiſt
Till he this votive Task had finiſhed;
Being aſſur'd he could not ſtained be
By handling the *dead Corps of Purity*.

425.

But as He busie was; another Freind
Came in, good *Nicodemus*, who by Night
On *Iesus* whilst He lived did attend,
To gain for his obscured Judgment, Light;
And in his blacker Night of Death doth now
His gratefull Pietie upon Him bestow.

426.

Of pretious aromatick Mixtures He
An hundred Weight doth bring, to sacrifice
Unto this *Bodies* service, so to be
Enobled and enhanced in its price,
The *Odours* smiled as they kiss'd the Skin,
For by that Touch more Sweetnes they did win.

427.

Mean while the *Instruments of Death*, for this
The manner was, were yonder buried;
Where they shall sleep untill a *Queen* shall rise
Out of thy *Albion*, from whose blessed Bed
A *Prince* shall spring, who shall exalt above
His *Roman Eagles* the meek *Christian Dove*.

428.

Their deer Discovery is reserv'd for none
But venerable *Helen*; who, when here
Hot in her passionate Devotion
Her *Saviours* Sufferings She her selfe shall bear,
Transfiguring her *Mideating Heart*
Into each severall *Torture*, *Wound*, and *Smart*.

429.

Those noble *Relicts* shall revealed be
In recompence of her brave Love and Zeal:
There for the *Jewells* She shall Dig, and see
At length, the rude but glorious Spectacle:
The *Crosse*, and every *Nail* She there shall finde,
Which *her Lords Body* pain'd, and *her own Minde*.

430.

Inestimable shall their Worth be held:
One of those *Nailes* to *Constantine* shall seem
Illustrious enough his *Head* to gild,
And sit enthron'd upon his Diademe;
Two in his *Bridle* shall triumph, when He
Rides through the World like *King of Victory*.

431.

The *Fourth* shall tame the *Adriatik Main*,
And naile it fast unto its bottome, so
That on its equall pacified Plain
The unmolested Ships may safely goe:
Then by this *Gem* shall that enriched Sea
More wealthy than the *eastern Ocean* be.

432.

But for the noble *Crosse*; no Toung can tell
The Wonders that shall spring from that drie Tree,
Which hew'd out by *Devotions* Edge, shall fill
The zealous World, and quit that Injury
Which from the fatall *Bough in Eden* spread
Through all the *Feilds* e't sown with *humane Seed*.

433.

Persia shall take it Captive, yet not dare
To look upon its Prisoner; *Pietie*
Shall thence redeem it by a noble War,
And then return it to its *Calvarie*:
When great *Heraclius* his own royall Back
A willing Chariot for it shall make.

434.

But come my *Dear*, here on the Western side
Of this now holy Mountain, Thou mayst see
The pretious *Sepulchre* of Him who di'd
And who was also *Buried* for Thee,
This Rock is it: Come lets into the Cave,
No Temple is more holy than this Grave.

435.

Loe here good *Joseph* did the *Body* lay:
Here lay the blessed *Head* and here the *Feet*?
Hard was the Couche, and yet no Princes may
Compare their Beds with it, which was more sweet
Than *Solomons*, although *Arabia* did
With all her sweetest Sweets goe there to bed.

436.

The *Phœnix* balmie grave could never show
Such soveraign Riches of perfumes, as here
Did from thy blessed *Saviours Body* flow,
Who soon the truer *Phœnix* did appear.
O pretious Place! No *Mausolean Toomb*
Into comparison with this must come.

437.

What are the *Monuments of Kings*, but *fair*
Memorials of their *putid Rottennesse*,
Whilst odious *Worms* and *Dust* inshrined are
In specious *Gold* and *Marble*? But in this
Plain Sepulchre bold *Putrifaction* found
Her Hands were more than the dead *Bodies* bound.

438.

This is that *Oratorie*, *Psyche*, now
Whither the *choisest Soules* resort to pray;
Themselves and their best *Vows* here down they throw,
Here all their Zealous *Pilgrimages* stay,
With their devoutest *Tears* they dew this *Floor*,
And in this *Air* their warmest *Sighs* they poure.

439.

Yet time's at hand, when bold *Idolatrie*
Will venture to prophane this sacred Place,
To turn this *Paradise* into a stie,
And holinesses beauty to deface,
To build *Hels soveraign Monster*, *odious Jove*
Upon this *monument of divinest love*.

440.

But all in vain; for *Christian Eagles* still
Will to the place of the dear *carcase* fly,
And their impatient devotions fill
By feasting on its pretious memory.
Jove, though the most impure of things, is not
So foule, as this *Toombs* puritie to blot.

441.

And here may'st thou, for I thy heats discover,
Sweet *Psyche*, stay and ease thy burning heart;
Thy *Vows* and *Prayers* here thou may'st run over,
And with the pious world take thy free part.
Doe; *riot in thy zeal*; I will attend
And keep the door till thou hast made an end.

442.

Psyche, who scarcely for this cue could wait,
Fell on her face and kiss'd the reveren'd *floor*;
Where her brave flames so melted her, that strait
Her amorous *sighs* and *soule* she forth did pour,
And by the strong embrace of Faith and Love
Seem'd there to hug *Him* who was *high above*.

443.

Through all his *pains*, and all his *wounds* she went,
And on her own heart printed every one:
Her bowels with his wofull *cry* she rent,
And wish'd not *pity* seeing *he* found none:
By bitter thoughts, his *nails*, his *thorns*, his *spear*
She copied out, by *tears* his *Vinagre*.

444.

But comming to his *death*, she fetch'd a sigh
Up from the bottome of her soule, in hope
Her life would have flown in its company,
And made her *passion* too compleatly up;
Striving in meek ambitious love to have
The ready honor of her *Saviours Grave*.

445.

Desire lay boyling in her ardent breast,
With secret groans her *Aspirations* beat,
With restlesse panting she reach'd at that *rest*
To which her *Lord* was flown; and in the heat
Of this contention, she was towr'd so high,
That scarce her Body upon earth did lye.

446.

But when *life* held her on this *dainty Rack*,
In a full Ocean of *Inamorations*
And mighty *Ecstasies* she strove to wrack
Her labouring heart: And yet these perturbations
And strong assaults of loves intestine war,
She by *diviner loves* assistance bare.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.

CANTO XIV.

The Triumph of Love.

ARGUMENT.

LOve, *bindes, in his own* Den *the* King of Hate,
Death *and* Corruption *in the* Grave *ſubdues*,
Turns back the mighty Stream of Mortal Fate,
Himſelfe alive *to his* Diſciples *ſhews*,
In Triumphs bright Exceſſe Aſcends *upon*
A Clowd, and mounts his everlaſting Throne.

1.

Viciſſitude, how doth thy *conſtant Change*
Cheer up the *World*, which elſe would droop &
Thou no *ſtrange Thing* wilt ſuffer to be *ſtrange* (faint!
Whilſt with all Companies Thou doſt acquaint;
For thy *Chamæleons skin* is made to fit
All Sorts of Colours that can meet with it.

2.

When *Heav'ns wiſe Hand* did mould theſe things We
As *Natures* noble *Sport* and *Recreation*, (ſee
It conſtituted thy *Uncertainty*
For ever *certain in its Variation*;
That as *God* knows no *Change*, ſo all Things elſe
Might feel the Motion of *Mutations* Pulſe.

3.

All things at firſt were *Night*; then *Day* burſt forth;
But *Night* ſoon ſtole upon *Dayes* back again,
Yet in the Morning crept behinde the Earth,
And ſuffer'd *Light* her full *twelve Houres* to reign;
Thus have all Ages onely been the *Play*
Of inter woven checker'd *Night* and *Day*.

4.

When peeviſh *Winters* churliſh Breath doth blow
His froazen *Scythia* all about the Earth,
Commanding *Nature* in a Bed of Snow
To lie and ſleep, and let no *Bud* peep forth;
Who would imagine *ſhe* could break again
From the captivity of her *icey Chain*?

5.

Yet when the *Sun* leaps in the lusty *Ram*,
Forthwith the *spring* takes heart, encourag'd by
The neighbourhood of his enlivening flame,
And cloathes the *World* with fresh fertility,
Bidding the troublesome *snow* no more be seen,
And changing *earths white mantle* to a *green*.

6.

Sometimes the *windes* conspire upon the main
To plow the *deeps*, and throw them at the skie,
To let them thunder head-long down again,
And with new wrath return them up as high,
Till all the Sea be on a foaming sweat,
And Rocks, and Ships, and Sailers hearts be split.

7.

Yet when these *Blasts* their fury out have blown,
The *Ocean* becomes a polish'd plain,
Mildly presenting for each *billowie frown*
A *gentle smile*: The *Sicens* play again,
The *Seamen* hoise their sailes, the *Halcyon* lays
Her Egs, and gives her name to *quiet days*.

8.

When the laborious *Plow-man* hath by *day*
Worri'd *himself*, and *Earth*, and water'd it
With his own sweat; cool *night* his head doth lay
Safe on his Bed, and teach him to forget
His toilesome work; whilst soft and gentle *sleep*
Yeilds him a *crop of pleasant dreams* to reap.

9.

When tedious *sicknes* by her rampant fits
Has in the Body her sad revels kept;
Health takes her happy cue, and cheerly sets
Her self to work, nor stops till she has swept
The *veins* and *Stomack*, and with lively fire
Cheer'd up the *Spirits* which began to tire.

10.

Though *Grief* sometimes, conspiring with the Night,
Disconsolations on an heart doth throw;
Yet *Comfort* dawning with the morning light
Smootheth the sullen furrows of the brow,
And with its *virgin beams of sweetnes* dryes
The briny moisture of the clouded eyes.

11.

But no *vicissitude*, in sweetnes may
Compare with that which cures the worst of gall;
Whose beams can chase the *shades of death* away
And kindle *comforts* in a *Funerall*;
Which to a sepulchre can say, *stand ope*,
And let thy Prisner into Life get up.

12.

Indeed some glimpses of this blessed *Change*
Had glanced on the World before; yet they
Were but faint shaddows of the bright and strange
Mutation which did shine on *Easter-day*;
For they effected were by *borrowed Might*,
This dawn'd and rose by none but its *own light*.

13.

Jesus alone was *He*, in whose brave Hand
Dwelt that *authentick Power* which knew how
To give his *Mortal Fate* a Countremand;
To force his stout *Grave to repent*; to throw
Aside his *winding Sheet*, and cleerly turn
His own *Deaths Night* into a *living Morn*.

14.

And now the *reverend Place* did prompt him too
The *glorious Story*, *Phylax* means to paint
Its severall Wonders unto *Psyche*, who
Under her holy *Passion* strove to faint.
He takes her up, and sweetly cries, *My Dear*,
Lifes Monument, as well as *Deaths*, is here.

15.

And *tis the same*; this very *grave* doth now
With open mouth proclaim *the death of Death*;
Come sit thee down, and I will tell thee how
By his own *loss* thy vanish'd *Saviour* hath
Victorious prov'd, and reap'd such Palms as yet
No other Conquerer could ever get.

16.

When in this *Cabinet* good *Joseph* had
The precious *Jewell* laid; a massie stone
Unto the Monuments mouth he roll'd, and made
It safe from *injuries* invasion,
Being still suspitious of the *tyranny*
Of the *High-priests*, which *with death could not die*

17.

It could not die; and was resolv'd that *He*
Should neither *live*, nor *seem to live again*,
Whom their flagitious *importunitie*
Had by faint-hearted *Pilates* sentence slain.
To Him they come afresh, and, fawning, cry,
Long live great Cæsar and his Deputy,

18.

Sir, in our *Gods*, and in our *Countries* name
Full thanks We tender for that Justice you
Have done on *Jesus*, blotting out that shame
Which on our Temple His foule Mouth did throw:
Nor will you want ev'n *Cæsars* praise, since he
Reigns by your *care* from dangerous *tumults* free.

For

19.

For what might this ſtout *Conjurer* have done
If He had Veng'ance ſcap'd, and lived ſtill?
Who by the *Magick of his Death alone*
Jeruſalem doth with *amazement* fill:
How many *Fondlings* ſtroke their Breaſts, and cried
Sure He's the *Son of God*, ev'n *when He dyed!*

20.

There's Danger therefore, leaſt this *Serpents blood*
Rankle the Aire, and taint our *credulous Nation*;
Eſpecialy ſince he himſelfe thought good
To pave the Way to ſome ſuch Perturbation,
Telling his *Scholars* he to them again
Would *riſe the third Day after he was ſlain.*

21.

Now *Sir*, if ſheltered by theeviſh Night
They from his Grave ſhould ſteal Him, and proclaim
That *He is Riſen by his heav'nly Might*,
What *Danger* might attend on ſuch a *Fame*!
How would the *ſeeming Miracle* entiſe
Seditious *Multitudes* with *Him* to *Riſe!*

22.

Then would the *Miſchiefe* ſwell to greater Height,
Then if the *Traytor* were *indeed alive*:
Againſt the power of that new *Deceit*
Alas both *You* and *We* in vain ſhould ſtrive;
For how ſhall We attache Him who is dead,
And yet into *new Lifes opinion* fled!

23.

Say what we could, the *mutinous Rabble* ſtill
By the *Graves open Mouth* would ſeal up *ours*,
Provoking Us unto that *Miracle*
By which They'l count'nance their *Rebellious Pow'rs*;
And with *outragious Falſehood* beat Us down,
Crying, They ſerve *Him who to Heav'n is flown.*

24.

Pilate, whoſe Conſcience griped Him for what
He had already done, no more would trade
In that uncomfortable Buſ'neſſe; but
Them of their ſpightfull Project Maſters made.
Ye have a *Watch*; Goe make all ſure, ſaid He,
And ſatisfie your *politick Jealouſie.*

25.

This was enough: Away goe They, in haſte
To make God ſure for ever ſtirring more:
Annas and *Caiaphas* both their *Seals* ſet faſt
Upon the Stone which dammed up the Door;
Charging a *double Guard*, appointed well
With Swords and Spears, to wait on either *Seal.*

26.

Fools as they are, their Plots and Counſells be
But onely wiſe conſpiracies to make
The *Reſurrections glorious Myſtery*
With more unanſwerable Luſter break.
Forth in their Faces, ſince their *Guard* and *Seal*
Shall now *bear witneſſe to the Miracle.*

27.

So when the envie-blinded *Median Peers*
Had got great *Daniel* in the *ſealed Den*
Of hungry Death; their *Jealouſies* and *Fears*
They confidently laid aſleep: but when
The Day awak'd, they found their fell Deſigne
Prov'd his Deliverance the more Divine.

28.

Mean while the ſacred *Corps* lay ſleeping here;
And jolly *Death* triumphed in the Grave,
Preſuming that no *Man* her force could bear
Since ſhe the *deadly Wound* to *Jeſus* gave:
He was her *only feared Champion*, and
Loe now ſhe ſaw him conquer'd by her Hand.

29.

Long had ſhe vex'd and pin'd remembring how
Brave *Enoch* and *Elias* reſcued were
From her Monarchik Cruelty: but now
That feebler Pair ſhe is content to ſpare,
And gluts her bloody Heart with Joy to ſee
This Trophe of moſt *matchleſſe Victory.*

30.

She never took ſuch *proud Delight* to ſet
Her foot on *Alexanders* Toomb, or ſee
The *Sons of Anak* all in Aſhes meet,
Or *Joſua's Duſt* with his own *Grave* agree,
Or *ſteely Samſon* turn to *rotten Clay*,
Or vaſt *Goliah mouldering away.*

31.

She kiſs'd her *bloody Dart*, and vow'd to build
An Arc of triumph to its Victory;
With high Diſdain ſhe *all the World* beheld,
Which now had no pretence but it muſt *Die*;
Since *Lifes own Champion* became her prey
And tame, and cold, and dead before her lay.

32.

There lay his *Body*; but his *Soule* mean time
Triumphed more than *ſhe*; for down into
The *Kingdome of the hidden World*, the *Clime*
Of *unſuſpecting Darkneſſe*, it did goe,
And took the *Powers of Hell* all napping in
The ſecret Cloyſters of their gloomy Den.

33.

Hells *Gates* of ſturdy Braſſe *He* flung in ſunder,
Shaking the bottome of the *monſtrous Deep*;
The *Porter* frighted at the *Ruines* thunder
Into the Gulfe to hide his Head did leap:
But *equal Horror* there he met, for all
The *Pit* was ſtartled when the *Gates* did fall.

34.

So when the mighty *Son of Manoah*, who
Preſumed was the Cities Priſner, tore
The Gates of *Gaza*, to make way unto
His conquering March; the *Peoples* dreadfull *Roar*
Anſwer'd the *Pillars* boiſtrous *Crack*, whilſt all
Thought their own Roofs about their Ears did fall.

35.

Imperial Luſtre ſtreaming from the face
Of *Jeſus*, in the eyes of hideous *Night*,
Upon the ſwarthy Flames of that foule Place
Pour'd ſuch an *Ocean of immortal Fright*,
That into every hole they crept aſide,
Seeking their *everlaſting Shame* to hide.

36.

About the hollow Bowells of the Cave
An *univerſal Groan* it ſelfe did ſpread;
Whoſe Echo ſuch an hideous Anſwer gave,
That *all Hell* gaſping ſeem'd on its *Deaths-bed*;
Straight followed ſuch *Yellings*, *Shreiks*, and *Cries*,
As truly ſpake *Damnations Miſeries*.

37.

Imagine what the *blear-ey'd Sons of Night*,
Ravens, *Scritchowls*, *Bats*, and ſuch foule things would (doe
If they ſurpriſed were by *High-noon Light*
In their black Neſts: ô whether ſhould they goe
When their *illuſtrious Enemy* doth reach
The very entrails of their *cloſeſt Pitch!*

38.

Incomparably more the *Horror* was
Which ſhot it ſelfe quite through the *Heart of Hell*;
For theſe *commanding Rayes* did freely paſſe
Through the black Maſſe of every Obſtacle
With ſuch ſtout Brightneſſe, that amidſt the ſtore
Of *never-dying Fires*, it kindled *more*.

39.

The *Lakes of Sulphure* boiled with new Heat,
And every *Pang* and *Torment* hotter grew;
Diſpair afreſh at every Boſome beat,
Upon the next *Fiends* face each *Fury* flew,
And every *Devill* ſcratch'd and tore his *Brother*,
Wreaking their Madneſſe upon one another.

40.

The *Snakes* their Hiſſes and their Poyſon ſpit,
And in a thouſand Knots ti'd, and unti'd
Their woefull ſelves again; The *Gorgons* ſplit,
Their monſtrous Throats with raving; and the wide
And fiery-mouthed *Dragons* howling loud,
Whole torrents of their flaming venome ſpewd.

41.

The *Peers of Hell* curs'd their unhappy *King*
Whoſe *Pride* did to this *Torment* them betray:
They hop'd the *Light of Heav'n* would never ſpring
In their *black Clime*, to poure on them *Diſmay*;
But now they ſaw 't in *Jeſu's Eyes*, it more
Vex'd them than when they fell from it before.

42.

Their belking boſomes heaved high, and fain
They would have belched out that *working Load*
Of Blaſphemy which held their Soules in pain;
But mighty *Terror* ſtopp'd the ſulphury road
Of their foule Throats, and forc'd their ready *Sin*
Onely to ſplit their hearts, and *rage within*.

43.

Black *Avarice*, with foule-mouth'd *Calumnie*,
And deſperate *Treachery*, who their Heads had laid
Together in that *fell Conſpiracy*
By which *Lifes King* was unto *Death betray'd*,
With *ſelf-condemning Horror* quak'd to finde
Their *Miſchiefs* all againſt *Themſelves* combin'd.

44.

Although *Confuſion* alwayes reigned here,
It never ſate ſo high upon its Throne
As now, nor ſuch Monarchik ſway did bear
In all the *Deep*, whoſe ſtrange Diſtraction
Outvi'd the *Diſcords* of that monſtrous *Maſſe*
Which the *rude hideous Wombe of All Things* was.

45.

But the *Red Dragon*, red in innocent Blood,
Great *Belzebub*, was more confounded than
All *Hell* beſides: for well he underſtood
That now he deeplier conquer'd was, than when
Down from the *Pinnacle of Heav'n* he fell
Into the *Center* and the *ſink of Hell*.

46.

That Jeſus, for whoſe *Blood* ſo long agoe
A hunting unto *Bethlehem* he went
With *Herods pack of Hounds*; *that Jeſus* who,
When in the *Deſert* all his Craft he bent
To *cheat Him into Sin*, did contremine
With nobler Wiſdome his profound Deſigne.

That

47.

That *Iesus* whom He by the *Wit of Scorn*
Through *Iews* blasphemous Mouths had vilified;
Whom He by *Treacherie* had Pris'ner born
Unto his Mortall Enemies Barr, and tried
By the impetuous *lawlesse Law of Cries*,
Of *Threats*, broad *Tumults*, broader Calumnies.

48.

Whom by the service of his *Hell-hounds* He
Had *spit upon*, had *scourg'd*, had *buffeted*;
Whom through all *Infamies Extremitie*
He to this *Mountain of his Death* had led;
Whom on the *Tree of Shame and Pain* He *nayl'd*,
And then with further *Blasphemies* assail'd.

49.

Whom of his *blood* he plundered, and at last
Of his dear *life*; Whom having murder'd thus,
He in his *Sepulchre* gat *sealed fast*,
And cleerly then was thought victorious;
This very Jesu's Soule He seeth now
Marching with triumph in his Realm below.

50.

He sees his deep-lai'd *Plots* and *Projects* prove
But engines of their *Masters overthrow*;
He sees against himself he onely strove
When unto *Christ* he gave the *mortall blow*;
That *death* by which he hop'd to have suppresst
The *Lord of Life*, now *lives* in his own breast.

51.

He sees the *Cross*, in a full *Banner* spred,
And shining with imperiall gallantrie;
That pretious *blood* with which he made it red,
Gilds, and adorns it now with Majestie;
He sees it streaming in the swarthy aire,
And at its *awfull motion*, melts for fear.

52.

He sees the dreadfull *thorns*, and feels them prick
His guilty Soule; He sees the *nails*, and thinks
That deep in his rebellious Heart they stick;
He winds about his wofull taile, He shrinks,
He starts, he findes that *something more than Hell*
Did now in his tormented bosome dwell.

53.

Three times He clapt his *Pride* upon the back,
And cheer'd his *everlasting stomack* up;
But strait his swelling Heart-strings gan to crack,
And fail'd the courage of his *insolent hope*:
Three times his *Furie* strove to chide his *fear*,
And yet this *terror* still did domineer.

54.

But *Jesus* marching on in conquering might
Pitch'd his *brave foot* upon the *Monsters head*:
All *thunders thoats* did never yet affright
The Aire with such a *Roar* as bellowed
From *Satans mouth*, when crushed by the load
Of that strong *foot*, he *yeelded to his God*.

55.

For as the *surly Lyon* wounded by
Some noble *Hero's* might, in his *own den*,
Rends all the cave with his impatient cry,
And makes his frighted neighbours further run;
So *Belzebubs* loud *shreik* tore all his *deep*,
And forc'd the *Elves* into their holes to creep.

56.

Had the whole world been heav'd upon his Head,
And thousands more upon the back of this;
A tolerable burden it had made:
But all the *weight of weight*, *meer lightnes* is
To this inestimable *load* which now
Lay full and sure upon his *squeased brow*.

57.

His *squeased Brow*; for both his *Horns* were broke;
So was his *Scull*, from whence a Stream did burst
Of *ranker Poisons* than did ever look
Forth untill now; a Stream of all accurst
Designes, of *Blasphemie*, of *Rage*, of *Pride*,
And every *Qualitie of Hells King beside*.

58.

Thus did the *first* and *noblest promise* prove
Compleatly good; thus did the *womans seed*
The *seed* of blessed *Mary*, get above
The wiley *Serpents* most envenomed *head*;
And *bruise* it with full vengeance for that spight
With which he us'd the *heel of Man* to bite.

59.

This done: *learn now*, the mighty *victor* cri'd,
That as *above*, so *I am King below*.
What you have gained by your *spight* and *pride*,
Your own *Elves* now may read upon your *Brow*;
Deep-grav'd the *lesson* is; and yet I know
Not deep enough to mend or *them*, or *you*.

60.

For deeper printed is your desperate *spight*
On your obdurate hearts; and though by me
Their *head* you might be warned not to fight
Against my *members*, yet were you left free
To your own *rage*, you all your *Plots* would joyn
To broach and quaff *their blood*, as you did *mine*.

With

61.

With that, an *adamantine Chain* about
The *Dragons* neck the *Conqueror* did throw;
A *Chain*, which, though the *Monster's* Teeth be stout
As hardest Steel, yet He in vain doth knaw:
Henceforth He lies fast pris'ner, and can rove
Onely where *Jesus* gives Him leave to move,

62.

Judas, who neer this place did frying lie,
With unconceived anguish gnash'd his Teeth,
Being tormented at his *Master's Eye*
Whom He so wretchedly had *sold to Death*.
He *sold* his *Master*; but the *Bargain* on
Himself return'd, and *He did die alone*.

63.

He look'd the *next Stepp* on *his* woefull *Head*
With equal pressure surely fix'd should be;
His Head, which next to crushed *Satans* did
Deserve *preheminence in Miserie*.
Yet the *kind Conquerour* meant not Him to burn
Ev'n with his Eye, but it away did turn.

64.

Him He reserved to his *other Day*
Of Triumph, when both *Caiaphas*, and He,
And all that cruel *Rout* which made their Prey
Of his most *innocent Humilitie*, (*Thorns*,
Shall *looke on Him whom they have pierc'd* with
And *Whips*, and *Spears*, and *Blasphemies*, and *Scorns*.

65.

Yet He an universal *Prospect* took
With princely *Awfulness* about the *Deep*;
The radiant *Dint* of which triumphant *Look*
Scorch'd all the *feinds*, and *fires*, which there did keep
With greater torment, than when *He* at first
Thorough their brazen Gates did thither burst.

66.

What glimpse of *Hopes* can cheer the *Whelps* when
Have seen the *Father Lyon* trampled down? (They
Alas, the *head* of every *Devill* lay
Bruised in *Satans*; and they count their own,
No longer so, since He could not maintain
With all his *Wit* and *Policy*, his own *Brain*.

67.

But whilst themselves They with this *Horror* slew,
Jesus did for *another Foe* prepare;
In royall State He marched back, and flew
To a new Conquest in his *Sepulchre*;
Where shivering and couching close lay *Death*,
Astonish'd at the dismal *noise beneath*.

68.

She heard the ruine of the *Brazen Door*,
She heard the *yelling* of each frighted *feind*,
She heard oppressed *Satans* soveraign *Roar*,
And felt a sudden fatal *Terror* rend
Her late triumphant Heart, which sufferd by
Its *sympathie* with *Hells Calamity*.

69.

Arrived heer, *this Monster He* descri'd
With more than *deadly Paleness* in her face,
Striving her guilty Head in vain to hide
From the dread *Brightness* which surpriz'd the place;
For now none of her wonted loved *Shade*
To muffle up her gastly Self she had.

70.

Such streams of *living Light* from *JESU'S* eys
Broke forth, as with more splendor stuff'd the *Tomb*
Than dwells in *Phœbus* globe; *Death* scalded flies
About the Cave, and hunts to finde some room
Where she may scape that *parching Lustres ire*
Whose business seem'd to *light her funeral Fire*.

71.

When loe thy *Spouse* his *foot* already red
With *Hells best Blood*, upon her Bosome set,
And cri'd, *foule Monster*, whom I never did,
Create, but *Pride* and *Insolence* beget,
'Tis time thou feel that yet I have to doe
With Thee,, both Mine and all my Subjects *foe*.

72.

Thy hideous most accursed *Mother Sinne*
Due *Veng'ance* from this *righteous Hand* has felt,
And thou Her *Bratt*, in vain dost nestle in
This gloomy Rock, in hopes to hide thy Guilt:
The whole Worlds *Graves* which by thy Tyrannie
Alone are fill'd, proclaime *one due to thee*.

73.

Ev'n from thy Birth, *Destruction* was thy Trade,
And thou didst traffik the whole Earth about;
All *Generations* thy prize were made,
And yet thy Stomach still new Booties sought,
Hell, which I plumm'd but now, less bottomless
Than that strange Gulfe of thy *lank belly* is.

74.

The stoutest *Kings* no favour found with *Thee*,
But at thy stouter feet Thou mad'st them bow;
Thy shameless *Worms* thou gav'st authoritie
On *Prince's* noble Breasts to crawle and knaw;
Saucie *Corruption* thou command'st to tread
And trample upon every *lawreat Head*,

My

75.

My dearest *Saints* Thou mingled'st with thy prey,
And deep into their graves didst trample them:
Had I not with mine own hand snatch'd away
That *Pair* which I too pretious did esteem
To be devour'd by thee, *Elias* now,
And *Enoch* had in dust been trodden low.

76.

By this thine uncontrolled cruelties
Thou to the *top of insolence* didst rise,
And ventured'st to throw thy *Dart at me*,
That *Dart* which in my slaughtred *body* lyes.
And if *I* die, shalt thou exempted be?
Forbid it all my might and Majestie.

77.

At this the *Monster* fetch'd an hideous groan,
So great that all the *dying eryes* which she
Throughout the world had caused, seem'd none
Huge ejulation moulded up to be;
All *deadly Agonies* that ever were,
With just requitall bounded now on her.

78.

But *Jesus* strait broke every *fatal chain*
In which she us'd her *conquerd Prey* to tie:
And now the *Fates* themselves seem'd to complain
That their *grand Law* ground under injury;
That Law which *Heav'n* it self enacted, and
Bid it in *Paradises records* stand.

79.

Their *breeding murmur* reached *Jesu's* ear,
(*For nothing scap'd him which he pleas'd to know,*)
When lo, *he* looking up, such poteut *fear*
Flew on all them, as bow'd their Heads as low
As they were high before; for strait they saw
His royall will, and knew their *soveraign Law.*

80.

Then, as *Death* groaning lay, He drew the *dart*
From his own *Bodies* side, and to the head
With *mighty vengeance* stuck it in her heart.
The wound, though deep, made not the Weapon red,
For all the Gore that at its mouth it spew'd
Black as foule *Styx's inkie puddle* shew'd.

81.

Thrice did the *Monster* gaipe; and then let flie
Her cursed *Ghost*, which stole its way to hell:
Her *carcase* stretch'd out on the ground did lie,
Her chap fell down, her tongue it which did dwell,
All poisons stings, hung dangling out; Thus *she*
Who reigo'd o'r mortals, felt Mortalitie.

82.

But the *brave Conquerer* thus having slain
Her once, by *killing her*, resolved now
To *slay her* by *restoring* her again
To her accursed *life*; for from below
He beckned her pale *Ghost*, and bid it dwell
At *home* again, as in a *fouler Hell.*

83.

And now, said *he*, since thou hast felt my *might*,
Remember my *command*, and *live again*;
Henceforth, thou with thy sting no more shalt fight,
Nor on thy Prisners clap a *slavish chain*;
Yet use thy *dart*; for 'tis my *royall will*
Though I *forbid thy rage, to let thee Kill.*

84.

Thou who before, the *tyrant* wert, shalt now
The *servant* to my *mortal Brethren* be,
And ope the gate by which from Life below
Their *Soules* shall flie to live and reign with me;
But see their *bodies* in their quiet sleep
Untill I call for them, thou *safely* keep,

85.

This *double Conquest* gain'd; He look'd aside
And sneaking in a Corner of the *Toomb*
Corruption, with her *Worms* about her, spi'd,
Who crawl'd and wrought withall their might to come
And seize upon the *Body*; but as yet
Could not finde strength enough to reach to it.

86.

He spi'd them there, and charg'd them to be gone;
At which *great word* they into *nothing* fled,
With that his *sacred body* he put on
As easily as he some *Cloak* had spread
Upon his shoulders, or his finger put
Into an *Annulet* exactly fit.

87.

Thus hast thou seen a tryed *fencer* from
His bloody *Scene of prowess*, with the prize
His virtue purchased, returning home
There to enjoy his glorious victories;
But first he *cloaths* his arms, and breast, and back,
Whose *naked valour* scorn'd the *combats shock.*

88.

His heart with life and joy strait gan to leap,
His veins with new-recovered blood grew hot,
His blessed eyes threw off their *tyrannous sleep*
And their long leaden *nights of Rest* forgot,
Afresh the *Roses* budded in his *lip*;
New *smiles* and *graces* in his *cheeks* did trip.

89.

Off fell the *Napkin*, and the *Winding Sheet*,
Not daring to conceal the *Beauties* which
In a strange Confluence of Glory met
All Parts of his *pure Body* to enrich,
Which, *fairer than the Sons of Men* before,
Out-shined now its *former Graces* store.

90.

For passing through the *Seirce of Death*, it there
Lost all the *grossnes* of *Mortality*,
And riseth more illustrious and cleer
Than silver *Venus* in the Evening Skye:
What was but *course* and *animal* till now,
Doth most *refined*, and *Spiritual* grow.

91.

It doth no longer like a *Prison* sit
Obscure and *lumpish* on the soule, but is
Made light and pliant, and compleatly fit
For her, and for her *nimblest* Busnesses:
And as our ready *Wings* doe every where
Move with our, *Wills* so *that* can doe with Her.

92.

For *He* who our brave *Sprightfulnes* could make
Of dull and sleepy *Nothing*, easily may
Teach *heavy Flesh* and *Blood* how to awake
Into *Angelik Pureneese*, and array
It round with full *as fair a robe of light*
As makes the *Cherubs* or the *Seraphs* bright.

93.

But now the *promis'd Time* was come, and He
As early as the *third Day* ment to *Rise*:
Remarried to his *Body* instantlie
Out of his *Toomb* He leaps; not in the guise
Of *boistrous Lightning* which doth rend the Clouds,
But that which through *unbroken Bodies* crowds.

94.

Oft hast Thou seen the sprightfull *Image* flie
Compleatly through a *Chrystall Wall*, which yet
Unbruis'd, uncrack'd it leaveth: So did thy
Much purer Lord through the stout Marble get;
For still it kept the *Tombes Mouth* close, and still
Was trusty to the *Priests* unmoved *Seal*.

95.

Thus *Psyche*, e'r the dull *World* was awake
Life Rose for it, and *Deaths* strong Gates set ope,
That it aforehand might a Passage make
Unto all *mortal Ashes* to get up:
His *Members Risen* are in *Him* their *Head*,
Though yet in Death they never went *to Bed*.

96.

His *Resurrection* a sure *Ernest* is
Of theirs who ever dyed, or can die:
He buried was onely the Grave to dresse,
To purge, to sweeten, and to Sanctifie:
That in that safe retiring Room his *Freinds*
May take their *Rest*, untill *for Them He sends*.

97.

Indeed all *Joyes* seemd to be *slain* when He
Compleating Bitternesses Tragedy,
Fetchd his last gasp upon the *fatal Tree*:
But this deer Morning they reviv'd, and by
His *rising Body* so refined were,
That *They* like *it*, *Spiritual* appear.

98.

No wonder *this sweet Day* doth sit so high
In *pious Soules* esteem, and bear away
The reverend glory and solemnity
Of the old consecrated *Sabboth Day*:
No wonder that upon the *first Daies* head
The *Sev'nths* fair diadem is established.

99.

Tis true, on *That*, when *God* six daies had wrought
Fetching from *Nothing* Whatsoe'r We see,
And *All this All* unto perfection brought;
He stay'd his Hand, and order'd it to be
To *sacred Jollitie* a constant *Feast*,
That *all Things* else might *play*, when *He did rest*.

100.

But on *this Day*, his *Rest* was far more great;
For all his life full hard He laboured had,
He *wept*, He *struggled*, and his *blood He Sweat*,
His *strength*, his *life*, He spent, on *Death* He Trod;
And trampled *Hell*; and now *Rose up again*
In matchlesse *triumph* evermore to reign.

101.

O noble Sabboth! may all Glories swell
Each houre and minute of thy *sacred light*:
May *Pieties* best *Exultations* dwell
In thee alone: and curs'd be the *spight*
Of any *Heresie* which e'r shall dare
Thy *festivall Prerogative* to impair.

102.

The other *Sabboth* was a Shade of *Thee*;
And Thou the Copie art of that which shall
Amidst the Triumphs of Immensitie
Be all *Heav'ns* everlasting *Festivall*;
A *Feast* which shall no higher Title know
Than the *Lords Day*, and *this brave Day art Thou*.

But

103.

But zealous *Magdalene* could not rest in Bed:
O no; her *Soule* was here *seald* in the *Tombe*,
And though the *Sabbaths Law* did her forbid
Untill it selfe expired were, to come
And seek it here; yet now she could not stay
To be conducted by the *mornings Ray*.

104.

She, and another love-enflamed *Friend*
Borrow'd *Speeds Wings*, and having purchas'd store
Of pretious Ointment and of Spice, to spend
Upon the sacred *Corps*, set forth before
The *Sun* gat out of bed; but as they came
Neer to the *Tombe*, *He* peeped forth on Them.

105.

He peeped forth, and little thought that *Day*
Was up before, and had prevented *Him*.
This Day was Jesus his, and scornd to stay
And be beholden to the *tardie beam*
Of glaring *Phœbus*, since it of its own
Glories had ample store its head to crown.

106.

So had the *Corps of Sweets*, had it lain still;
But this was gone: Yet shall religious *They*
Finde something which will their Devotion fill
With Satisfaction, and in full repay
Their *Odours Price*; for in the *Tombe* they see
An *Angel* sitting in bright Majesty.

107.

This was that noble *Spirit* who in haste
Flew down from Heav'n, just as thy *Lord* gat up,
And whose prest bus'nes was, away to cast
That mighty stone which did the *Tombs* Mouth stop,
That these religious *Visitants* might there
See how their *Saviours Words* performed were.

108.

And gallantly his blessed Work he did,
For at his *mighty coming Earth* did quake;
The *Seal* was startled, and in peeces fled;
The trembling *Stone* was ready too to break,
And had in shivers fallen, had not he
Roll'd it aside, and bid it quiet be.

109.

When loe the *Watch* which at the *Sepulchre*
Guarded the *High-priests Sin* with Swords and Spears,
Forthwith beyond their *own protection* were,
Being arrested by prodigious *Fears*;
The *Hills Commotion* reached to their *Hearts*,
Which with the *Seal* split in a thousand parts.

110.

But chiefly at the *Angels Presence* They
Were seiz'd with their intolerable *Fright*:
His shining Roabs were glorious as the Day,
And partners with the driven Snow in white;
For 'twas his *Easter Suit*, the *Suit* he had
To honor this *bright Feast* on purpose made.

111.

And yet the Lustre which kept Holiday
Rejoycing in his delicate attire,
Could not such wealthy *floods of rays* display
As streamed from his *aspects fairer fire*,
For in the Majesty of his *sweet face*
A *spring of living lightning* bubling was.

112.

In this celestiall bravery his *throne*
He took upon the *stone* he rolled thence,
Whence his illustrious *terror* he upon
The eyes of all the Soldiers did dispense;
At whose bright dint forthwith each man *let fall*
His *sword*, and tumbled down *himself* withall.

113.

They tumbled down, and where they tumbled, lay;
For though they gladly would have farther fled,
Alas they had no Power to run away,
Pallid *Amazement* naild them there for dead.
Thus they who came to *guard* thy *Saviours Tombe*,
Into capacity of *their own* were come.

114.

When the *two Maries* spi'd this *Stranger* there,
And all the *Watch* before Him *slain with Dread*,
They in their *Passion* began to share;
And had not *Innocence* its Protection spred
Over their hearts, this *Apparition* had
An equal Conquest on their Spirits made.

115.

But when the *Angel* saw them drawing neer,
He sweetly intercepted further *Fright*:
You have, said he, no portion in this *fear*
Which on this *Watch of Wickednesse* doth light:
I know your *errand* well, (and here he smil'd
And all his face with *gentler lustre fill'd*.)

116.

You likewise Come to *Watch the Corps*, but yet
To *Pray withall*: You *Jesus* come to finde,
Although his *Crosse* and *Shame* themselves do set
Full in your way to daunt your pious Minde;
You bravely Come, although a *Guard* stood here,
Your *Spices* and *Devotions* to prefer.

117.

You in courageous forgetfulnes
Of your *faint feeble sex*, Come to attend
Upon *his body* who forsaken is
By his own *Masculine Scholars*; I commend
Your *early valiant zeal*; although it be
Arrived here too late your *Hopes* to see.

118.

For *Jesus* earlier was up than you,
And unto slaughter'd *death* bequeath'd his *Tombe*:
His *royall Word* long since He pass'd you know,
And this *prefixed morning* being come,
Impossible it was that longer He
In *Deaths cold region* should frozen bee.

119.

Doubt not this *news* I tell; Come in, and let
Your eyes convince your hearts; His empty bed
You see, with all the Cloaths and Sheets of it;
This Bed from whence He nobly flourished
Into new life: a cold dead bed; but He
You know sprung first from *dry virginitie*.

120.

The *Angels* Words the holy *Women* read
Plain in the *Grave*, and in the *Grave-cloaths*; yet
So deeply were their Soules astonished
At this *assault of wonders*, which beset
Their *unprovided thoughts*, that they surmise
Some pleasing *error* flattered their eyes.

121.

Which He perceiving, sweetly chode their *doubt*,
Their *jealous faintnes*, and *dejected eyes*;
Demanding why they in *Deaths Closet* sought
For *Him* who thence to *open life did rise*?
He cheers them then, and tels them they shall be
The *Angels* of this *news*, as well as He.

122.

Make haste said he to the *Disciples*, who
As jealous of this busines are as *you*;
Bid them be cheerly and to *Galile* goe,
Where unto them their *Lord* himself will show:
And, gentle *Soules*, you to forestall their *doubt*,
May tell them *you from me this message brought*.

123.

Out went the pious *Women* in a sweet
Distraction of loving *feare* and *joy*;
The glorious *Miracle* did *feare* beget,
The blessed *news*, new *comfort* did display.
With *doubtfull certainty* they trembling ran,
And told their *sight* to *Peter*, and to *John*.

124.

Deer Sirs, they cry'd, ô what, what shall we doe!
The onely *Relict* of our *Hope* is gone;
But where our *Lords* sweet *body* is, or who
Hath born it from the *tombe*, God knows alone:
We with these eyes the *empty Grave* beheld,
Which us with terrible *amazement fill'd*.

125.

Indeed an *Angell*, if our *fancie* did
Not cheat our *ears*, *joy* to our *sorrow* spake,
And told us that our *Saviour* from his Bed
Of death was *rise*, commanding us to make
You with the *news* acquainted: But whate'r
The matter is, our hearts still beat with *fear*.

126.

He bad us charge *you* and your *Brethren* all
To meet in *Galile*; For there, said he
Their *risen Masters apparition* shall
Requite th' attendance of their Pietie.
O that it might be so! though he had set
Ev'n the *Worlds furthest end* for you to meet.

127.

So spake the *Women*; but the *standers by*,
Shak'd their wise heads at the *unlikely news*:
And, see, said they, the wilde *credulitie*
Of *female hearts*, whom *fancy* doth abuse!
How *fine a storie* they can forge and fashion
Of no materials, but *imagination*!

128.

And yet for all this censure; wiser *John*
Fir'd at the *news*, thought not of *Galile*,
But in *Loves loyall disobedience* ran
Hither, the present *Miracle* to see.
The *same spur* prick'd on *Peter* too, and He
Stoutly set forward in his company.

126.

Unto their *Prey* no *Eagles* e'r did post
With heartier Speed; ne'r did *Ambition* make
To *Crowns* and *Scepters* more impatient hast;
No *Spark* to *Heav'n* its course did ever take
With braver Zeal; than this *religious Pair*
Flew to observe the *empty Sepulchre*.

56.

But *John*, in whose soft Breast more flames did reign,
More flames of *Youth*, and more of gallant *Love*,
His *fellow-traveller* did soon out-strein,
And gat before: In vain old *Peter* strove;
For though his *Tongue* were alwaies forward, yet
John had the *quicker Heart*, *and nimbler Feet*.

131.

He first came to the *Tombe*: but stricken there
With awfull *reverence*, onely sent his Eye
Into the bottome of the Cavern, where
The *Resurrections Relicts* He did spie,
The linen *Clothes*, which had the grace to kisse
The sacred *Body of all Sweetnesses*.

132.

But panting *Peter* there arrived, 'in
The *wonted boldnesse* of his fervid *Zeal*,
Entred the *Cave*: Which pattern straight did win
So much on *John*, that to the Spectacle
He follow'd Him, and with joint Wonder, there
Gaz'd and examined the *Sepulchre*.

133.

He gaz'd, and cleerly found his *Eye* told true:
This rous'd his *Faith*, and made Her likewise ope
Her Eyes the blessed *Mystery* to view:
She look'd, and plainly saw *Her Lord was up*;
And needed now no *Angels Tongue* to seal
To Her the Truth of that grand *Miracle*.

134.

These two *Disciples* having seen their fill,
To feed upon the *Wonder*, home return'd:
But *Magdalene*, who had thither follow'd, still
Stay'd by the *Tomb* to quench her Heart which burn'd
With *Griefs impatient Loue*: The Springs which
In both her Eys, she Bravely broach'd & wept. (kept

135.

She weep'd, and pittied her *prevented Spice*,
Which now breath'd short, and panting lay, to see
It came too late to be a Sacrifice
Unto the *Lord of Sweets*: She weep'd that she
Her *Tears Drink-offring* could present no more
On his *Feets blessed Altar*, as before.

136.

Had she the plenitude of whatsoe'r
Th' idolatrous World adores, she still would be
Poorer than *Poverty* it selfe, whilst here
She nothing findeth but *Vacuity*;
The *empty Tombe* with open Mouth, alas,
Tells her her onely *Gem* removed was.

137.

Removed, and quite lost, for ought she knew:
And how can *Mary live without her Life*!
Such lamentable Mourning never slew
The *Turtles Joies* in her disconsolate strife
Of *Love* and *Grief*, when her dear *Mate* is lost;
As this sad *Storme of Weeping*, *Mary* tost.

138.

Thus having *Weep'd* for what she *saw*; again
She look'd to read *fresh cause* of further Tears:
But in the *Tombe* she spi'd new Splendor reign,
Two Angells ready to out-shine her *Fears*,
And drie her Cheeks with *Comfort*, there did sit,
One at the Monuments *Head*, one at the *Feet*.

139.

In *festival Array* they gorgeous were;
Being clothed in *Joies Colour*, *milkie White*:
Woman, said They, what reason finde you here
To *cloud* your brows in this fair *Sceen of Light*?
Alas, cri'd she, what *Light* mine Eyes can cheer,
Seeing my *Lord* is laid I know not where?

140.

Her Eyes here gush'd a fresh, and back she turn'd
To give their crowding Streams full Liberty;
But *Jesus* Heart, which melted, as she mourn'd,
And answered ever Tear by Sympathy,
Could not endure her *gentle Soule* to see
Suspended longer in this *Agonie*.

141.

For back unto his *Sepulchre* he stepp'd,
That his dear *Weepers loyal Eyes* might see
Their earned *Spectacle*: And, *Why she wept*,
Was his soft Question; but blubber'd *she*
Blinded with *Grief*, could not discover Who
It was examin'd her about her *Woe*.

142.

She took Him for the *Gardner* of the place,
And meekly pray'd him if he had Removed
The *Body* thence, to tell her where it was,
That she might goe and wait on her *Beloved*:
And 'twas the *Gardner*, who did *plant and dresse*
The World in goodly Braveries excesse.

143.

The *Gardner* who betimes a *Weeding* fell,
Ev'n in the virgin Spring of his Creation;
Those rank encroaching *Weeds* which on *Heav'ns Hill*
Aspir'd to over-grow the *new Plantation*,
Up by the *roots* he pluck'd in righteous ire
And threw them thence into *eternal Fire*.

144.

The Gardner who at length deign'd to come down
Unto his *Nurserie* in Earths Valley, where
All *Tares* and *Poisnous Herbs* that *Sin* had sown
He rooted up; and out of matchlesse care
To make the *Soil* be fertile, every *Bed*
With his own pretious *Blood* he watered.

145.

The Gardnr who contented was to let
The *Thorns* upon his Temples rather ſtand,
Than they ſhould vex the *Grafts* which he had ſet
In his own *Body* by his tender hand.
The Gardner who indeed had born away
What in the *Tombe* untill this morning lay.

146.

But pittying *Magdalens* gloomy ſorrow, He
Whoſe ſingle potent *Word* all Clouds can clear,
In *Loves* milde tone, the onely *muſick* ſhe
Could be delighted with, *ſaluted her*:
Yet his *ſalute* was neere as *ſhort* as *ſweet*,
For onely by her *name* He Her did greet.

147.

Mary, in *Maries ear* no ſooner ſounded
From *Jeſu's lips*, but to her *breaſt* it flew,
And with incomparable joy rebounded
Upon her wakened *heart*: She ſtraitway knew
The bleſſed *voice* in her own *Name*, for *this*
With ſweet ſignificance did echo *his*.

148.

She knew 'twas *Jeſus*; and her heart muſt now
Have ſplit with ſwelling triumph had not ſhe
Unlock'd it ſtrait, and let it freely flow
In a full *torrent of high Pietie*. (thought,
Her *Life*, her *Love*, her *Heav'n*, when leaſt ſhee
Were *all at once* to her fruition brought.

149.

Surely *a Breaſt ſo ſoft as hers*, had by
This *ſudden onſet of all joyes* been broke,
Had not her *Lord* with his own Potency
Aſſiſted Her to beare the mighty ſtroak.
Maſter, ſhe cry'd; but then could not go on;
Her *ecſtaſie* her *other words* out-ran.

150.

Down flat ſhe fell, and aimed at thoſe *feet*
Which pious ſhe before did *oint* and *kiſs*.
No Haſte, dear *Mary*, *Jeſus* cry'd; for yet
At ample diſtance my *Aſcention* is;
But go and tell my *Brethren* I intend
Unto our common *Father* to *aſcend*.

151.

At this *injunction Marie* needs muſt goe,
Who on the *Angels errand* went before:
And yet her loyall *Heart* could not doe ſo,
But ſtill *behinde* did linger, to adore
Her *loſt-found Lord*; whom that ſhe ne're again
Might looſe, Her *Soule* ſhe to *his feet* did chain.

152.

This *Meſſage* ſtartled the *Diſciples*; but
The *hubbub* of the City mov'd them more;
For by the *Watch-men* now the *news* had got
Into the Town, and knock'd at every door:
The *High-prieſts* wakened at the ſummons call
A *Common Council*, and to *Plotting* fall.

153.

Their Heads they beat, and boulted every way
How they their now endanger'd *fame* might ſave,
How they might damp the *Reſurrections day*,
And ſtop the open *mouth of Jeſu's Grave*.
Long did they think, but could no trick contrive
How he who *lived* might *not ſeem to live*.

154.

For *Belzebub* who us'd to have his Place
In all their Councils, *tardy* came that day;
His new-received *wound*, and deep *diſgrace*
Upon his vanquiſh'd heart with terror lay:
Yet ſeeing them ſo *forwards*, lothe he was
The *Prieſts* in his *own trade* ſhould him ſurpaſs,

155.

He rais'd his head, and wiped off the gore,
Three times he ſighed, and three times he ſhook
His broken horns; and at the laſt, he ſwore
By his own *might* and *realm*, that though the ſtroak
Took him at unawars, yet *Jeſus* had
How e'r he *brav'd it out*, no *Conqueſt* made.

156.

And, had *he* been, ſaid he, a *generous foe*,
He would have *pitch'd the day*, and *pitch'd the field*,
With *trumpets ſound* he would have march'd unto
The fight, and not his ſlie deſigne *conceal'd*;
He would have called *Heav'n* and *Earth* to be
Spectators of his noble Chevalrie.

157.

But having told his *fellow-thief*, that he
Would meet him ſtrait in *Paradiſe*; by night
He hither ſtole, and by baſe *Burglarie*
Broke ope my doors: though we with *open might*
In our *brave battell* gave him *fairer play*,
Marching full in the *face of Heav'n and Day*.

158.

Then finding that his *chain* would reach unto
Jeruſalem; Go all my *fiends*, he cry'd,
You by this *token* ſuddenly ſhall know
How vain is all that *Galileans pride*;
The fooliſh *Carpenter* forgot his trade
When he this *chain* to binde great *Satan* made.

Thus

159.

This *wretched Chain*: which yet shall serve to be
The Instrument of my Revenge, for I
Will back to *Salem*, where my *Victory*
Attends my *Coming*; Never credite my
Cunning or Power, if I these Fetters lay
Not on his *Subjects*, and draw home my Prey.

160.

His gooly Doctrine 'tis that they must take
His *Yoke* upon their Necks; and for this once
I care not if I take the pains to make
Them learn their *Lesson*; that they may from hence
Be well informed, whether I, or He
Who said his *Yoke was light*, *most Lyar be*.

161.

Hell cheered by its *Kings* fresh courage, peep'd
Forth from its timorous holes, and took new Heart:
When He, to make good his bold Boasting, leap'd
Up from his Denn, and through the Earth did dart:
But at his heels, besides his *Tails long Train*,
He drew the longer Volumes of his *Chain*.

162.

Then cloth'd in unsuspitious Air, into
The *Sanhedrim* he comes and takes his Seat
Next to the plotting *High-Priests* elbow; who
Strait felt his Brains with politike counsil beat.
He little knew his *Prompter* was so neer,
Nor heard Him when He whisper'd in his Eare,

163.

So well He lik'd the *Plot* he had conceiv'd,
That looking cheerly up, *Grave Sirs* said He,
Think not that this *Impostor* has bereav'd
Us of all *Counsil*, but give ear to me;
And if my Project fails, say *Caiaphas*
Lels Power in Policie than *Jesus* has.

164.

Are *We the Men*, and these our *Brains*, which have
So tosd *Him* up and down; first to his *Cross*,
Then *out of Life*, and then *into his Grave*?
And should our wisdome now be at a Loss?
Or should ignoble *Nazaret* able seem
Ev'n to out-vie our learn'd *Jerusalem*?

165.

Full strange I grant, the *Soldiers Story* is,
As in their staring Eyes, and startled hair
Your Selves too evidently read: But this
Doth onely for our *Policie* prepare
More noble matter, such as may befit
The reverend *Sanhedrims profoundest Wit*.

166.

Indeed I hitherto beleeved that
Magicians Power with themselves had di'd;
But since this one Example tells Me what
I never head from all the World beside;
We must resolve e'r it too rank be grown
This *Conjuration* to *conjure down*.

167.

I tell you *Sirs*, should We no medicine finde
To salve this soar, the *Romans* would deride
That violent zeal in which we all combin'd
To get this *Galilean crucifi'd*;
And *Pilate* would triumph in earnest that
His *hands* he washed from this *bloody Blot*.

168.

Nay our own *Bandogs* too, the *wid-mouth'd Crew*
Whose shimelesse *bawling* brought about our *plot*,
May turn their boistrous throats at us, who drew
Them to that Rage: sure they will ne'r be got
To serve us with *another roar*, unless
We can maintain that they *did well* in this.

169.

My finall Counsell therefore is, that We
By *Monies virtue* trie what may be done:
Believe it, *Mony's of that Potencie*
That no miraculous operation
Can counterveile it: You remember what
Poor *thirtie silver peeces* for us got.

170.

And if that *silly summ* so wrought upon
His own *Disciples* heart, judge you what may
By twise, or thrise as much, or more, be done
Upon this *mercenary guard*, since they
Have no Relation nor no Reason why
They should be tender to *maintain a lie*.

171.

I say *A Lie*; and if that scruple you,
Remember 'tis the way in which We went,
When Witness we suborn'd to overthrow
Him whom our selves knew to be *Innocent*,
Our *Purpose* then aim'd to *assert our Law*;
And therefore good it was, and may be now.

172.

To you I speak who in our *Sacred Writ*
Well versed are: You know what *Abraham* did,
And *Isaac* too when *Need* required it,
In *Gerar*'s Court; what *David* when He fled
To *Nob* and *Gath*: and if such *Saints* may Lye,
Who dares that *Priviledge* to Us deny.

Fear

173.

Fear not, sage *Brethren*, *God* himselfe allows
This *Dispensation*; for otherwise
He in requital had not built an House
To shelter the *Egyptian Midwives Lies*.
Indeed to th' *People* we preach *Truth*; for why,
Dull Soules, they know not *when 'tis fit to Lie*.

174.

Since then the *Soldiers Mouthes* no lesse are ope
Than *Jesu's Grave*, the surest Course will be
With that *thick Clay* call'd *Money*, them to stop,
This is the onely *Bung* and *Seal* which we
Can clap upon them: and you need not doubt
That *Truth* will ever through this *damm* burst out.

175.

Wee'l bid them *say*, and, if need urge them, *swear*,
That whilst they with long Watching fell asleep
His bold *Disciples* who in ambush were,
Favour'd by Night, unto the *Tombe* did creep,
And taking thence their *Masters Corps* by theft,
His *winding Clothes* in craft behind them left.

176.

Our *promise* likewise they shall have, that we
The business with the *Governor* fair will make,
And from his wrath give them Security.
It is but equity, that we should take
Some pains in *Forgery* so to defend
Those who doe with their *Lies* our *Cause* befriend.

177.

When thus their *lying Oracle* had spoke,
His Counsel highly pleas'd, and every one
Into applause and acclamation broke
In glad presumption that the *Feat was done*:
In were the *Soldiers* call'd again, and told
What they must doe; & forthwith shew'd the *Gold*.

178.

As when the *Fouler* hath some *Mirrour* set
Whose gaudy lustre playes about the Aire,
The silly *Birds* regard lesse of the Net,
Are suddenly inamor'd of that fair
But fataly insidious Bait, and flie
With chirping joy to their *Captivitie*:

179.

So by the *Golds* enchanting Splendor they
So ravish'd were, that straight they undertake
Their cursed Task; and having had their Pay,
Into the Streets with *full-mouth'd Lies* they break,
Railing, and *banning* the *Disciples* for
Stealing their *Master* from his *Sepulchre*.

180.

'Twas not a quarter of an houre, that we
Borrow'd to ease our heavy eyes; and yet
So dextrous were they in their *Theevery*,
They catch'd that very cue to compasse it:
Let All, they cri'd, who long compleat to be
In *Theeving*, goe to Schole in *Galilee*.

181.

The *credulous Vulgar*, without more adoe,
Snatch'd up this *News*, and spread it all abroad:
And from that day this *Lie* did current goe
Amongst the *Jews*, who though unto their *God*
The *God of Truth*, they would no *Credit* give,
These *hired lyars* readily *beleeve*.

182.

But as the timorous *Disciples* now
Themselves had in a private Lodging hid,
Their loving *Master* was resolv'd to show
How tenderly he them remembered:
In *Galile* he promis'd to appear,
But he cannot their Joy *so long* defer.

183.

An *holy Pair* he with his Company
Had at *Emmaus* entertain'd to day;
Where as he brake the *Bread* in peeces, he
Tore from their clouded eyes the veil away;
And with like favour now he hastes, to cheer
His sad and thoughtfull *Friends* assembled here.

184.

This very Ev'n the Doors being made as fast
As *locks*, and *barrs*, and *fear*, could make them be;
He whose *pure Body* through his *Tombe* had past'd,
Enter'd the *House* with like facility.
They slander'd were *abroad* for *stealing Him*,
But now he seem'd to *steal at home on Them*.

185.

Yet, as excessive unexpected *Bliss*
Doth swallow up *Belief* in *Ravishment*:
So the *Disciples* all amaz'd at this
Strange *Apparition*, mutualy bent
Their frighted eyes, and held their hands on high,
Confounded in a silent ecstasie.

186.

But he, the *King of Comfort*, op'd his sweet
And gratious Lips, and *Peace be to you*, said:
Though I in love prevent my *Promise*, yet
You have no reason *Friends*, to be afraid;
Loe *it is I your Lord*; observe these wide
Tokens both in my *Hands*, and in my *Side*.

Imagin

187.

Imagin not that you some *Spirit* see,
These *Wonthes* proclaim as much as I profess:
You know a *Spirit* cannot wounded be,
Nor wear such Marks of *humane Passivenesse*:
Come handle Me, and be assured well
If not of what you *see*, of what you *feel*.

188.

This sweet Assurance was so full and cleer,
That it exceeded their Capacity;
Who by its Torrent over-whelmed were,
And thrown into *admiring Joies soft Sea*:
Thus those who gaze on *Phœbus*, cannot see
Him, for his *too much visibility*.

189.

So strange a Thing is *Joy* if unawares
It be surprised by *Fruition*, that
In fond ambiguous Jealousie it *barrs*
Out what it does *possesse*; and aiming at
Some proofs of what is absolutely clear,
Transfigureth it self from *Joy* to *Fear*.

190.

But *Jesus* their amazement to allay,
Grows more *familiar*, and calls for *Meat*:
A *Fish* and *Honey-combe* before him they
Present, and friendly he vouchsafes to eat:
Though *Paradise* its Sweets for him prepar'd,
He this *plain Diet* with his *Friends* preferr'd.

191.

Then in *kinde Anger* he to *Chiding* fell
That they so long their *Faith* suspended, though
He of his *Resurrections Miracle*
Had by eye-witnesse sent them Proof enough:
He *Chode*; but with such *sweet and dainty Art*,
That every *Wound* he made, was with *Loves Dart*.

192.

This done; his *Peace* to them again he gave;
That *Peace* he purchas'd, when he trampled down
Hell into Hell, and *Death into the Grave*;
When he appeas'd his mighty *Fathers Frown*;
When *Heav'n* and *Earth*, at *enmity* before,
To blessed *Amitie* he did restore.

193.

Then breathing on them with that noble *Breath*
Which first inspir'd *Life* into *Humane Heart*;
The dearest Gift, that he, that ever hath
To Man been given, I to you impart;
It is the *holy Spirit of Heav'n*, which now
With blessed heat shall in your Bosomes glow.

194.

Henceforth, whose *Sins* soever you *remit*,
By this *great Patent*, I my Selfe *Forgive*;
And whom you *Binde* to the infernal Pit,
Shall from your *Sentence* purchase no *Reprieve*.
As Me my *Father* sent, so send I you,
To by my potent *Deputies* below.

195.

This said: into *Invisibility*
Himselfe he shut, and so from them withdrew:
When They, who now no longer him could see,
On *Joies* and *Loves*, and *Faiths Wings*, after flew;
Pouring ten thousand Blessings on his *Name*,
Who with such *Solace* to their *Sorrows* came.

196.

But *Thomas*, who this while had absent been,
Returning now; They met him at the Door,
Shouting and telling him what they had seen;
Each Circumstance they shew'd him o'r and o'r,
Their *Lords* great *Promises* they did repeat,
And how he shew'd his *Wounds*, and how he *eat*.

197.

Thomas amaz'd at their Relation, stood
Silent a while, uncertain what to say,
Or how he should repulse that swelling Flood
Of most *unanimous Confidence*, which they
Stream'd forth upon his *Incredulity*:
At last he stamp'd, and cri'd, *It cannot be*.

198.

I grant that *Fancy* may doe much, and you
Perhaps imagin all is true you say
But there's no reason my *Belief* should bow
To your *Imaginations*: You may
By probabilities perswade Me far;
But no such thing can I discover here.

199.

I am not so much *wiser* now at *night*
Than I was *in the Morn*, as to admit
What then to your own judgement seem'd so slight,
That you, as well as I, rejected it:
Why must it now prove in you, which We
In *Magdalene* so *fantastick* took to be?

200.

When with *these Eyes those Wounds* I have descri'd,
And put my *finger* where the *Nails* went through;
When I have thrust my *Hand* into his *Side*,
And felt that no Imposture there does grow;
I of your minde may be: But mean time give
Me leave not *at a venture to Beleeve*.

201.

(Thus *Heav'n* in Wisdome and in Love, thought fit
To let thick Clouds of Doubt objected be
Before the *Resurrections Truth*, that it
Might fairer break from that Obscurity,
And pierce all *faithlesse Hearts obdurate Stone*
As it the *Marble of the Tombe* had done.)

202.

Resolv'd in this imprudent Prudence, he
Eight Dayes continued; when their *Lord* again
The doors being bolted close, as formerly,
To his *Disciples* did his Presence deign;
Whose sprightfull Comming though it startled them,
Lesse strange and doubtfull than at first did seem.

203.

But *Thomas*, unto whom the Sight was new,
Afflicted stood with *quaking Joy and Fear*:
His *Masters* blessed Looks he plainly knew,
And yet his Fancies something dubious were:
He blush'd, and then grew pale, and blush'd again,
And to *crosse Passions* gave *at once* the rein.

204.

When *Jesus* saw him tortur'd on this Rack,
With gratious gentlenesse, *Come neer*, he said,
And thirst own Satisfaction freely take;
Loe here my *Wounds* before thine *Eyes* display'd,
Come *pierce thou them again*; 'twill be lesse grief,
Than to be wounded by thine *Unbelief*.

205.

This Condescent so conquer'd *Thomas*'s heart,
That with compleat Assurance, on his knees
He falls, and cries, *My God and Lord Thou art*;
Not onely by these *wide-mouth'd Witnesses*
I finde thee so to be, but also by
The heav'nly *Sweetnesse* of thy *Lenity*.

206.

I finde that thou eight dayes agoe wert here,
When foolish I so faithlesly was Wise;
Thou heardst how obstinately I did dare
The pregnant Witnesse of my *Fellows* eyes;
Thou heardst what *bold Conditions* I set,
Before my *Faith* their *Story* would admit.

207.

O I beleeve, dear *Lord*, and ready am
If need require, such *Wounds* as those to bear
In spreading forth the glories of thy *Name*
To any Nations, whether far or near.
Pardon my *tardy Faith*; it doth suffice
That I have *felt those Tokens with mine eyes*.

208.

Jesus repli'd: Thou build'st thy *Faith* upon
Thine *eyes*, (and happy 'tis that thou dost so:)
But in how full a Stream shall Blessings run
Into their soft and pliant Bosomes, who
Ne'r saw these deep-writ Characters, and yet
Unto the Credit of their Truth *submit*!

209.

Here *Jesus* stepp'd into his *Secrisie*
And vanish'd from their wondering sight; but yet
He sundry times returned to their eye
As his divinely-wisest selfe thought fit:
Famous his presence was on *Tabor*, where
He to five hundred did at once appear:

210.

Yet not *transfigur'd*, as before; for now
His proper Shape was radiant Majesty:
For from all *Mortal Drosse* refin'd, you know
Out of his *Tombe* he sprang, no more to be
By any Cloud bedimm'd, nor had he need (spread
That Heav'n should ope its Mouth his Wor[illegible]

211.

This was that *solemn Apparition* he
On *Easter Morn* by *Mary* promised,
That the appointed Sceen might ready be
With plenty of *Spectators* furnished:
And so it was, for his *Disciples* thither
Had gather'd all their trusty *Friends* together.

212.

When loe their *Hopes* they met upon the *Mount*;
And more than their *Ambition* too; for now
Jesus set ope his Lips, and let the Fount,
The blessed Fount of potent Sweetnesse flow;
Which in the Chanel of these Words upon
The Heads and Hearts of his *Disciples* ran.

213.

The *Nerves* and *Sinews* of all *Power* and *Might*
Which spread through *Heav'n* and *Earth* so far and wide
Here in this single *Hand* of mine unite,
And to my *royal Will* alone are ti'd;
By virtue of which Soveraignty I
Commit to you *compleat Authority*.

214.

Goe take your *Charge*; whose Limits here I make
Coequall with the Worlds; My *Gospel* preach
To every *living Soule*, for whose dear sake
I on the bitter *Crosse* my self did stretch.
That in as large a *Circle* as the *Sun*
The more illustrious *Beams of Grace* may run.

He

215.

He who despiseth your *great News*, and *You*,
Shall doe it at his own *Soules price*, for he
Shall finde his flaming Punishment below
In *Desperations Eternity*:
But he who to *your faith his own* doth give,
As *long*'s that other *Dying* is, shall *live*.

216.

Nor shall his *Glory* onely *future* be;
Miraculous Power shall on him attend,
Upon the stoutest boldest *Devills* he
Shall invocate my *Name*, and make them bend;
From mortal Bosomes he shall them expell,
And force them howling home unto their Hell.

217.

Babels Confusion shall not him confound,
But every *Language* on his Tongue shall dwell,
That He my *Gospel* freely may resound,
And *every Ear* with its *Salvation* fill;
I who did it create, as easily can
With *Words*, as *Meat*, supply the *Mouth of Man*.

218.

In vain shall Scorpions bite him, and in vain
Shall Adders sting him; by my power he
Over all Serpents shall as surely gain
As over *Hells foule Dragon*, victory;
For those *mysterious stings* I did endure
Shall from their dint and danger Him secure.

219.

In vain shall *Poyson* steal into his Cup,
And thence into his Bowells slide; for he
Although he should drink all *Thessalia* up;
Or *Sodoms Lake*, shall not invenomed be:
That *Cup* which on my *Crosse* I drank, shall make
Wholsome to him *all Draughts* that he can take.

220.

More *Virtue* than in Trees and Plants doth grow;
Much more than *Balsame*, in his hand shall dwell;
Those whom incurable Diseases throw
Upon their desperate Bedds, shall straight grow well
If *touch'd* by *Him* whose *faith on Me* relies;
The *grand Physitian of all Maladies*.

221.

But his *Initiation* must be
By being washed in the potent Name
Of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, that he
May know at whose sole Honor he must aime,
Remembring he by *Baptism* unto none
Was consecrated, but the *Triple-One*.

222.

So spake the mighty *Lord*: and then again
With-drew himselfe, that they might *feed* upon
These heav'nly Privileges he did deign
To earth, by faithfull *Meditation*:
He knew his *Presence* was right *dear*, and yet
He by *Withdrawing more* endeared it.

223.

But now the signal *Time* was come, when *He*
Who cheer'd the *Earth* for *forty dayes* with his
Bright *Apparitions*, meant that *Heav'n* should be
Embellish'd with his glorious *Accesse*,
That he might, as Himselfe he *raised* hither,
So also reach his *Resurrection* thither.

224.

His dear *Companions* now again he met,
(So dear, that loth he seem'd with them to part,)
And walking Them along to *Olivet*,
Spun out the Time by *Loves discursive art*:
But on the Mountains Top arrived, he
Began in *Tone* and *Aspect* chang'd to be.

225.

Stir not, said he, from *Salem*, but attend
The *Fathers Promise* you have heard of Me;
It was a *Baptism* which doth far transcend
Johns poor and frigid Institution; *He*
Baptiz'd with *Water*, but your Baptism shall
In *Heav'ns sweet Spirit of Fire* immerge you all.

226.

Erected at this solemn *Item*, they
No lesse than *Crowns* and *Sceptres* fancied:
Yet still their Thoughts *below the Promise* lay,
Hankring in Earths dull sphear, for nothing did
They reach, but what too worthlesse was for *Him*
Their great *Ascendent Lord* to leave to them.

227.

We know, said they, that *Israels Crown* is due
Unto thine onely Head, most fit for it:
Is this the Time dear *Lord*, that thou wilt shew
And make thy *Title* good? Shall we now sit
On our inferior Thrones before thy Feet,
And to the *Tribes of Israel* Judgement meet?

228.

Thus when wise *Parents* a long journey take;
They to their shiftlesse *Babes* their *Blessings* leave,
And for their Maintenance due Provision make:
But the *fond-hearted Children* fall to crave
Some silly *trifeling Boon*, or *babie Toy*,
Fooles delight, and *Wantonnesses* Joy.

229.

Jesus, who at his Parting could not Chide,
This secular Grossenes of their Thoughts pass'd by,
And with all delicate Gentlenes repli'd,
Those Times and Seasons which enshrined lie
In Gods own Cabinet, too *mystick* be
For you to dive into their privacie.

230.

Yet though this *Mystery* you may not know,
Ten thousand others you shall clearly see,
When the eternall *Spirits* Power shall flow
Down on your Heads: Your Glory then shall be
To goe as *Heralds*, and my royall *Name*
Through every Quarter of *my World* proclaim.

231.

Hast Thou not seen the glittering *Spark Ascend*
With *natural Lightnes* to its proper Sphear?
So glorious *Jesus*, having made an end
Of all his sweet and blessed Busines here,
Upon the Wings of his own *Puritie*
Lifted himselfe up to his *Native Skie*.

232.

They started at the sight, and with their Eyes
And Heads, and Hands, all elevated high,
Labour'd to trace his Path, and to arise
After their *towring Master*, who did flie
Away with all their *Hearts*: when loe a *Cloud*
Betweene their *Ecstasie* and *Him* did crowd.

233.

It crowded on apace, for fear to misse
That honour which would make it fairer be,
And dress'd with more *celestial Statelinesse*;
Than the brisk *Forehead of Serenitie*:
So fast it crowded, that the tired *Winde*
Which would have born it, puffing came behinde.

234.

All other *Clouds* which its Prerogative saw,
Grew black with Greif, and melted into Tears:
When loe the *Welkin* clears her dainty brow,
And smiling *Day* with open eyes prepares
Her *Admiration* to gaze upon
The Motion of a fairer sweeter *Sun*.

235.

This happy *Cloud* her delicate shoulders bent
And meekly stooped to her *Makers Feet*;
Her pliant Volumes gather'd close, and went
Into the fashion of a Princely Seat,
That in a seemly Chariot *Jesus* might
Unto his Throne take his *Triumphant Flight*.

236.

The golden *Couch*, studded with *eastern Gemms*,
And burnished with *living Fire*, wherein
Great *Phœbus* in his brightest glory swimms
Through heavens high Chanell, never yet could winne,
Such credit as this noble *Chariot*, which
Gods own enshrined Beauties beer, inrich.

237.

At the shrill whistle of each busie *Winde*
All other *Clouds* in this inferior skie.
Are faine to runne about: But this doth finde
An undisturbed passage fair and high,
And strait to Heav'ns illustrious Roof doth haste
Without the helping Wheels of any Blast.

238.

Earth was in debt unto those *Clouds*, till now,
Which op'd *Heav'ns Pantrie*, and raind *Manna* down;
But this, full Payment doth to *Heav'n* allow,
Whilst to the *Angels* it bears home their own
Diviner Bread, and by restoring more
Than Earth receiv'd, doth *nobly quit the Score*.

239.

That *Israel-conducting Cloud* which through
The tedious Wildernesse of old did take
So patient a *Pilgrimage*, must bow
Its famous head to *This*: That did but make
Way to the *earthly Canaan*, but this
Unto the *Heav'nly* the brave *Convoy* is.

240.

As *Jesus* thus soard through the Aire, he saw
The *Treasuries* of every kinde of *Weither*,
Of *fair*, of *foule*, of *Rain*, of *Hail*, of *Snow*,
Which did their homage unto *Him* as thither
His *Coach* arriv'd: He bad Them *gently fall*
Upon his Earth, and then He *bless'd* them all.

241.

So did He too that sweet and loyall *Quire*
Of Larks, which with applauding Songs and Wings
In delicate attendance did aspire
After his *mounting Train*: Goe gentle Things
Said He, and rest your weary pinions, I
My other *Choristers* approaching spie.

242.

Loe, at the Word, the *Winged Legions*, who
Flutter about the everlasting Sphear,
And on the great *Creators* busines goe
Throughout the World; appeared hovering there:
Great was their number; and their *Glory* great,
If they with *Jesus Lustre* had not met.

Before

243.

Before his *Feet* their gracefull Heads they bow,
Preſs'd down with ſweet *Extremities of Joy*
That they without a *Veils* Aſſiſtance now
On his dear Eyes may look, which till to day
Lay hid to them in *too much light*; but heer
Dreſſed in *Humane Mitigation* were.

244.

For though ſome of *our Quire* had long before
Enjoy'd the bleſſed Priviledge to ſee
His *theanthropick face*, though All did poure
Their high *Applauſe* on his *Nativity*;
This was the time when Heavns *whole Hoſte* to fair
And *plenall view of Him* advanced were.

245.

A dainty and long-ſtudied *Song* They had
Compos'd, and tuned to a gentle Key;
But this exceſſive Sight of Sweetneſs made
Their *Acclamations* correſpondent be;
Their Wings and Hands aloud they clapp'd, and rent
With louder *Paans* all the *Element*.

246.

But ſeing then his bright *Retinue*, who
About Him ſhin'd like his *reflected Raies*;
They to their *new Acquaintance* ſmiling goe,
And in their faces read their *Soveraigns Praiſe*;
For *Gratitude* had deep imprinted there
Their glorious *Redemptions Character*.

247.

Theſe were thoſe holy *Soules*, who long had layn
On the ſoft Pillows of great *Abrahams breaſt*,
Looking and longing when their *Lord*, would deign
To bring them to his *ſweeter nobler Reſt*;
To chaſe their *Miſts* and *Shades* with his own Ray
And turn their *doubtfull Dawn* to *High-noon Day*.

248.

Great *Abrahain* himſelfe was there with them,
And ſhined with a *choiſe* and *leading Grace*;
The *Patriarchs*, and *Prophets* next to Him,
Each in their proper Dignitie and Place;
Then every *pious Man*, *and Woman*, who
Ventur'd in his *hard Steps* on earth to goe.

249.

Their *Charges* many *Guardian Angells* ſaw,
And highly triumph'd to behold them there.
So, when the Ship which long hath labour'd through
The Seas proud Wrath, unto the haven draws neer,
The *Pilots Eye* and *Heart* with *Joy* are fill'd
No leſs than with the *Wind* the *Sails* are ſwell'd.

250.

But all the *Quire*, beheld the bleſt *Supply*
Of their own *Companies*, which robbed were
Of no ſmall Part of their *Fraternitie*
When ſullen *Pride* upon Heav'ns face made warr,
And many *Empyraan Tapers* fell
From their *fair Day*, into the *Night of Hell*.

251.

But ô what Torrents of divine Delight
Through theſe *Saints Boſomes* ran with full Carreer,
To ſee how neer of kin unto the bright
And new *apparent King of Heav'n* they were;
They envy not the *Angels* radiant Dreſſes,
Nor wiſh their *ſilver Wings*, or *golden Treſſets*.

252.

And that their Triumph might be ſweetned by
Harmonious Joy, before the *Maſculine Troop*
David did with his learned Fingers flie
About his *Harp*, and beat thoſe Accents up
Which with her Timbrel *Miriam* before
The *Female Squadrons* did to him reſtore.

253.

But *Jeſus* now to his officious *Cloud*
Diſmiſſion gave; ambitious of whoſe Place
A Knot of gallant *Seraphs* came and bow'd
Their youthfull Shoulders, that their *Lord* might paſſe
To Heav'n upon the *beſt of Heav'n*, and be
Drawn to his Palace in *due Majeſty*.

254.

Then *Michael* taking up the Standard, which
With the *Heart-blood* of *Death* and *Hell* was red,
And *charged* with the glorious *Croſſe*, did ſtretch
It towards Heav'n, and forward fluttered:
In this *Array* the *Triumph* marched on,
Abaſhing *Day*, and dazzelling the *Sun*.

255.

Thus He who lately that *Proceſſion* went
Where *Spight*, and *Shame*, and *Scorn* did Him attend,
When He through *Salems* Streets was kick'd and rent,
And through a *thouſand Deaths* led to *his End*,
Is now required by a *March*, whoſe *Glorie*
Gilds the *Diſgraces* of his *Paſſions Storie*.

256.

As to the Confines of the Sphears they drew;
David his *Harp* and *Throat* did ſtrein full high
That ancient *Song of Glory* to renew
Which He had in Prophetik ecſtaſie
Tun'd to a ſpecial and illuſtrious Lay,
And ſung aforehand to *this noble Day*.

257.

Bright and eternall *gates of heav'n*, *lift up*
Your cheerly *Heads* and know your *Holiday*;
As mine is now, so let your mouths be ope
To entertain our universall *joy*:
It is the *King of glory*, who doth come,
That, and the *sweeter heav'n* now to bring *home*.

258.

It is the *King of War* whose matchlesse strength
Hath trode down our and your fell *enemy*;
Read but his *Banner*, where are writ at length
The *rubie tokens* of his *victory*;
Ope, ope, as wide's your Heav'n can give you leave,
And *Him much greater than all it*, receive.

259.

The *Chrystall doors* no sooner heard the song,
But in obedience, they echoed it;
Their everlasting *bars* aside they flung,
And their resplendent *Portals* open set;
Strait through the mighty gap a *flood of gold*
Soft as the *locks of Phœbus*, downward roll'd.

260.

With that, the *Musick of the spheares* burst out;
High were the *streins*, and delicate the *layes*;
And though a while sweet *Davids fingers* fought,
His mortall strings to them He could not raise;
My harp must yeeld, He cry'd, but yet my *heart*
Shall in your loftiest accents *bear her part*.

261.

Indeed those *aires* are so refin'd, and high,
Onely the *Hearts spirituall strings* can stretch
To the full compasse of their Harmony;
To whose *pure chords*, those *Compositions* which
You with the *Name of Musick* honor heer,
Are onely *learned gratings of the ear*.

262.

Thus to the silver Orbs they came: When loe
The *Stars* all trip'd about, and danc'd for joy;
And as the Triumph through the sphear did go,
Phœbus unto his *Lord* resign'd the *day*;
His *brighter Lord*, from whose *originall beams*
He takes his *light*, as all the *stars* from him.

263.

But yet these beauteous *stages* onely were
The fairely paved *way* and *stayrs* which led
Unto that fairer larger Palace where
Dwels *light*, and *life*, and *bliss*, and *Heav'n indeed*;
And therefore *Jesus* through these made hast,
And only *blest* it, and *gilt* them as he past.

264.

When to the *Crest of the Creation* He
Was now arriv'd, and saw the world below;
The *gate of Soveraign felicitie*
Before its *King* it self did open throw:
Of *living glories* straight appear'd a *sea*
Girt in no *shoars* but pure *Immensitie*.

265.

What *joys*, what *smiles*, what *ravishments* were here,
What delicate *extremities of pleasures*!
Injurious the unworthy Parallel were,
By *earthly Paradise* if we should measure
These *everlasting sweets*, of whose *Abyss*
All *Edens dainties* not the *shaddow* is.

266.

For never did the sharpest-pointed eye
Or of the body, or the Soule of Man,
Such *miracles of pure delight* descry
As all about these splendid Regions ran,
Chanting those *tunes of bliss* no mortall ear
Hath any capabilitie to hear.

267.

Into these vast *Expansions* as He went,
Loe his *Almightie Father* came to meet him;
O *Psyche* hadst thou seen that *Complement*
Of *supream joy*, with which he there did greet him,
The Spectacle for ever Thee had blest,
And with *pure heav'n* repleniished thy breast.

268.

Unfathomable *streams of jubilation*
Attended on *him*, and bare up his *traine*;
A *flood* of most excessive *gratulation*
Before him roll'd: But ô how soveraign
Was that *infinitude of complacence*
Which brake from his own eys exuberance!

269.

On his *Sons* neck his radiant *arms* He threw,
And seal'd his lips with an inamor'd *kiss*:
His noble *Bosome* then wide open flew,
(That *home* and *Centre of eternall bliss*;)
To bid him welcome to that dearest bed
In which of old he us'd to rest his head.

270.

Come, Come, said he, no more to part from hence;
My highest Will thou hast compleatly done.
And by *perfection of obedience*
Bravely approv'd thy self *mine onely sonne*:
Eternitie shall entertain *thee*, and
For thy dear sake, *those who about thee stand*.

271.

Henceforth I can look on *my world below*
With *comfort*, which till now *displeas'd* mine eye;
For all its *blots*, and *stains*, and *horrors*, thou
Hast nobly turned into *purity*;
It shineth now, wash'd by the *liberal flood*
Of thine *illustrious all-cleansing blood.*

272.

I see thy *wounds*; and I beheld the *shame*
With which they were *engrav'd* on *thee*; but now
With *never-dying lustre* they shall flame,
And on their *gravers* one day *terror* throw,
When guiltie they again shall see these *scars*
Thou purchased'st in *Loves and Mercies wars.*

273.

So spake the *Father*: when the *holy-Ghost*,
Who hand in hand along with *him* was come,
Renued his *applauding joy*, by most
Mysterious emanations, which from
The *spring of living bliss*, his dainty *breast*,
In *ardent Plenitude of sweetnes* prest.

274.

Thus in the face of *Heav'ns returned Son*
He breath'd a *precious aromatick stream*;
The surplusage of which effusion
Fill'd, and enobled all the *hearts* of them
Whom he in triumph thither brought, to be
For ever *Captives to felicitie.*

275.

This *salutation* done: *Heav'ns trumpets sounded*,
Whose gallant noise, with equal Majestie
That *Hill of all sublimitie* rebounded;
To which in goodly equipage did flie
This *royal Companie* & straite gat up
Unto *Beatitudes, and Glories Top.*

276.

Three radiant Chairs of awfull beautie there
Stand founded fast upon *Eternitie*;
Which with such *mystick art united* are,
That 'tis *intirely one, as well as three*;
Three equal and distinguish'd seats; yet one
Essential and everlasting throne.

277.

Down in the *midst the Father* sate, and on
His *left-hand* his all-quickning *Spirit*; but
He at his *right* enthron'd his *mighty Son*,
And an eternal *wreath of glories* put
Upon his Temples to requite those *Scorns*, (*thorns.*
And *Pains*, they here bore with their *crown of*

278.

The *ignominie* of his feeble *Reed*
With *Dignities excess* to recompence,
Into his right hand He delivered
A *Sceptre* made all of *Omnipotence*;
And then erected just before his face,
His *fairer Cross*, *upon a diamond Base.*

279.

As *Jesus* thus sate upon *Triumphs Crown*,
The *Peers* of that illustrious *Kingdome* came,
And at his *feet* their *Coronets* threw down
In loyall homage, and themselves, with them,
Begging his leave that their unworthy *tongues*
Might with his *royall name* enrich their *Songs.*

280.

Forthwith, an *Anthem of ecstatick praise*
Broke from their lips, and on Heav'ns Roof did beat;
This brave example mov'd the *Saints* to raise
Their highest tunes, and mingle in that sweet
Deluge of triumphs, their *applauses*, which
Must flow as far's *Eternitie* can reach.

281.

But the Disciples, *Psyche*, all this while
Follow'd Him with their *eyes*, and grieved were
To see the interposing *Cloud* beguile
Them of their *Bliss*: yet could they not forbear
Their *Gazing* still, in hopes their *Sun* might break
This *Veil* at length, and they *free prospect* take.

282.

When loe, *two Angels* all in snow array'd,
A *courteous Check* unto their *error*, gave;
Yee *Galileans*, why is it, they said,
Your ignorant *hopes* stand *gazing* thus to have
A sight of *him*, now mounted higher far
Above the *cloud*, than you *beneath* it are?

283.

He on his *Heav'nly throne* is set, and you
Must wait till He is pleased thence to *rise*;
For time will come when he again will show
To yours, and all the worlds, his *blessed eyes*;
And as from hence He did his journey take,
So, on the *Shoulders of a cloud ride back.*

284.

This said: the *Angels* posted home to share
In the new *Festival* above; And they
Convinced by that *Item*, ready were
Back to *Jerusalem* to take their way;
But as their eys returned to the ground,
The *final Footsteps* of their *Lord* they found.

And

285.

And so mayst Thou, my *Psyche*, still, for loe,
The *precious Characters* doe heer remain;
The *trustie Earth* would never let them goe,
Nor did desire to smooth her face again,
Which by these *Prints* was so embellish'd that
Her self to be the *Worlds Base* she forgat.

286.

These dear *Impressions* the *Disciples* kiss'd,
And took their leave, and so to *Salem* went;
Full little thinking that the simple *Dust*
In keeping them would prove so *Diligent*,
That neither *Windes* nor *Storms* could them deface,
Nor pious *Pilgrims* bear them from this place.

287.

A Thousand *zealous Hands* themselves have fill'd
With this most *privileg'd Earth*, and held it more
Pretious than all the *golden Sand* which swell'd
The fame of *Gange's* or of *Indu's* shore;
Yet still the *faithfull Dust* with nimble Care
Suppli'd and kept intire *each Character*.

288.

Nay when the Time shall come, as come it will,
Then *Christian Piety* shall courage take,
And build a *Temple* on this sacred *Hill*;
These *footsteps* of their *Worth* full proof shall make;
Refusing to let goe the *Honour* they
Were sealed with upon *Ascension Day*.

289.

They back into the *Workmens* face will throw
All his *intrenching stones*, as oft as He
A *Pavement* labours over them to draw,
And injure with his *Earthly decency*
Their *heav'nly Beautie*; which He would disgrace,
Though He with *Pearls* and *Gems* should court the (place.

290.

Nor shall He with his *Roofe* hope to forbid
Their *Prospect* upward, whether *He* is gone
Who stamp'd them heer; their *Eys* will know no *Lid*,
But make the *Beams* recoil, the *Rafters* run
Aside and suffer no *Concameration*
To damm *the way of Jesu's Exaltation*.

291.

Thus *Psyche*, have I made thee trace thy *Lord*
To his last *footsteps* through a thousand ways
All set with *Mercie*, and made good my Word.
Thou seest how He a *countermine* doth raise
Against *Sinns Battery*, and thou needst not fear
Hells Spight, how *Heav'n* for thee doth take such (care

292.

Nor durst I doubt, but thine owne Heart will say
This thy long *Pilgrimage* is well requited,
Which hath presented thee a full *Display*
Of that wherewith all *Angells* are delighted;
Whose *Souls* then with sublimest Joy do leap
When on these *Mysteries of Love* they peep.

293.

Their Harness heer upon his *Steeds* he threw,
Who all this while were feeding on the Hill:
The meaning of that warning *Psyche* knew,
And on her knee, prayd him to tarry, till
She gave the *Reins* to her *Devotion*,
As other *Pilgrims* unto theirs had done.

294.

He smil'd and stayd, But *She*, flat on her face
Innumerable *Kisses* heap'd upon
The *venerable Stepps*; and long it was
Before her amorous *Sighs* and *Tears* had done:
At length, her *Bosome* with the *Dust* she fill'd,
And cri'd, *Go thou, and my foul Body gild.*

295.

Then casting up to *Heav'n* her zealous *Eye*,
After her *Spouse* a thousand Thoughts she sent,
To whom her panting *Soul* strove hard to flie
Upon the *Wings* of her high *Ravishment*.
But when she felt her self stick still to Earth,
Fresh Tears at first, and then these *Words* brake forth.

296.

Why may my *Heart not be*, where *most it is*,
O Thou my *dearest Life*! ô *Jesu*, why
Since Thou art mounted to the *Topp of Bliss*,
And leav'st *Me Dead*, have I not *leave to Die*?
Never was any *Ghost*, but I, till now,
In its *own Body* bound, and chaind below.

297.

I by thy *Cross and Death* was *wholly slain*;
And by thy *Resurrections Life* I grew
Alive, and *safe*, and *vigorous* again:
But thy *Ascension* doth my *Death* renew,
Since nothing of my *Life* poor I can finde
But these bare *footsteps* left Me heer behinde.

298.

Sweet *Lord*, by *these* thy *Psyche* cannot live,
Though for thy *Sake*, they pretious are to Me:
O no! their *Worth* doth but more *reason* give
To long for *most inestimable Thee*.
If any *footstepp* Me can satisfie,
It must be that which *next thy foot* doth lie.

Hast

299.

Hast Thou not said, that *Earth thy Footstool is*,
As well as *Heav'n thy Throne?* O mighty *Lord*,
'Twill be thy *Handmaydes* most accomplish'd Blisse
If thou but unto Me make'st good *that Word*;
Loe I thy *Dust*, the *Footstool* crave to be
Of thy now *Heav'n-enthroned Majesty*.

300.

High my *Petition* is, and *bold*, I know;
And yet the worthlesse *Dew* must needs aspire
To Heav'n it selfe, when once it, gins to glow
With *Phœbus*'s sweet, and most attracting *Fire*;
Nor can the *Spark* in its dull Ashes lie,
But must have leave to *venture at the Skie*.

301.

Alas, what is this *weary World to Me*?
What are the *silver Spheares* and *golden Sun*?
Could I reign *Queen* of every Thing I see,
At my sole Nod would all *Earths Kindreds* run;
What were this *Empire* worth, now *Thou* art gone,
Whom *Psyche* must esteem her *Crown alone*?

302.

'Tis not thy heav'nly *Paradise*, that I
Ambitious am to see; 'tis not thy *Court*
Of Angels, though by *Phylax*'s *company*
I guesse their *Worth*; 'tis not the *Pomp and Port*
That flows about thy throne; Nor doe I long
To dance unto thy *Quires eternal Song*.

303.

My Heart doth pant for *Thee, and onely Thee*;
And, could'st *Thou* be in *Hell*, I never more
Would *loose a Looking up to Heav'n*, but be
Inamored of that *Abysse*, and poure
My *Longings*, and my *Labours downward*, till
I at thy *Feet* my *Vows* and Soule could spill.

304.

O why art Thou so *infinitely sweet*!
Or rather, Why must *We* that *Sweetnesse* know,
If Thou, deer *Jesu*, dost not think it meet
Unto our *Fires* their *Feull* to allow?
Away Thou flyest, and *Forsaken We*
Ev'n *by thy sweets and Blisse tormented be*.

305.

How can I help this my excessive Passion,
Or how can it deserve these Torments? Since,
Thine own *Love* doth professe *Immoderation*
And guilty is of *boundlesse influence*:
In which soft *Sea of Fire* whilst drown'd I am,
What can I doe but *burn with answering Flame*.

306.

Blame Me not, *blessed Lord*; it is not I,
But *Thou thy Selfe* rebounding from my Heart,
Who *beat'st Heav'n* with this *Importunity*,
And call'st for *Ease* for my *mysterious Smart*:
Had'st Thou by *Love* not stampd thy Selfe upon
My *Soule*, now *Psyche had let Thee alone*.

307.

Remember *Jesu*, what it is to be
Forsaken; ô remember thine own *Crie*
When in thy *Desolation* on the *Tree*
Thy *Father* Thou didst challenge: May not I
Use thine own Words? *My God, my God, why now*
Dost Thou thy desolate Psyche leave below?

308.

Upon this *Olivet* my *Calvary*
I finde, and to my *Crosse* am *nailed here*:
Ten thousand *Torments* in my Bosome lie,
And full as many *Thorns* as planted were
Upon thy *Tempels*, in my *Heart* doe stick,
Where all the *Bowels of my Soule* they prick.

309.

O Love! why must *thine onely Tyranny*
The Bounds of other *Cruelties* exceed?
Why will it not allow the *Courtesie*
Of Death, unto thy Vassals, who are *Dead*
By its *reviving Slaughters*, and desire
To be *free Holocausts in thy sweet Fire*?

310.

Her *Passion* here beyond expression grew:
Yet though She with her *Tongue* no more could speak;
With her *resolved Eyes* to *Heav'n* she flew,
And there a *long Oration* did make;
Both long, and fluent, in th' *exuberance*
Of Tears, the streams of strongest Eloquence,

311.

But *Phylax* having to Her tender *Heart*
Thus far indulg'd, thought fit to stop Her here
Psyche, said He; imagin not Thou art
Inamored more than the *Disciples* were
Of thy *Ascended Lord*: yet *desolate* They
Warn'd by the *Angels*, meekly went away.

190.

I in *their* room, that *Warning* give to *Thee*:
On Heav'n why dost Thou naile thine eyes in vain?
Thy *Saviour* is too high for Thee to see,
Till on a *Cloud* He posteth back again:
Then shalt Thou look thy *Fill of Blisse*, and be
To all thy *Loves Extremities* let free.

313.

Mean while thine *Adorations* and *Imbraces*
On his dear *Name* and *Memory* thou mayst poure.
Come lets away, that by these *signal places*
Of *Mercies Triumphs*, thy soft *Heart* no more
May tortured be. Here on her hand he laid
His own, and raised up the *heavie Maid.*

114.

Then in his *Chariot* gently, Her he set,
Who on the *Footsteps* kept her *hankering eye:*
But instantly he mov'd his reins, to let
His *Coursers* know he gave them liberty;
Forthwith, their goodly mains, in answer, *They*
Shook in proud hast, and gallopped away.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO XV.

The Poyson.

ARGUMENT.

Leaving his Psyche, *carefull* Phylax *arms*
With wholesome sage Advice *her tender breast;*
Yet shee the Venome of Heretick Charms,
And Spurious Reasons wiles *could not resist.*
Phylax *returns, and in his* Pupills *eye*
Rakes up the nastie sink of Heresie.

1.

AND sits the *Holy-land* so dear and high
In *pious Soules* esteem? What tongue can then
Thunder sufficient Veng'ance out, and cry
Against the lazie Basenes of those Men
With equal Indignation, who have let
Vile *Pagan Powers* from *Christians* ravish it?

2.

Could this prodigious *shame* endured be
By *Romane hearts*, when on their *Empires throne*
No other *Prince* was culminant but *He*
Whom all the *best of Bayes* attended on,
Who like a bank against the torrent stood,
And turn'd the *Gyant* into *Sarn's* flood.

3.

Who with his own Hand sent *Razates* down
To his eternal Night: who from the brow
Of stern *Cosrhoes* shaked off his Crown,
Before *Syrhoes* cancell'd *Natures law*,
That He with *vengeance might concur*, and by
Dire *Parricide* make the *Tyrant double die.*

4.

Who wip'd the *Romane ignominie* out
When He *three hundred Eagles*, which had long
Been mewed up in *Persian Cages*, brought
In triumph back, and bad them flie among
Their *fellow-ensignes*, and as freely gaze
As any of the *brood*, on *Phœbus's* face.

Who

5.

Who not theſe *Banners* onely did redeem,
But the great *Standard of Religion* too;
Which was ſo pretious in his eſteem,
That he himſelfe its *Porter* turn'd; and ſo
Made all his *Empire ſtoop* to that which he
Upon his Shoulders bore to *Calvarie*.

6.

Alas, *Heraclius*, how has *Hereſie*
Attcheived what all *Perſia* could not doe!
How has it made thine *Eagles* Pinions be
Onely of uſe to *flie before thy Foe*!
Whilſt one of *Chriſts* great *Wills* Thou tak'ſt away,
How canſt Thou hope *thine own* Thou ſhalt enjoy!

7.

Loe, the *new Monſter Mahomets* bold *Frie*
Like numerous Locuſts from the Pit of Night,
Crawle into *Paleſtine*, and there defie
The *blaſted Powers* of the *Monothelite*:
Loe, they are to the *Holy Citty* come,
And *Haumar* robbs him of his *Saviours Tombe*.

8.

This rais'd in reverend *Sophronius*'s Breaſt
A mighty Storm of Agonies, to ſee
His venerable *Salem* now poſſeſt
By *Saracenical Impiety*;
And *James* his ſacred *Seat* become the Throne
For curs'd *Apoſtaſie* to reign upon.

9.

He ſigh'd and weep'd, and finding no Reliefe
From Heav'n or Earth for his loud Lamentation,
Reſign'd himſelf unto *victorious Grief*,
And drown'd in his own Tears, fulfill'd his *Paſſion*;
For why ſhould I live longer here, ſaid he,
Still to be ſlain by what mine Eyes muſt ſee!

10.

And now the *Land of Milk and Honey* lay
For more than *foure full Ages* over-flown
With *Mahumetick Poyſon*; till a *Ray*
Of vigorous *Chriſtian Gallantry* ſhot down
From Heav'n, and by the *Ermite Peters* breath
Blown to a Bonfire, flam'd with *holy Wrath*,

11.

With *holy Wrath* it flam'd in many a Breaſt,
But moſt in brave *Bolonion Godfreys*, who
In *Steel*, and *ſtronger Reſolution* dreſt
Burnt with Deſire to meet his *Pagan Foe*:
His *Lorain* can no longer hold him, he
Reſolves *another kinde of Duke* to be.

12.

His *Conſecrated Legions* he leads,
And in their Eyes their *Quarrel* doth diſplay;
Above their Heads the *bloody Croſſe* he ſpreads
Which ſtreamed in his *awfull Standard*: They
Smil'd at its goodly Look, and cryed *We*
Though in *thy tincture*, ne'r will ſhrink from *Thee*.

13.

The *Turkiſh Moon* grew paler than before,
And in a cowardly Eclipſe ſhrunk back,
When this *bright Banner* did its *Terror* poure
Upon her face, and open paſſage make
To *Victory*; for *ſhe* was alwaies there,
And failed not to *bring up Godfreys Rear*.

14.

Thus *leſſer Aſia* from the *Turkiſh* Lore
To *Chriſts* more gentle Yoak reduced is;
And there is nothing now but *Salem* more
For *Godfreyes* Sword to free from its Diſtreſs:
Thither he march'd, and ſoon *Redeem'd the Place*
Where the whole *Worlds Redemption* acted was.

15.

Right *Chriſtian Hero*, ô how due to thee
Was ſacred *Salems Crown*, and more than that!
How juſtly hath thy *pious Victory*
Both *Martial*, and *Poetick Laurel* got,
Whilſt thy illuſtrious *Name* and *Glory* reigns
In the *Worlds Wonder*, and *great Taſſo*'s *ſtreins*!

16.

But when by Death Heav'n ſent for *Godfrey* home;
Baldwin his *Brother*, both in *Piety*
And *Chriſtian Valour*, took his royal Room:
Sidon and *Ptolemais* felt what he
And his brave Troops in a *juſt Cauſe* could doe,
And ſo did *Egypts* mighty *Caliph* too.

17.

He to his Coſen *Baldwin* left his *Throne*
And his *entailed Gallantry* with it;
Witneſſe the routed *Turks* Confuſion,
And *Antioch*, which did to his Might ſubmit:
And though a while he to the *Perſian* bow'd,
Upon *Damaſcu's King* his ſtrength he ſhow'd.

18.

Then from his *Turine Earldome Fulco* roſe
To ſway *this Sceptre*; who tranſmitted it
Unto his Son, young *Baldwin*; over whoſe
Surpriſed Powers, ſtern *Noradine* did ſet
His inſolent foot; but ſoon it ſlipp'd, and he
Perforce reſtor'd his *ſtollen Victory*.

19.

His *Death*, his Brother *Almerik* did raiſe
Unto his *Throne*; a *Prince of active Might*,
Whoſe Sword was fertile in *triumphant Bays*,
And glittered with *Glories* awfull *Light*:
All *Aſcalon* beheld its noble flame,
When He from conquer'd *Alexandria* came.

20.

Baldwin his Sonn, took up his Sceptre, and
Long ſturdie Warr with *Saladine* maintain'd,
Till *Leproſie* ſeis'd on his Martial Hand
And unto *Reſignation* it conſtrain'd;
And *Guy of Joppa* was the Friend whom He
Alone would truſt to be his *Deputie*.

21.

Next Him, his Nephew *Baldwin* ſtepp'd into
The Throne, in which He ſcarcely ſettled was,
But *Treaſon* undermined Him, and ſo
Ambitious *Guy* crowded into his Place:
Which ſtung the *Earl of Tripolis* ſo deep
That He in *deſperate Plotts* his *Wrath* did ſteep.

22.

With *Saladine* He deals, and Wins ſo fare
On his *proud Hopes*, that He perſwades Him to
Conjure againſt the *Chriſtians* in a Warr
Which ſoon attcheiv'd their fatal Overthrow;
For *Arms and Treaſon* ſo prevail'd, that *Guy*,
And *Salem* with him, did *ſubdued lie*.

23.

Thus *Barbariſme* afreſh did domineer
In the *Metropolis of Pietie*;
Which rouſed up the *Weſtern Emperour*
On *Paganiſme* the *Power of Zeal* to trie:
Surpriſed *Syria* at his Looks did quake,
And from his *Conqueſts* all the *Turks* flew back.

24.

But as this generous *Frederik*, in his Might
Rode bravely on, his Horſes *fatal Fall*
Threw down the *Conqueror* into his *Night*
Of Death. When loe, his noble *Sonn*, by all
The Army choſe for *General*, purſued
His *Fathers* Stepps, and, where he went, ſubdued.

25.

But *what can Virtue doe, when Fate withſtands*?
Upon this hopefull *Sonn of Valour*, who
Had no capacitie to fear the Hands
Of Death from any *Turk*, or *Pagan Foe*,
The *Plague* did ſeize, and in his warlik Heart
Fix'd its envenomed *untimely* Dart.

26.

Then *Engliſh Richard* and *French Philip* came,
And with new *Weſtern Bravery* made good
That mighty Loſs; the *Lightning* of their *Fame*
Flaſhed before their *Swords*; and like a *Flood*
Incourag'd by *two Torrents meeting*, They
Swallow'd up all that dar'd oppoſe their Way.

27.

But curſed *Diſcord*, *the eternal Foe*
Of high Deſigns, ſent *Philip* back again:
Yet *Richard* on to *Salem* meant to goe,
Where He with *Cyprus* bought his right to reign;
And would, had *Englands* Jarrs not call'd him home,
Have forced *Saladine* to make him room.

28.

Yet Martial *Germanie* her Nobles ſent
By *Saladines* Deceaſe invited thither:
Fierce Conqueſt with their Landing Armies went;
But ſtrait their *Sunſhine* turn'd to *lowrie Weather*,
For loe, the *Auſtrian Duke* and *Saxon too*,
Untimely Death would let no further goe.

29.

And yet undaunted *Montfort* with his brave
Selected *French*, diſdained back to ſtart,
Till He good reaſon to the *Pagans* gave
To grow ſo tame and kinde, as to impart
Peace to the *Chriſtians*, which, without annoy
In *Ptolemais* and *Tyre* they did enjoy.

30.

Mean while, a glorious *Conſpiracy*
Of *Weſtern Princes* to their Standards ſtream;
Henry Count of S^t. Paul, of *Campanie*
Theobald, of *Flanders Baldwin*, and of *Breme*
Gualter, with *Henrie Duke of Lovanes State*,
And *Boniface Marqueſs of Monferrate*;

31.

Theſe to the *Holy Land* their courſe did bend;
But by the *Græcian Quarrells* turn'd aſide,
Their Martial Zeal on *Ducas* they did ſpend;
And finding then fit *Fewel* for their *Pride*,
Forgot the *Butt* of their *devout Deſigne*,
And took no longer aime at *Paleſtine*.

32.

But *Montforts* Truce expired; *Germanie*
Conjur'd again into the *Holy Warr*,
Of which ſtout *Brennus* had the Conduct, He
Whoſe comeing, through the *Pagans* ſhot ſuch *Fear*,
That they to buy it off, are willing to
Whate'r they held in *Paleſtine*, forgoe.

But

33.

But vain *Ambition* lost this offerd Prize;
And swelling *Hope* of conquering *Ægypt*, throws
So thick a Mist before the *Christian Eys*,
That unto *Cair* the blinded *Army* goes;
Where they with *Nilus*'s *floods* besieged round,
Their sacred *Enterprize* untimely drown'd.

34.

Yet *Frederik* his *German Eagles* spred
Again, and bravely into *Syria* flew;
Which in the *Pagan Sultan* rais'd such Dread
That all his *Turkish Confidence* it slew:
He hasts to yeild, and freely does resigne
Unto the *Christians* their deer *Palestine*.

35.

Thus when to his *Imperial Diademe*
This conquering *Prince* had joyned *Salems Crown*,
He *Raynold* leaves to manage it for Him,
And brings his *Triumph* home: But strait the Frown
Of *Fortune*, or of *Fate*, did blast what He
Had nobly brought unto Maturitie.

36.

For when the Heav'ns had roll'd *five years about*,
Loe *Raynold* dies, and *Salems Fortune too*:
The *Templars Insolence* such falshood wrought
As *generous Christians* least of all should doe:
Their *breach of Truce* did their own Selves deceive,
And *Salem* unto *Ægypts Sultan* give.

37.

Yet holy *Lewis* with his *Frenchmen* strook
Into the *Pagans* such deep Fright, that they
At his illustrious *Oriflambes* Look
Unto his *Victories* gave willing way,
Offring Him *Salem*, *Palestine*, and more
Than *Christians* own'd in *Syria* long before.

38.

But he by *fatal Counsel*, it denied,
And then to *Egypts Sultan* prov'd a *Prey*.
The *good King* grieved; and in vain he tried
His *new Adventures Strength*, for by the way
A sudden and contagious *Disease*
Both on his *Army*, and on *Him* did seize.

39.

His quarrel *Edward*, *Englands* sprightfull *Prince*,
Took up, and lost none of the *English Fame*:
What *Palmes* had this brave *Hero* pluck'd from thence,
Had his conjur'd *Allies* but timely came:
But whilst unworthily They *linger'd*, he
Return'd, and left behinde *Ripe Victory*.

40.

To gather which, *Imperial Rodolph* sent
Henry the *Prince* of *Megalopolis*;
A noble *General* he, and bravely bent;
But yet against the bold impetuousnesse
Of the stern *Mamalukes* too weak to stand,
He yeilds his Neck to wear a *Captives Band*.

41.

These *unsuccessfull Expeditions* Shame
Awak'd the *Christians* utmost Indignation,
Who in religious Throngs to *Syria* came.
High were their *Hopes*, and great their *Preparation*;
But both by banefull *Pride* invenomed were, (dare.
Which brought to passe, more than the *Turks* could

42.

As when the *Huntsmen* going to the Chase
Wrangle and quarrel who shall bear away
The *Lyons Skin*, untill their strife increase
To such Intemperance, that it does betray
Their whole *Designe*, and make them readier to
Chase *one another*, than that *Common Foe*.

43.

So here the *Christians* who a hunting came
For *Salems* Crown; before they it obtain,
Divided are, and quarrel which of Them
Had fairest *Right* and *Title* their to reign:
All pleaded hard, and at the Septre catch'd,
As if it now had from the *Turk* been snatch'd.

44.

The *Kings*, *of England*, *Cyprus*, *Sicilie*,
And *France*, the *Pisans*, *Florentines*, and *Pope*,
The *Prince of Antioch*, *Count* of *Tripolie*,
The *Genonese*, and the *Venetians*, hope;
So did the *Hospitals*, and *Templars* too,
That in the Diademe they had to doe.

45.

Thus while this *cursed War of Contestation*
Protracts the *Holy one*; the *Soldiers* (who
Like their own Swords, grow *rusty by Cessation*)
Finding no Busnesse now at all to doe
But *to be wicked*, through each neighbour Town
Run *havocking* and *plundering* up and down.

46.

At these *unmanly Wrongs* the *Pagans* grew
Both in their *Rage* and in their *Courage* high:
And *Veng'ance* joyned with their *Troops*, and flew
Upon their *quarrelling Foes Impiety*,
Till by a quick and general *Defeat*
All *Christians* out of *Syria* they beat.

47.

They beat them out of *Syria*, and out
Of all that usuall *Braverie* whereby
Their frequent Armies they to *Salem* brought
With fresh *Recruits* of Zealous *Pietie*:
Their *Courage* now lies *dead* and *cold* at home,
Which us'd to *live* about their *Saviours Tombe*.

48.

Yet not so *dead*, but it *revives* again
Into a *Life much worse than Death*; for they,
Since that, with most *unchristian furie* stain
Their swords in *one anothers blood*, and *play* (wont
The Turks among themselves, whom they were
More nobly from their *Syrian Dens* to hunt.

49.

The *Crosse* must now against the *Cross* be spred,
(Blush all yee Heav'ns at this!) and they who are
Under the *King of Peace* all marshalled,
Be barbarized by a mutual War,
Tearing that pretious gentle *Legacie*
Their *Lord* bequeathed to their Custody.

50.

They who by *mystick Union* are knit
Under *one Head*, no other Foes doe seek
But their *fraternal Members*, and forget
That whilst on them their Salvage spight they wreak,
The tender *Head* feels every wound, and will
Score up each drop which of His *blood* they spill.

51.

Weep all *good eyes*, which see this dreadfull shame
Of *Christians* digging *Christian Bowells* up:
Sure *that of blood*, deserv's your *briney stream*:
Weep then, and let your Bottles never stop,
Till you have wash'd away this Purple stain,
'Gainst which *all powers*, but those of *Tears* are vain

52.

Had but the thousand part of this dear *blood*
Adventur'd to be broach'd in *Palestine*,
Quite overwhelm'd by its exuberant flood
Had *Mahomets wide spred contagion* been,
And wofull *Greece* had not enslaved lain
Under the burden of a *Pagan Chain*.

53.

Or had that *Power of Policie*, of *Wrath*,
Of *Arms*, of *Horse*, of *Men*, and *stronger Gold*,
Which in our *Self-destroying Britain* hath
Of late been lavish'd out, when *England sold*
Her bliss to Miserie, with provident
And pious zeal in *Syria* been spent,

54.

Our *guilty swords* had now not blushed in
Fraternal blood; nor had our *Palms* and *Bays*
With any *English curse* deflour'd been;
But *Salem* her sad Head had 'gun to raise,
Feeling from her long presed neck, the yoke
Of *Ottomanick Barbarisme* broke.

55.

As lothe was *Psyche Salem* to forsake,
As are our *Banners* thither to advance:
Oft She look'd back, and many a view did take
With weeping eyes, and blubber'd countenance;
But when the *Hils* she could no longer spie,
Let *Blindenes* now, said she, *lock up mine eye*.

56.

And with such potent *Passion* did she breath
That hearty sigh, that it made *Phylax* start;
For loe the pallid characters of Death
Appeared in her face, and every Part
Grew cold and num, as if her *Soule* had fled
Back to the *place* whence she was hurried.

57.

In application of his *cordial Powers*
Had not the tender *Guardian* nimble been,
His *Psyches eyes* now in their amorous showers
Had their own *final deluge* found, and seen
No more for ever: *with such force doth love*
(*Especialy in female Bosomes*) *move*.

58.

(And ask me not, what makes this *Passion* prove
So *brave* and *potent* in the *softest hearts*?
Thy self the Answer feel'st, if genuine love
On thee hath tryed his mysterious Darts.
If not: it is in vain to tell thee how
This *softnes* to such mighty *strength* doth grow.)

59.

But quick, as is the influence of *light*,
New *vigorous spirits* He breaths into her breast;
Which thrilling through her Veins, chas'd out the *night*
Of *languid cold* by which they were possest;
And wak'd her *blood*, bidding it rise, and thaw
Her *Cheeks*, and *Lips*, and *fore-heads*, *ghastly pawn*,

60.

Psyche look'd up; but toward *Salem* bent
Her *fruitlesse eye*, and then she groand anew.
Courage my Dear, said *Phylax*, be content,
Salem has nothing more for thee to view;
'Tis time that to thine *Albion* thou thy great
And holy *Pilgrimage* doe now relate.

As

61.

As when a *Friend unwelcome Motions* makes,
His other self (who has no power to be
Right-down displeas'd, at whatsoever breaks
From those beloved lips, which *Faithfull he*
Holds *dearer than his own*, displays the smart
In his *Eyes mirrours*, of his *wounded Heart*:

62.

So the *Sweet anguish* of her loving look
Psyche a while lays ope to *Phylax* view,
That He might read in that *pathetick book*
How by that *Word* of his her *Joys* He slew.
But when He seem'd that *language* not to ken,
Her lips thus to *interpret* it began.

63.

Between *two deaths*, which shall poor *Psyche* choose!
For *death* it is my *Phylax* to displease,
And *death*, religious *Salems* sweets to *loose*;
And I, alas, have but *one life* for these:
Yet had I more, my straits were still the same;
For *all were due to thee, and all to them.*

64.

O *deare Protector of my Joyes, and Me*,
Divide not now thy *charge*: Had I not been
Conducted hither by thy Pietie,
Psyche Jerusalem had never seen,
Nor been enchanted by the pretious *Graces*
Which have endeer'd these *consecrated places*.

65.

And of these *Jewels* must I robbed be
By none but *dearest thee!* Had *open Foes*
Thus all at once impoverish'd feeble Mee,
I might have grappled with my *single woes*;
But now each *griefe* and *loss*, by springing from
Thine Hand, on Me doth *more than doubled* come.

66.

O what has *Albion* that can entertaine
A *Soule* which is from *Salem* snatch'd away!
Salem which in the *Worlds heart queen* doth reign,
Whil'st *Albions* Clime her vilenes doth betray,
Whom *Nature* threw into the *West*, and sought
How from the *Universe* to kick her out.

67.

Arimathean Josephs tombe indeed
Is there, that *something* that *poore Isle* might have;
But ô, the sight of that, will onely feed
That fire which burns me with *his other Grave*:
His other Grave, in which my *Spouse* did lie
Far, far from *Albion*, whither thou wouldst flie.

68.

When in the lofty *aire* the *fish* can live,
When in the bottome of the *Sea* the *Lark*,
When *Cancer* can to *Winter* welcome give,
When *High-noon* can inhabit in the *Dark*,
When *Albion* can to *Salem* shipped be,
Then may it prove a *fitting home for me.*

69.

But untill then, I onely thither goe
Bearing my wofull *Corps* unto my *Tombe*,
Since thou *sweet-bitter friend* wilt have it so,
And not vouchsafe in *Palestine* a room
For poor distressed *Psyche*. Here a stream
Of Tears flow'd down from Her, and softned him.

70.

Nay I am not *so hard*, sayes He, but I
Can yeild to fewer tears of thine, than those:
Come wipe thine eyes, for thou shalt instantly
Live in those joyes, Thou holdst it *death to loose.*
With that He slop'd the Rein, and wheel'd about,
And smiling *Psyche* back to *Salem* brought.

71.

She smil'd; but sober He confess'd no signe
Of jollitie at this *Return*; for He
By his profounder judgement did divine
That *Land*, however *Holy*, would not bee
A *Sanctuary* to his *Psyche*, since
His and her Masters summons call'd him thence.

72.

A little *House* He there prepar'd for Her,
And with all *requisites* repleniish'd it.
But then, with awfull looks He cry'd, *my dear*,
Thou see'st what order I have took to fit
Thy *longing*, and thy *Lodging* too; but now
I a more *usefull gift* then these, bestow.

73.

'Tis my *Advice*; of which Thou hast more need
Than here to sojourn: yet thy being here
Doth all that mystick mighty *danger* breed
Which by thy life I thee conjure to fear.
Thy life at *Salem* is in peril, which
Had been in *Albion* out of Dangers reach.

74.

Where *Waters* most doe smile and smoothest flow',
The deepest *Gulfes* beneath *in ambush* lie;
Where in their briskest beautie *Roses* grow,
An armed Troop of dangerous *Thorns* stand by;
All *Poisons* then most active are and bold
When they are lodg'd in pompous *Pearl and Gold.*

Sweet

75.

Sweet *Paradiſe* was not ſo ſafe, but there
The worſt of *Serpents* in its Sweets did dwell:
And though to thee *Heav'n* ſeems deſcended here,
Yet ev'n in *Salem* thou may'ſt meet with *Hell*.
I grant the *Serpent* here was ſlain, but yet
Their fragments Snakes know how again to knit.

76.

Truſt not their *glittering Skinns*, though fair they be,
But flie their Looks; for thick Enchantments are
Enammell'd in their *out-ſide Bravery*,
And *holy Trapps*, and *Treacheries* they wear;
With cunning Art they winde about, and glide,
And into *unſuſpecting Holes* they ſlide.

77.

Truſt not their *Tongue* (which is indeed a *Sting*,)
Though it be *tipp'd with Golden Courteſie*;
Though *Heav'n* roll'd up in *Promiſes* it bring,
And *Wiſdomes moſt inviting Sweetneſſe*: *Ye*
Shall be as Gods, diſcerning Good and Evill,
Was a *brave Word, yet minted by the Devill*.

78.

Remember here thy *Spouſe* was *once betray'd*,
Remember that he here was *thrice deni'd*,
Remember that thou art a *feeble Mayd*,
Remember thy *Agenor*, and thy *Pride*,
Remember the *Rebellion of thy Paſſions*,
Remember *Aphrodiſius*'s *Proteſtations*.

79.

Remember what from *Charis* and from *Me*
Thou haſt receiv'd, and let no *Sirens Songs*
Bewitch thine Ears with treacherous Harmony,
In which the bleſſed *Tunes of Heav'n* have rung.
Take heed this *humor of thy Zeal* does not
Caſt on its *ſober lines* a *wanton blot*.

80.

Lock up theſe *Counſells* in thine Heart, and there
Let them lie ſafe for Me till I come back;
Thy *Truſt*, and *Love* ſhall hence to me appear,
If of theſe *Pawns* thou faithfull Care doſt take,
Theſe *Pawns*, which will my *Guardian* Wings ſupply
Although from thee I far away doe flie.

81.

I muſt away, for this *Heav'ns pleaſure* is,
And therefore muſt be *mine*, and ſhould be *thine*:
I bus'neſſe have abroad; but by this *Kiſſe*,
(And here he took his leave,) the truth of mine
Affection, *Pſyche*, on thy Lip I ſeal;
Keep the *Impreſſion ſafe*, and ſo *Farewell*.

82.

Away this *Word*, and *He* together flew:
For now the *King of Soules* thought fit to teach
Pſyche how little of her Heart ſhe knew,
Who thought it raiſed paſt *Deluſions* reach.
To her *own Strength* ſhe now was left, that ſhe
How little it deſerv'd that *Name*, might ſee.

83.

But when her *Guardian* now out-flew her View,
At his moſt unexpected *Parting* ſhe
At firſt amazed and aflicted grew:
But ſtraight revolving that her Heart was free
With all *Jeruſalem* to ſatisfie
Its *curious fervor*, ſhe left off to Sigh.

84.

Then in a modeſt *Veil* her face ſhe hid,
Leaving her Eyes but room her way to ſee;
Zeal ti'd unto her feet the *Wings of Speed*,
And on ſhe haſted toward *Calvarie*,
Her *Saviours Pains* afreſh there to lament,
Not thinking that to *her own Croſſe* ſhe went.

85.

Mean while, all pious Hearts eternal *Foe*
Who to entrap them keeps perpetual *Watch*,
Obſerving her without her *Guardian* goe,
Judg'd this his onely time his Prey to catch:
He poſted to a ſpecial *Furies* Den,
Who ſtarted all her Snakes as he came in.

86.

But as ſhe in ten thouſand *Hiſſes* ſpoke
Her *Soveraigns Welcome*; Peace *my Childe*, ſaid *He*;
Part of my *Errand*'s *Haſte*, and cannot brook
Theſe *Complements Delay*: I have for Thee
A piece of Service which will better prove
How much thy *Father Satan* thou doſt love.

87.

Pſyche, a Thing to *Jeſus* wonderous *dear*,
(And therefore full as *odious* to Me,
Who by *his Love* am alwaies pointed where
I am to ſhoot *my Spight*) is that coy ſhe
Whom though I ſundry Times have baited, yet
Back in my face the Poyſon ſtill ſhe ſpit.

88.

I *Aphrodiſius* and *Agenor* ſent,
And *genuine Fiends* they prov'd themſelves to be;
About their helliſh Work they wiſely went,
And bravely acted all the Treachery;
And yet, *good Devills*, their *far-driven Plot*,
So crafty was that *Wench*, they finiſh'd not.

No

89.

Not that this *Croſs* in her poor mortall Brain
Was bred and nurs'd: ô no, abus'd We are;
And *Heav'n*, though alwaies We to it give *plain*
Defiance, *underhand* maintains this Warr.
There, drown'd in Sulphure, Thou hadſt *Pſyche* ſeen,
Had it not for unlukie *Phylax* been.

90.

He, *baſe unworthy Spirit* as He is,
Not onely *ſtoops to Chriſt*, (which *gallant We*
Of old diſdained, and ſtill doe no leſſe,)
But with intolerable Flatterie
Turns *Page to duſt and Aſhes*, and doth bow
From *Heav'n*, to wait on this *vile Worme below*.

91.

Had He not better *nobly Faln* with Us,
And never have debas'd his *High-born Mind*;
Then crouch, and ſneak, and currie favour thus
Of the *proud Tyrant*? Can an *Angell* finde
It worth *Chriſts Favour* to be humbled down
Far *more below himſelfe*, than *We* are thrown?

92.

For my part, if I freely were to chooſe,
I would accept the *bottome of my Hell*,
And hug *Damnation*; e'r I would with thoſe
Ignoble *Sons of Earth* a *Servant* dwell.
Thoſe *Guardian Angels* think *We Curſed* be;
Fools! who perceive not *their own Miſery*.

93.

They boaſt *Heav'ns King*'s their *Soveraign*; and I
Take the *confeſſing Vaſſals* at their Word:
But I'l maintain it greater *Dignity*
To have *Him* for *my Foe*, than for *my Lord*:
They brag that *Heav'n's their own*, & *Bliſſe's Hill*;
Why I have *more than ſo*; I *have my Will*.

94.

But now, my *Daughter*, *Phylax* is away,
His ſervile Diligence thou needſt not fear;
Pſyche is left unto *her Selfe* to day,
And therefore unto *Us*, if thou tak'ſt Care
To lay thy Plots aright; for thine they be
On which I build my *Hopes of Victory*.

95.

She now is on her way to *Calvary*,
The *Hill* which more than *Heav'n it ſelfe* I hate;
And have no minde in perſon to come nie
That *curſed Place*: It ſtands not with the *State*
And *honour* of *Imperiall Lucifer*
To ſmell the *Stink of Jeſus Sepulchre*.

96.

But for thy *Fathers* ſake, and ſervice, Thou
Shalt ſtop thy Noſe, and venture to goe thither,
Where Thou a ſubtile Chain of Snakes ſhalt throw
About that peeviſh *Wench* to hale her hither;
So at *her*, and her *cheated Spouſe*, both I
And thou will laugh unto Eternity.

97.

His foaming Lips He cloſed here, and beat
The flood of flaming Sulphure back into
His monſtrous Throat. Strait at his burning Feet
His damned *Daughter* took her leave to goe,
And with *ſtout Fury* ruſhed through the Earth;
And mingled with the *Aire*, as ſhe brake forth.

98.

In this ſhe flew above *Suſpitions* Eye,
And undiſcerned ſhot into the Breaſts
Of divers Mortals, where ſhe formerly,
Had entertainment found: But now her Neſts
She fethered anew with greater Store
Of *viperous Powrs*, than ſhe left there before.

99.

Such was her dangerous Policie, that ſhe
For *Pſyche* layd her Net *in others Hearts*,
Which ſhe made lovely by the bravery
Of moſt *refined ſublimated Arts*:
No fowler e'r us'd ſuch allureing Ways
To charm poor Birds by treacherous *Deçoys*.

100.

For though ſhe were the very *Centre*, where
The *Lines* of all *Deformities* did meet;
The *Looks of Beauty* ſhe knew how to wear,
And make her *Horridneſſe* appear ſo *ſweet*,
That ſhe the wiſeſt and moſt peircing Eyes
Had often blinded by her *Fallacies*.

101.

But now the *Virgin* at the *dolefull Mount*
Arrived was; where in the reverend place
Of the deer *Croſſes Foot*, ſhe made account
To poure her *Vowes*: But there before Her was
A *youthfull Man*, who prepoſſeſs'd her room,
And thither of *her errand* ſeem'd to come.

102.

His *Looks*, though guilty of *few years*, were yet
Grown *pale* and *old* with *pious Gravity*;
His *ſober Garb* was ſuch as beſt might fit
Thoſe who not *ſpruce* and *brave*, but *cloth'd* would be;
His *Body thin*, but *thick his Hair*; which grown
To its full length, did at his back flow down.

103.

Upon the ground *He* lay and beat his *Breast*,
Which echoed back the Blows, with *Sighs & groans*:
At length, with iterated *Knockings* prest,
It yeelded forth these *Ejulations*:
O Grief and Pains, had you no *other Heart*
But *His*, to make the *Sink* of all your *Smart*!

104.

That Heart! which all of *Sweetnesse* moulded was.
That Heart! where *Heav'n* found its Epitomie.
That heart! the *fountain* of all softest *Grace*.
That heart! where all the Worlds *best Life* did lie.
The heart of Jesus! here a boistrous *Sigh*
Came blustring out, and breaking off his *Crie*.

105.

But then, recovering his Tongue again;
Alas, said He, and why are you *unjust*?
Why from this *Breast of mine* doe you abstein,
Which all your utmost stings doth merit? Must
He who *deserv's the best of Joys*, *alone*
Inherit all the *depth of Passion*?

106.

Are there no *Whipps*, no *Thorns*, no *Nailes* for Me?
May these my *youthfull shoulders* bear no *Crosse*?
Is there no *Portion of Misery*
Left for my high *Desert*? did *He* engrosse
What sinfull I had *better Title* to?
Sure *this* at least shall be my Grief and Woe.

107.

As when the hollow Windes have drove together
Black lagging *Clowds*, the *gravid vapors* break
With their own weight, and poure the rainey Wether
Down through the gloomy Air: So on his Cheek
His labouring Eys their fertile streams let flow,
Which his *tempestuous grief* did thither blow.

108.

And now his Lips no more had power to speak,
In *Zealous Kisses* He does them imploy;
He kiss'd the *Soile*, where once that *Blood* did reek,
Which all the Earths *Redemption* did pay:
And every *Kisse* did *new Desire* beget
Of *more affectionate Imbracing* it.

109.

Psyche observing *his sweet Passion* swell
With such *Devotion*, soon forgot *her own*;
And with the *Stranger* in such love she fell
That at his feet her self she bowed down,
She bowed down, and little thought that then
She stoop'd to enter the *forbidden Gin*.

110.

But as the wary *Seaman*, when He spies
The amiable *Mermaid* floating nie,
Turns from the dangerous Bait his jealous Eyes,
Hoiseth his sail up, and his Oars doth plie:
So this *Devote*, seeing *Psyche* there,
Confess'd and *fortifi'd his holy fear*.

111.

For starting at the unexpected sight,
Shield me, my blessed *Guardian*, said He;
Satan, who doth with everlasting spight
Disturb the Course of Zealous *Piety*,
Hath to facilitate my molestation,
In this *fair Damosell* sent me my *Temptation*.

112.

But whosoe'r thou art, goe seek thy Prey
Where rampant *Lust* in furious *Bonfires* reigns:
Thy *Beauties Lustre* must not thaw its way
Thorow my *tame*, and *now long-cooled veins*.
How know I but thou art some *fair dress'd Feind*
To make Me foule? and here *Himself He sign'd*.

113.

Ravish'd with this *Religious Jealousie*,
Sweet Sir, said *Psyche*, I was hither come
Upon that *errand* which your *Piety*
Hath here dispatched; in that very room
I purpos'd my devoted *sighs* to blow,
And make mine Eyes their *liquid Duties know*.

114.

My bounteous *Lord* took my *Intent*, I see,
For actual *Deed*; and hath rewarded it:
He knew no blessing would more welcome be
Unto my Heart, then this which here I met;
And this, art Thou, in whom I plainly read
The *love of Him of whom my soul is Head*.

115.

I heard thy holy *Sighs*, and hearty *Grones*,
As towards Heav'n from thy Sweet Breast they flew;
I heard thy generous *Lamentations*;
And by those zealous Characters I knew
That *Jesus* had by his Soule-conquering Dart
Engrav'd *Heav'ns best impression* on thy Heart.

116.

I thank Thee, that thou wert of Me *afrayd*,
For much I reverence that *pious fear*:
Yet be assured thou hast met a *Maid*
In whom *no Embers of black fervor* are:
No, no; my Heart will no such Guests allow,
For it too well doth *Aphrodisius* know.

Indeed

117.

Indeed I might have been what you suspected,
Foule *Satans Agent*, and a *feind of Hell*,
Had our *deer Lord* the care of Me neglected,
And not seal'd sure on *mine, his blessed Will*:
And so might'st *Thou*, had *He* not spread above
Thy helpless head, the *Banner of his Love*.

118.

That Love, which whereso'r I finde it shine,
Doth humble Reverence from my heart command;
Wonder not at my Case, but make it thine,
And think how thou could'st *shun*, or how *withstand*
Thy Charming Self: If I immodest be,
Like Love will pardon Loves Immodestie.

119.

Yet 'tis no *Boldnes* to *admire the Sunn*,
To *love the starrs*, and, what more lovely is,
Their Sovereign, and ours: what I have done
To *Thee*, great *Jesus* gave me leave to his
Own *Self* to doe: Wherefore no more admire
That I grow *warm* now I come *neer thy fire*.

120.

My *Warmth is pure*, as is *its spring in thee*;
I mix'd it not at all with other fires:
And onely on thy *Zealous Pietie*
I feast the *Hunger* of my *chaste Desires*:
I am a *stranger* here, and hither come
On *Loves deer businesse* from my *British Home*.

121.

But in this *Land of Holinesse* I meet
Such deer *Remembrances of Heav'n*, that I
Desire my *native Albion* to forget,
And where my *Saviour* did, both *live and die*.
Me thinks I heer am *neerest Him*, who is
Whither I *live or die*, mine *onely Blisse*.

122.

Yet some *Acquaintance* and *Companion* I
Would gladly gain, with whom my soul might live
In *holy freindships* sweet *society*,
And *mutual Heats of Zeal* from Him receive.
Heav'n puts you in my way, and if you be
What you appear, you will be *kinde to Me*.

123.

This said: sometimes to *Him* her *pleading Eye*,
Sometimes to *Heav'n* She turn'd; and by that *mute*
But most *mysterious Importunity*,
Sollicited her *earnest bashfull suit*;
Urging by this her *yeelding silence*, more
Strong *Arguments* than she had *spoke* before.

124.

Mov'd with her *soft Expressions*, and her *Tears*,
(For *these* flow'd out as thick, and sweet as *they*,)
The *Man* gives credit unto *both*, and cheers
His clowded Looks, and cries, *O happy Day*
Which hast discover'd unto Me a *Breast*
Of Heav'ns pure dove the chaste unspotted *Nest*.

125.

Pardon dear *Stranger*, pardon my *Mistake*,
And be no longer in *that Name* to me.
What recompence I can, I vow to make
To thy *misprised slandered Pietie*.
I at thy bounteous *Offer* catch, and will
Both *thy Desire*, and *mine own Joyes* fulfill.

126.

Rare are those *friends*, as *Birds of Paradise*,
In this unworthy world but seldome seen,
Whose Harts in one no other *Cement* ties
But *heav'nly Zeal and Love*: and had I been
As *good*, as I am *vile*, thy *Offer* were
Worthy to be unto my Soule *most deer*.

127.

If by the *royall Law* of our great *Lord*,
Pretious in our esteem our *Foes* must be;
O what Embraces must We then afford
To *them* who Us *out vie in Charitie*!
Come *gentle Soule*, and this *chaste Token* take;
That to thy *Wish* my heart I pliant make.

128.

Here by an *Holy Kisse* (for that of old
The *Symbole* was of *Christian Consent*,)
He seal'd his Words; then reverently took hold
Of her right Hand, and down the *Mountain* went,
Leading Her to his Dwelling; whither she
Went cheerly on, fearing no *Treacherie*.

129.

Into the *Vulturs Nest* thus flies the *Dove*;
Thus to the smiling *Shelfs* the *Ship* doth run;
The *stranger* thus to the *enchanted Grove*
Goes for delight; Thus to the fatal *Den*
Of the fair tongu'd *Hyœna* skips the *Lamb*;
The *Childe* thus leaps into the *playing flame*.

130.

Come to his House; * *Authades*, (for his Name * Arrogant,
Was so) pray's *Psyche* not to take it ill,
That since she in a *busy season* came,
His *sacred Office* He did first fulfill,
Before on her He waited: But, said He,
The work, though great, will soon dispatched be.

131.

In his *eighth journey Phœbus* now did run
Since his *first-born Authades* did enjoy,
Who by the rule of his Religion
Was bound to *circumcise the Childe* that *Day*;
Which with a *consecrated knife* of stone
He did, and gave his *own name* to his *Son*.

132.

The *Infants Wound*, the *softer heart* did slay
Of *Psyche*, who strait wrep'd, and knock'd her breast,
And then with indignation turn'd away.
But cunning *He* perceiving how his *Guest*
Dis-rellished her welcome, to her stepp'd,
And, *weeping first*, demanded *why shee weep'd*.

133.

In sullen *silence she* made her *Replie*,
Compos'd of *Frowns*, and of compleat *disdain*;
Till forc'd by his *milde Importunitie*,
She gave her angry Tongue a liberal Rein:
Shame on my *credulous Love*, which thus, said she,
Bewitch'd me to the *Den of Heresie*.

134.

Are you the Man who crouched to the Place
Of *Jesu's Cross*, and *him, your Lord*, did call?
How come you now to wear a *Jewish face*,
And with your *Circumcision tool*, cut all
Your *Christian Mask* in peeces? *Blinde* were I
As was your *zeal*, could I this crime not spie.

135.

Had you Beleev'd that *Jesu's blood* was shed
To wash the stains of all the World away,
Your *cruel Heresie* had not made red
Your *Infant* in his *needles blood* to day;
Who had been purer had you washed Him
In a much *gentler flood, pure Baptisms stream*.

136.

I see what reason my *wise Guardian* had
To be so jealous of my *staying here*;
Why He so solemnly appeared *sad*
When I was *merry*, and refus'd to *feare*;
He knew *black Satan* would himself array
In *heav'nly puritie* Me to betray.

137.

Here *she* was flinging out. But *fawning He*
By the *great Cross of Christ*, and *greater Name*,
Pray'd, and conjur'd her pious Charitie
His *unexpected action* not to blame,
But to defer her Censure, and to hear
With patience how He could his *cause declare*.

138.

Such power had that *reverend contestation*
On *Psyche's* tender heart, that she relents:
When craftie *He*, after long Commendation
Of her *soft candor*, tels Her He repents
That He his *Declaration* did not make
E'r He that *solemn work* did undertake.

139.

Then to a private Chamber Her He brought,
That no *Disturbance* might his ends prevent;
And by all *Ceremonious service* sought
To entertaine her thoughts with kinde content:
For on a *silken Couch*, when she was set,
With *softer language*, thus *He* gan *the feat*.

140.

Sure now, *dear stranger*, thou art *quit* with me,
And hast repay'd me in my *proper Coin*:
I for *Hels Instrument* suspected *thee*,
Thou for an *Heretick* dost me define:
But I *recanted*; and if thou doe so,
Quit on the other side We may be too.

141.

If head-long *jealousye* for *proof* should passe,
What thing so perilous were as *Innocence*?
What must we think of our great *Saviours Case*,
Who for a *Devil* slander'd was? and whence
Shall We acquit his *Wise Apostles*, who
In the fond Worlds esteem for *fools* did go?

142.

Thou prov'dst not what *my sudden fear* did speak,
Nor am I such as *thine* did me present:
Truth can her selfe cleer and transparent make,
And never fail'd to yeeld compleat content
To those whom *Prejudicies poyson* had
Not first envenomed, and partiall made.

143.

Know then, that I am one of those whose breasts
Are consecrated to that *Lord* whom thou
Alone adorest, and permit no *Guests*
To thrust in thither, who will not allow
That *gentle Soveraign* to domineer,
And reign without all contradiction there.

144.

That poor *contemptuous place*, whence *glorious He*
Vouchaf'd to take his *firname*, is the same
Whence imitating his humilitie,
Our *Common Title* We his *followers* frame:
Too high for Us the *Stile of Christian* is,
Plain *Nazarens* our Ambition doth suffice.

Unto

145.

Unto the Dictates of his *royal Law*
With universal Meeknesse we submit:
Whilst others but by halfes will deign to bow,
As *Makers* they, not *Subjects* were to it:
All *hard* and *costly Precepts*, they refuse,
And leave that *Burden* for the *slavish Jewes*.

146.

They tell the World how they a *Patent* have
Writ in the Stile of *Christian Liberty*,
By which *Heav'ns King* to Them Commission gave
To break the Bonds of *Legal Slavery*:
And a *wise King* the while they make Him, who
Allowes them, what his *Law forbids*, to doe.

147.

And is not this a brave *Religion*, where
There is no room for any *Charge* or *Pains*?
Cunning and thrifty its Professors are,
Who in their own *Hands* moderate the Reins
Which on their *Necks* should lie; who as they please,
Dispose their *Discipline* to their own *Ease*.

148.

And yet 'twere well, would they their Charter show
Which makes them *Free States*, and vouchsafe but to
Declare what in the *new-deliver'd Law*
Doth crosse and disannull the *old*; that so
The World might Satisfaction gain, and we
Be made *Partakers of their Liberty*.

149.

For we know no such Thing: But this we know
That *Jesus* who is *Author of the New*,
Was *Institutor of the ancient Law*
And upon *Sina's* Head his *Trumpet* blew
To *wake the World*, and warn it to give eare
Unto the *Precepts* which he thunder'd there.

150.

And did he then *Retract*, what he *before*
Ordained had? Was *Circumcision* then
Commanded to be exercis'd no more
Upon the tender *Infant-Sons* of Men?
O no! such *Changings* inconsistent be
With a *wise Gods Immutability*.

151.

Like his *own Selfe* his *Laws eternal are*,
And need no *Reformation* or *Corrections*:
Our inconsiderate *Lawgivers* here
Infect their *Laws* with their own *Imperfections*,
And *both may mended be*: But surely 'tis
Proud Blasphemy to say so of *Him*, or *His*.

152.

But his *Example* is full *Explication*
Of his own *Laws*: And what did righteous *He*,
When fitted by his blessed *Incarnation*
He could, like Us, to them a *Subject* be?
Did not he set the *Seal of his own Blood*
To *Circumcision*, that this *Law* was good?

153.

His *Presentation* in the *Temple* shews
His cleer submission to the *Law* which there
Professed was: Nor did he e'r refuse
To solemnize the *Festivals* which were
Legaly Sacred; or, when he drew neer
His *End*, forget to keep the *Passover*.

154.

Let others cast the blustering scare-crowe Name
Of *Heresie* upon our *genuine Zeal*;
We trust we never shall repute it shame
To tread *His Steps* to whom we all appeal
As to our *onely King*: and surely he
Cannot but own those who his Followers be.

155.

The *Gospel Laws* We equaly Imbrace:
And though my *Son* I *Circumcised*, yet
I cut him not off from *Baptismal Grace*,
For in that *Laver* we our Children wet,
That in this *double Sacramental Stream*
Of Blood and Water, they to *Christ* may swim.

156.

We grant, that where the *Circumcision Lood*
Blusheth not to oppose and useless make
That venerable *World-redeeming Blood*
Which from the pretious Veins of *Jesu* brake,
The *Sacrament's Heretical*: But we
Teach it more *meek* and *mannerly* to be.

157.

If now we of *too Much Obedience* seem
Guilty to thee, Convince Us of our Sin:
'Tis plain thou hast an hopefull pleasant *Theme*,
And easily upon our Hearts may'st win,
If *Truth* fight with Thee: for *what Man is he*
Who by just Licence would not conquer'd be?

158.

He ceased here. But as the *loathing Vine*,
Though in the *Colewort* she can *plainly read*
No *hostile Quality*, doth yet decline
Her *Touch*, and any *poysonous Shrub* or *Weed*
Will rather hug with *all her Arms*, then by
The *least Imbrace* approve that *Company*.

159.

So *Psyche*, though she could not easily show
The venome of *Authades Sophistrie*;
Yet could her heart not possibly *allow*
What she could not *confute*: Much rather she
Would with fell *Adders hisses* fall in love,
Than the *intent of his discourse* approve.

160.

For *Discontent* still gather'd up her Brow,
Still nauseous *neglect* stream'd from her eye,
Still on her *Guardians Words* she thought; and now
The *Serpent* had his poisnous *suavity*
Displayd, and his *enchantment* finished,
She wav'd her Hand, and turn'd aside her head.

161.

But *Logos* (who, with *Thelema* did lie
Close in her breast,) prick'd up his ready ear,
And drunk in all the *gorgeous fallacie*
With such Delight, that He could not forbear
Now *Psyche* seem'd unsatisfied, to break
His *itching minde*; and thus He freely spake.

162.

Madame, although the *Jewish law* to you
Expired seems, yet *that of Courtesie*
To be ev'n yet in date you will allow,
And why must then your *looks transgressors* be?
Why with such *Glancer of Disdain* must they
Your *gentle entertainment* here repay?

163.

For my part, if I ever understood
What *firmper specuous Probations* ment,
What *Reasons solid* were, what *Topicks good*,
What *Demonstrations sound*; I must consent
That he of none but such *Materials* here
The *Fabrick of his strong Discourse* did rear.

164.

And, let me tell you, *Reason* is a *Law*
High and divine, engrav'd in every breast,
Which must no *Change* nor *Antiquation* know;
A *Law*, which whosoever dares resist
Rebels against *Himself*, whom He stamps under
His obstinate feet, and *nature* tears in sunder.

165.

O strive not then to be *more Wise*, than what
Is *Wisdomes onely Rule*: *Authades* now
By *Reasons genuine Lustre* shews you that
He walks in *High-noon light*; and why will you
Be groaping still in *Darknes*, when you may
By his fair *Pharus* Conduct saile to *Day*?

166.

Psyche stung by this Check began to groan:
When loe her *Thelema* took Courage, and
With a resolved Countenance fastned on
Logos his shoulders her imperious hand;
Which shak'd him from his *boldnesse* into *fear*,
And summond to her Words his *humbler* Ear.

167.

Pert sir, said she, does it to you belong
To hold the golden *Reins* of *Psyche's* heart?
That thus you stretch your *Magisterial tongue*
Usurping what would better suit my part:
Y'' had best e'n take her Throne, and make both Me
And Her wait on your *upstart Majestie*.

168.

Though His soft Words tickle your wanton ear,
We use not to such *easie Charms* to yeeld;
Both *Psyche's* stomach is too weak to bear,
And so is mine, his *gilded Dose*, though fill'd
With sugar'd Blandishments. Yet ask not why;
It is enough for us, but to deny.

169.

Authades seeing how his dainty bait
Disgusted was, to heav'n lift up his eye,
And cri'd, Alas, that dangerous *Deceit*
Should be suspected in *Truths* arms to lie.
Yet *Psyche*, I doe not disprove thy fear;
Alwayes the wisest Souls most jealous are.

170.

And this thy *pious jealousie* to me
So pretious is, that it inflames my heart
With higher estimation of thee
Who *in Faiths Busines* thus *tender* art:
Those who with headlong hast such points receive,
To me seem but to fancie, not believe.

171.

I grant 'twas thy unhappines, that thou
Meet'st with so *faint* a *Disputant* as I:
And sure our *Cause* were weak if it could show
No better Pillars of its Verity
Than my Abilities, which I confesse
Are full as *feeble*, as that *solid* is.

172.

Yet why should *Truth* for my unworthy sake
Faile to finde welcome in thy pretious Breast?
Why should'st thou pay so dearly for my *lack*
Of *Eloquence* or *Logick*, as to rest
In that unhappy Ignorance content,
Which though I cannot *help*, I must *lament*.

That

173.

That Word broke ope the Fountains of his Eyes,
Which in *deceitfull Pitty* flowed down.
Yet knocking then his crafty Breast, He cries,
Why should I think *just Heav'n* on you hath thrown
The punishment of this my *Weakness*? and
Because *I'm Dull*, not let *Thee understand*?

174.

O no! wouldst thou but deign to walk with Me
To a *Friends* house not far from hence; Thou there
The *Looks of living Pietie* shouldst see,
And from an *Oracle Resolutions* hear:
If Thou repent Thee of thy Pains, I am
Content for ever to endure thy Blame.

175.

This *prest Kindnesse*, *She* who gentle was,
Knew not how to reject; and therfore goes
With her *fair-tongu'd Companion*: Alas
That *facill Hearts* should to themselves be Foes
When others they with Facilnes befriend!
That *plyant Twigs* should *break* because they *bend*!

176.

But at the house, they at his Prayers finde
A Man whom *Age* had covered with *Snow*:
Yet noble *Fervor* in his pious minde
With more than *youthfull Vigor* seem'd to glow:
So strong was his *Devotion*, and so high
In all Expressions of *Loves Bravery*.

177.

Anthades at his Back straight kneeled down;
And so did *Psyche*, much amaz'd to see
How far that *old Devote* had out-flown
The flagging Pitch of her *young Piety*.
Such flaming Prayers she never heard before,
Nor such importunate Knocks at Heav'ns high Door

178.

She often looked that the Sphears should ope,
And to the *longing Saint* his *Lord* disclose;
She wonder'd that his *Body* flew not up
Seeing his *Soule* on such *stout Pinions* rose;
But most she marvell'd that his *working Heart*
Stretching so high, did not in sunder start.

179.

With secret Cheeks her languid Soule she chid
Which with such violence never yet did flame;
Her Eyes hung down; her Cheeks were over-spread
With *blushing* (but with ô how *guiltlesse*!) *shame*:
Not ravish'd lesse was *Thelema*, who till now
No Good would in the *Nazareens* allow.

180.

O Looks, and Outside Things, how mighty are
And how substantial your *Impostures*, oh
Unhappy Mortals, who their Judgement square
By *Ear* and *Eye*, and those vain Rules alone
They borrow from the *Senses Schole*, wherein
How many Beasts more learned are than Men!

181.

* *Psendagius* now three times his Head did bow
In humble Adoration, and arose * *False Saint*.
Up from the ground. Which when *Anthades* saw,
He forward stepp'd, his business to disclose.
But *Psyche* pluck'd him by the Arm, and told
Him, *for her sake He need not be so bold*.

182.

Pardon Me Sir, said she; for now my Minde
Convinc'd by *heav'nly Satisfaction* is;
In him I such *commanding Goodnesse* finde,
That, though I would, yet I cannot doe lesse
Than stoop to that *Profession* which he
Hath authoriz'd by such *high Piety*.

183.

The height of my Desires, (if yet it be
Not *Pride* to reach at such *transcendent Blisse*,)
Is, that I with his leave advanc'd may be
To his *religious Acquaintance*: This
Perhaps may Me enable to repay
The Debt your Love hath layd on Me to day.

184.

Anthades glad and proud that he had thus
This Conquest gained, bad her be secure:
Then bowing down before *Psendagius*,
Regard, *most holy Sir*, said he, the pure
And pious Suit of a *religious Mayd*,
Which modest she upon my Tongue hath lay'd.

185.

Heav'ns Love hath kindled in her pliant Breast
Full *Approbation* of whatever she
Beholds amongst Us *Nazareens* profest;
And now our *Proselyte* she resolves to be:
Onely she beggs that you would not disdain
Her as *yon humble Friend* to entertain.

186.

His solemn Eye to Heav'n *Psendagius* cast,
And cri'd, Forbid it *blessed Jesu*, I
Should not be *kinde* to Any whom Thou past
With *thine own Favour* deign'd to dignifie:
'Tis *Condescent* indeed in Thee; but how
Can I thy *Worm stoop*, who *crawl* here *below*?

This

187.

This said; with *reverend Pleasantnes* He came
And *grave Acquaintance* took with *Psyche's* Lipp;
She bigg with *humble Thanks*, cri'd out, who am
Unworthy I, such holy Sweets so sipp!
Hadst Thou vouchsaf'd Me but thy *Feet to Kiss*,
That favour I had hugged as my *Bliss*.

188.

Thus *cheated She*, did her *Misstep* admire,
As doth the silly *flie* the beauteous *Flame*;
Little surmising what outragious Fire
Reign'd in that Brie which look'd so mild and tame:
Ne'r did she stand on such a *Brink* as this,
And never feared less a *Precipice*.

189.

Pseudagius, whose *faire-faced Piety*
Compleat possession of her Heart had wonn,
Now exercised his full Tyranny
Upon his tender yeilding Prey; and soon
Infus'd his *Poisons* with such holy Art,
That their Contagion rul'd in every Part.

190.

Satan who lurk'd in Ambush to espie
How his Plague would take; rejoyc'd to see
That *Psyche* by this *moderate Heresie*
So easily charmed was; for crafty He
When but a *little Leaven* was cast in,
Had oft the tainting of the *whole Lump* seen.

191.

He knew a *little Gap*, might quickly turn
A *mighty Chasm*: He knew one *Spark* might thrive
Into a *full-grown Flame*, and serve to burn
The strongest Fort: He knew *one Wheel* might drive
A thousand more; He knew a *careless Slip*
Might cause a *Fall*, as well 's a *desperate Skip*.

192.

He knew that they who once a foot had set
In *Errors Labrynth*, would easily be
Allured further to proceed in it
By their own tickling *Curiosity*;
He knew they soon might fall in love with *Night*
Whose Eys once turn'd from *Truths meridian Light*.

193.

But yet to make all sure, he *Logos* fill'd
With foolish *Pride*, and *Confidence*, since He
Saw *Thelema*, and *Psyche* forc'd to yeild
At last; to what *He* did at first agree;
And *They* abashed with unhappy shame,
His *domineering Carriage* durst not blame.

194.

By this unbrideled *Insolence* he grew
So *vain* and *careless* in his Work, that he
Presum'd *far more than all the World he knew*
In *Truths* judicious Discovery.
Thus foolish Dreamers think they view the skies,
When dusky Sleep hath sealed up their Eyes.

195.

For as one Morning *Psyche* walked out
Intending for her *Saviours* Sepulchre;
Full in her way the watchfull *Tempter* brought
One who *no common Mortal* did appear:
Grave was his Garb, but graver far his Look,
And him for some *deep-learned Man* she took.

196.

Capricious *Logos* could not rest content
Till he had sounded what the Man could say;
Big with a spruce and eloquent Complement,
He brings it forth, and layes it in his way;
Bowing down to the ground with it; which done,
* *Agyrtes* stayd, and *Logos* thus went on: * Corpus

197.

Sir, if your *Head* unto your *Looks* be true,
It is of *Knowledge* a vast *Treasury*;
And those *Spiritual Riches* never knew
What *Losse* or *Diminution* meant, when by
A liberal *Impartment* they were thrown
To *others Breasts*, yet not pluck'd from their *own*.

198.

For though his radiant *Largisse* on the *Moon*
And every *Star*, and all the *World* beside
He poureth out; yet still the copious *Sun*
Doth in his *undiminish'd Glory* ride.
Although a thousand *Chanels* it doth fill,
The teeming *Fountain* lives in *Fulnesse* still.

199.

A portion of *your Streams*, and of *your Light*,
Is that We beg; not to *impoverish you*,
But to *enrich our Selves*: Our *ignorant Night*
To *knowing Day* may by your Influence grow;
Our *arid barren Intellect* may be
By your *Effusions* taught *Fertility*.

200.

That natural *Desire* which did enflame
Your Industry to reach at *Knowledge*, is
Common to Us; nor will your *Wisdome* blame
Our *free and bold Obedience* unto this
Potent Instinct, by following which, your have
Attain'd that *Blessing* which of you *We* crave.

When

201.

When by a grave and gracefull *Pause*, the *Man*
More *reverence* had won, with friendly Eye
He first their *Welcome look'd*: then thus began
To speak it out: Though *Silence* suits with my
Devout Profession, more than *Words*, yet now
To *Courteses strong Law* my Tongue must bow.

202.

If I to *strangers* should not Kindnes show,
I should affront that *Lord* who owned *Me*
A *stranger* unto *Him*. Yet please to know
That I professe not by *my Industrie*
To have arived unto any pitch
In that wherein you take Me to be *rich*.

203.

Alas, *Agyrtes* had as *sottish* been
As is the vilest he that sees the light,
Had *Heav'ns sweet Rays* not deignd to interveen
Between my *Heart*, and *Ignorances Night*.
But *Jesus* who is *King of Love*, as well
As *Wisdome*, pleas'd with *both* my Breast to fill.

204.

Yet this no other *Wisdome* is, then what
Concerns *Him*, and *his Heav'n*, wherfore if you
For any other look from me, but *that*,
You must goe seek where *Vanitie* doth grow.
That, that, or none, sweet *Sir*, said *Psyche*; We
Would onely in *Heav'ns Wisdome* learned be.

205.

This yeilding Answer made *Him* smile within,
And promise to his proud Heart, *Victory*:
Yet to make sure, and grace, his *holy Sin*,
To *Heav'n* he turn'd his *hell-directed Eye*,
And lifting up his Hands, seem'd *thence* to take
The *Copie* of what now he ment to speak.

206.

With that, upon the ready Grasse, which there
Offer'd its gentle service, they sate down.
Then thus *Agyrtes*: Though you *Strangers* are,
Your *holy Wish*, thus far has made you *known*,
That I perceive you are not yet to be
Inform'd there is a *Christ*, and *Pietie*.

207.

But as *the noblest Things beseiged are*
With greatest Difficulties, so is this:
Religion, and *Truth* yet never were
Enthron'd so high, but saucie *Wickednes*
Would muster *Errors* round about them, and
Before their face in flat Defiance stand.

208.

Yet, if in *great Cerinthus's Schole* you were
Ever a *Candidate*, I need not strive
To ope my Bottles to your Thirst, who there
All *Fulnes* from the *Fountain* did receive.
My Schole, cri'd *Psyche*, gentle Sir, alas,
Onely in *blinde* and *barbarous Albion* was.

209.

Know then, said *He*, that when *Heav'n* planted had
Its blessed *Gospell* in our World below,
Ten thousand *Weeds* a conjuration made
To choke it when it first began to grow;
The *Blade* no sooner peeped forth, but there
These *pois'nous Tyrants* strait did domineer

210.

And surely all the *Harvest Hopes* had been
Slain in their Birth. had *Jesus* tender Care
Into his *Feild* not sent *Cerinthus*: *Sin*
The *Crop* ev'n in the *Spring* began to shear,
And *Truth* her infant Head sought where to hide;
So rampant Error was, and spread so wide.

211.

But this brave *Gardner* with his prudent Hook
Cut those *Intruders* down, and cleerd the ground;
The *Churches Soile* strait like it selfe did look,
And reskew'd *Truth* full room to flourish found,
The mystick *Paradise* began to be
From the insidious *Serpents Dangers* free.

212.

The reverend *Law* whose *flaming Majesty*
Flashed from *Sina*, now brake out again;
And chasing all *licentious Mists*, which by
Heretik Sloth had gain'd *Religions* Rein,
Mingled its *Lustre* with the *Gospels Ray*,
And *doubled* fair *Truthes* most *unspotted Day*.

213.

Blind Ignorance was grown so bold, that she
Sought to perswade the World it had *no Eyes*;
Making the *Lazie Name of Mystery*,
In stead of *Demonstration* suffice.
From this black Pit those monstrous *Prodigies*
Of *hood-wink'd*, and *abused Faith* did rise.

214.

Who can imagin *Heav'n* would e'r obtrude
Upon the *Faith of Reasonable Men*,
That which *against all Reason* doth conclude,
And founded is on *Contradiction*?
Sure God so strange a Law did never give,
That Men must not be Men, if they Believe.

215.

No, 'twas not *God*, but *Man*, who made that *Law*,
And by enacting it, uſurped *more*
Than God-like Power on thoſe he won to bow
Their *Superſtitious Necks* to this *new Lore*,
By which to *brutiſh Sottiſhneſſe* they are
Enſlav'd, who *free* by *Chriſtian Title* were.

216.

'Tis not enough, forſooth, that We beleeve
Mary the *Mother* was to *Jeſus*; but
Into the bargain too We muſt receive
That ſhe a *Virgin ſtill remain'd*. And what
More ready Way, her *Sons Birth* to deny,
Than by *continuing her Virginity*?

217.

If ſhe a *Mother* be, ſhe *muſt be ſo*;
But if a *Virgin*, ſhe a *Virgin* is:
And he that can in *One* tie up theſe *Two*,
May reconcile the *Poles* into a *Kiſſe*
May *Midnight* in the face of *Highnoon* throw,
May cement in *one* Centre *I and No*.

218.

Yet well it were, had *Mary* been alone
The ſubject of this *holy Nonſenſe*; But
With greater impudence upon her *Son*
It ventured, and madly forging what
All *Rational Creatures* cannot but Deteſt,
This, as the *ſacred Rule of Faith* profeſt.

219.

For though the *Marveil-mongers* grant that *He*
Was moulded up but of a *Mortal Metall*,
And that his *Subſtance* was the ſame which we
Finde in our Selves to be ſo *weak* and *brittle*;
Yet an *eternal God* they make Him too,
And angry are *that We will not doe ſo*.

220.

(Thus the *quaint Madneſſe* of a *dreaming Brain*
Holds the ſame Thing a *Mountain*, and a *Mite*;
Fancies the *Sun*, *Lights royal Soveraign*,
To look like ſwarthy, and ignoble *Night*;
Imagines wretched *Worms*, although it ſee
Them *crawl in Dirt*, *illuſtrious Kings* to be.)

221.

But *Heav'n* forbid, that we ſhould ſo *Blaſpheme*,
And think our *God* as *poor a Thing as We*.
How can *Eternity* be born in *Time*?
How can *Infinitude* a *Baby* be?
Or how can Heav'n and Earths almighty *Lord*
To *Ægypt* flie for fear of *Herod's* Sword?

222.

Can *He* be *hungry* who doth *All Things feed*?
Can it become the *King of Joy* to *weep*?
Can *He the God of Spirits*, *refreſhment need*?
Can *He* who is *all Eye*, e'r *fall aſleep*?
Can *Man*, the *Prince of Power Crucifie*?
Can *He*, *Lifes everlaſting Fountain*, *die*?

223.

Such *Gods* as theſe indeed were *Jupiter*,
Mars, *Saturn*, *Neptune*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*,
And all that *Rout* to whom the *Pagans* rear
Their curſed Altars: And muſt we goe follow
Such goodly Leaders, and our Pleaſure take
Religion worſe than Atheiſme to make?

224.

Sure *God* is much beholden unto them
Whoſe *glorious Faith* hath been ſo carefull to
Heap all thoſe vile Indignities on Him
Which they Themſelves abhorr to undergoe.
If *God* be ſuch a *wretched Thing*, no more
Will I, (and 'tis no *proud Word*) *Him adore*.

225.

But *He* is as *Impaſſible* as They
Would make him *weak* and *poor*: He cannot bow
To yeild his *high almighty Selfe* a Prey
To our *Infirmities* who crawl below:
His ſuper-glorious moſt refined *Nature*
As far from *Suffring* is, as from a *Creature*.

226.

I know they ſtrive to mince the Matter by
Diſtinguiſhing His Natures; for their Art
Being aſham'd of no Abſurdity,
Himſelfe from his own Selfe preſumes to part.
Yet we durſt not admit a *Deity*,
Which muſt on a *Diſtinction* builded be.

227.

But how much more than mad their *Doctrine* is
And how tranſcending *Pagan Blaſphemy*,
Who not content to make a *God* of this
Both *paſſible*, and *mortal Jeſus*; try
To thruſt him into one *ſubſtantial Knot*
With his *eternal Sire* who him begot!

228.

Two, yet *not Two*, but *One* theſe *Two* muſt be:
Nay and a *Third* into the *Knot* they bring;
The *Spirit* muſt come in to make up *Three*,
And yet theſe *Three* be but *One ſingle Thing*.
Thus *faſt and looſe* they play, or *ev'n and odd*,
And we a *juggling Trick* muſt have for *God*.

229.

If *God* be *One*; then let him be so still:
Why jumble We We know not what together?
Did all the *World* not know their *God*, untill
This *old Blinde Age* discover'd Him? Did neither
The *Patriarks* Beleeve, nor *Prophets* See
Aright, because they *took not One for Three*?

230.

I and my *Brethren* are full well content
T' aspire unto no other *Paradise*
Than that to which those *Holy Hero's* went,
Whose *Faith* knew no such *curious Prodigies*.
No; *Faith's a grave and sober Mayd*, and She
Loves neither *Quirk*, nor *Trick*, nor *Forgerie*.

231.

Let *Love* and *Duty* make of *Christ* as high
And glorious a Thing as *Wit* can reach,
Provided that against the *Deity*
No *injury* nor *Sacriledge* they preach;
If onely on *such Terms* He lov'd may be,
Him to *neglect* is *Pietie*, say *We*.

232.

But *We neglect him not*, who merits more
Of Us, than all our Reverence can pay:
Our Necks we bow unto his gentle *Lore*,
And his *Commands* ambitiously obey.
Love is his blessed *Law*; and hated be
Those who contemn so *sweet a Lord* as He.

233.

You see how freely our *Profession* We
Impart to *Strangers*; being confident
That honest *Truth* can never shamed be.
Yet whether you will bow downe your consent
Unto our *Doctrines*, I uncertain am;
And therefore will no further lavish them.

234.

r if your *Faith* relies on *Men*, who are
emselves but founded and built up of *Dust*;
you by *Reasons Rule* disdain to square
our *Pietie*, and *take your God on Trust*,
(Which *Heav'n* forbid;) you onely are a Prize
Unto *Impostors* fair-tongu'd *Fallacies*.

235.

He ceased here. When *Logos* louting low
His fawning head to *Psyche*, gave her Joy
That she had met so *grave a Doctor* now,
Whose radiant *Knowledge* might light her the way
To genuine *Truth* through those thick *Fogs* which
Make dim and black *Religions Hemisphear*. (here

236.

And take good heed said He, sweet *Madame*, that
You serve Him not as you *Authades* did:
O what substantial *Arguments*, and what
Religious *Motives* hath he mustered
In this concise *Discourse*, whose depth might well
Be owned by the holiest *Oracle*.

237.

Psyche, whose tender Heart not long agoe
Would have abhorr'd this *venomous Language* more
Than doth the *Lamb* the *Wolfe*, or *Lyon*, who
Nothing but barbarous *Death* to it doth roar;
Had now forgot her pious jealous *fear*,
And knew not what it meant *to be aware*.

238.

Haretick Poyson she already had
Suck'd from *Authades*; which no sooner wun
Her fond Hearts Approbation, but it made
An open Chanel for *more streams* to run
Into her Bosome: Thus an *Army* by
One *little Breach* poures in its *Victory*.

239.

She yeilds to swallow the *Cerinthian Bait*,
And *thanks* unto her *Murderer* strives to pay,
Dear Sir, said she, your solid *Reasons* Weight
Doth on my Heart such sound *Persuasion* lay,
That needs it must submit, and study how
To be for ever gratefull unto you.

240.

Scarce had she spoke, but loe her *Doctor* who
Espyed *Phylax* flying thither, took
His hasty leave; but pass'd his Promise to
Meet her again, and bad her for him look
The next day there: Alas the *Cheater* was
Afraid the *Angel* might his *Fraud* uncase.

241.

But as away he sneaked; *Psyches Friend*
More swift than flies the *Eagle* to her *Prey*,
The whining Aire with sprightfull Wings did rend,
And shot himselfe through the directest way
To his dear *Charge*, for whom his Heart did quake,
As knowing well what *Tempests* hers did shake.

242.

For by *Loves* faithfull *Sympathie* (though he
About his other work far distant were,)
He still preserv'd a soft *Vicinitie*
With *Psyche's Soule*, and felt each wound which there
Sophistick Darts had made, though foolish she
Perceived not her *sugered Miserie*.

243.

At his approach, for joy the *Virgin* wept,
Not thinking that those *tears* to *shame* were due.
Syneidesis still in her bosome slept,
And her unto her self forbore to shew:
She to her own Breast was more stranger than
The *Tartar* to the *Æthiopian*.

244.

But *Phylax* almost out of breath for hast,
Suck'd in fresh spirits, and then demanded *who*
It was that gather'd up his heels so fast,
And fled from his *approach*: If he had no
Cause of his flight, but *me*, 'tis meet that I,
Said he, suspect him for you *Enemy*.

245.

No sure, replyed *Psyche*; for not *I*
Nor *Logos* could discover ought but *love*:
He freely taught Us many a *veritie*,
And what he undertook, did cleerly prove.
Some *sudden busines* snatch'd him hence, not *fear*
Of *you*, whom doubtles He doth hold most dear.

246.

Phylax, who knew *Him* and *Authades* too,
The total matter gently sifted out,
And wrought upon his *Pupils softnes* so
That his design He subtly brought about;
For *full confession* from her charmed tongue
Of *both her Doctors Principles* he wrung.

247.

But then He groand, and smote his pittying Breast,
And fixed upon Hers his *speaking eye*,
By which the mixed language He expresst
Of *Love* and *Wrath*, of *Hope*, and *Jealousy*;
And by this Prologue setting ope the door,
He from his Lips his troubled Minde did poure:

248.

Left I my charge, ô *Psyche*, to the *Winde*,
When hence I took my journey, or to *thee*?
If in my deerest Cabinet, thy Minde,
I my *advice* depos'd, why must it be
That the weak breath of any *Charmer* Thou
Dost meet, that *holy Pawn* away may blow?

249.

My *heart* mis-gave me, when away I went,
Or rather when with *thine* I left it here;
Full well thou know'st what earnest pains I spent
To arm thy tender Soule with sacred *fear*:
O why, with foolish *confidence* would'st thou
Disarm thy self, and make room for the *blow*?

250.

That *blow*, which struck so deep into thy breast,
That if some soveraign *Balsame* makes not speed;
If strait thy wounded Bosome be not *dreſt*;
If *Heav'n* be not as quick, *new life* to shed
Into thy Soule, as *Hell* was to betray
It unto *Death*, this is thy *fatal Day*.

251.

Alas those *Doctrines* onely *Poisons* were
Squeez'd from the dregs of the infernal Pit;
Less Pestilential those *Venoms* are
Which desperate *Basilisks* and *Vipers'* spit:
Nor *Aphrodisius's*, nor *Agenor's* tongue
With such *sure bane* thy careless Bosome stung.

252.

Canst thou, ô *Psyche* thus thy *Lord* repay
For all the *Treasures of his Love* which He
Into thy poor heart poured day by day?
Canst thou rob *Jesus* of his *Deitie*,
And tear Him from his *Throne*, whil'st royall *He*
His *heav'nly Kingdome* doth prepare for *thee*?

253.

Pert *Logos* here no longer Patience had,
But setting up his insolent crest, he cri'd,
Good sir, and take you me for one so mad,
That in my *proper road* I cannot ride,
But both my *Self* and *Way*, I needs must loose;
And willingly deep *Precipies* choose?

254.

If *Eyes* of *Colours* sober Judges be;
If *Tongues* can censure what is *soure* and *sweet*;
If *Ears* can *Discords* know from *Harmonie*;
If *Touching* may decide in *Cold* and *Heat*;
Why may not I presume that I am set
In Reasons Chair, and know the *Powers of it*?

255.

Unless I to my *Essence* give the *Lie*,
These *Doctrines* sure are built on *Demonstration*:
But if you onely must be *Psyche's* eye,
Ev'n pull me out, that I no perturbation
Thus in the way of your *designes* may throw;
So in your Conquest you compleat shall grow.

256.

Psyche was glad to heare this *Challenge* beat
So high, and hop'd that *Phylax* would relent:
And were *Angelick Loves Heroick Heat*
Less resolute than it is, *just discontent*
Had quenched *Phylax flames*, which now by this
Bold *opposition* did more stourly rise.

With

257.

With secret instance he did *Charis* draw
Down from her Heav'n, to joyn *her Powers* with *his*:
She, when the *Virgins* wounded Heart she saw,
Melted with Pitty at her deep Distresse;
And by *victorious Sweetnesse* op'd a way
Into her Breast, and *Thelema* made her Prey.

258.

Which *Phylax* seeing: *Logos* strives in vain
Said He, to countermine my care of Thee:
Greater Affronts than these I can sustain,
Rather than *Psyche* should destroyed be.
All this, and more, I will forget, so Thou
Wilt goe, and see a *Sight* I have to show,

259.

Logos look'd bigg, and struggled might and main;
But *Thelema* was tractable and tame,
And the bold *Rebell* quickly did constrain
Unto her pliant Minde his own to frame,
Poor *Psyche* sigh'd and wept, and halfe afraid,
Phylax with her to *doe his pleasure* pray'd.

260.

He well considering her Disease had need
Of nothing more than *Haste* in her *Physition*,
Staid not to parle, but made all loving speed
To snatch her from these Jaws of deep *Perdition*,
Whilst yet with *Charis*'s soule-subduing Heat
Her melted and convicted Heart did beat.

261.

Ready at hand his well-known *Chariot* was,
In which he takes her up, and guides the Rein;
Forthwith the spright full *Steeds* flung on apace
Through the fair Road of the aereal Plain,
Till they to *Gitton* in *Samaria* came,
Their journeyes Butt, where *Phylax* checked Them.

262.

Then lighting down, Come *Psyche*, come, said he,
This is thy newfound *Doctors native Town*;
Here thou their *true Original* shalt see,
And from what kinde of Nest they all are flown.
This House their *Fathers* was: Come we will in,
And view the *Birth-place* of *Heretick Sin*.

263.

Thus entred *They*: When loe the *House* they finde
So full of *Doors*, and *Rooms*, and *Galleries*,
Which by quaint *Turnings* to and fro did winde,
That *Psyche* quickly lost her touling Eyes,
As she had done *her Sense*, had *Phylax* not
Of all the *Labyrinth* full Knowledge got.

264.

Thorough a thousand strange *Meanders* He
Into a *private Room* conducted her
Where she a far more *private Door* did see,
But little thought what kinde of *Den* was there
Lurking behinde it, so alluring was
The holy Beauty of its *cheating Face*.

265.

A goodly *Crucifix* was there displayd,
Altars were rear'd, and many *Bibles* ope,
By which *majestick Liturgies* were laid,
With *lofty-tuned Anthems*; on the Top
Art plac'd a *Quire of Angels* hovering,
And made the gorgeous *Roof* all seem to *sing*.

266.

There might you see *Faith*, with her *Eagles Eye*;
Hope with both Hands her *Anchor* holding fast;
And with her *open Bosome*, *Charity*;
Whose Looks such seeming current Beams did cast,
That those who were not well aware, might deem
She at *Heav'ns genuine Fires* had kindled them.

267.

With these, *Religion* stood, *Zeal*, *Piety*
Devotion, *Meeknesse*, *Patience*, *Gentlenesse*,
And whatsoe'r might advantageous be
The brave *Imposture* gallantly to dresse:
Baits which might easily work a greater feat,
Then *Psyche*'s soft *Simplicity* to cheat.

268.

What credit thou to these fair Looks mayst give,
Said *Phylax*, Thou shalt see when I have shown
What monstrous *Ougliness* these *Porters* strive
To countenance: With that he bent his Frown
On the enchanting *Company*, and they
To his *imperious Anger* straight gave way.

269.

Aside *They* started; and so did the *Door*;
When loe an horrid *Cave* appear'd beneath,
Which for tha Stream of *Smoak* and *Stink* did poure,
Amazing *Psyche* with its dismal Breath;
Deep was the *Pit*, and full of darkest *Fright*,
Seeming the *Bed-chamber* of sullen *Night*.

270.

But *Phylax* shot from his illustrious Eye
Such potent Lightning as brake through that Cloud;
When loe about the *Caverns* sides, a *Frie*
Of frighted *Toads* into their Holes did crowd;
And thousand *Spiders* at the Sight agast,
Into the centres of their Webbs made haste.

271.

But ô what *Mans*, or *Muses Tongue* can tell
The other *Monsters* which were hissing there!
Huge *Snakes*, fierce *Vipers*, angry *Adders*, fell
And fiery *Hydra's* all discovered were,
With *Cockatrices*, *Scorpions*, *Dragons*, and
Of foule *Chimara's* a full marshall'd Band.

272.

Yet these all fled before the *Angels* face,
And in their severall Dens loud howling lay:
But *He* entended for a *further place*,
And with these *lesser Monsters* made no stay;
Forward unto *another door* He goes,
Where far more *poys'nous things* He doth disclose.

273.

Glozing *Deceits*, and handsome *Lyes* stood there,
With gentle meek demure *Hypocrisie*;
And these in goodly state attended were
By treacherous *Rhetorick* and *Philosophie*;
But their chief train with *Syllogisms* was fill'd,
Who in their hands *three-forked Halberts* held.

274.

Yet all their *Might* fell flat upon the ground,
And gave the *mightier Angel* leave to passe,
Who entring by that damned *Portal*, found
To such a *Porch* a *correspondent place*:
The *stinks* He met before, pure *odours* were
To *those* which reek'd in every corner here.

275.

The *Master of the House*, grave *Simon*, who
Wore *Magus* for his curled *surname*, sate
Full in the midst; whose poisned stomach so
Surcharged was with *crude-opinions*, that
Its pestilential *Load* which belch'd and wrought,
Into an ample Boule He spewed out.

276.

This the rude indigested *Chaos* was
Wherein all *Heresies* did jumbled lie;
The fertile *Womb* which their original Place
Did give to every kinde of *Blasphemie*;
The *Seed* and *Matter* whence *sins foule Creator*
Produced every *Monstrous-shaped nature*.

277.

As smoaking in the Boule this *Vomit* lay,
A *Crowd of desperate Men* throng'd round about,
Whose most accursed thirst did them betray
To covet this foule *Draught*: The scalding drought
Of the persued Deer breeds lesse desire
In some cool spring to quench his raging fire.

278.

Menander gat the *first Sup*; *He* who by
That cankering liquor so infected grew,
That *Simon* He out-spit in *Heresie*,
And higher than his *Spewing Father* flew;
Much he disdain'd that *God* or *Man* should be
Nobler (at least *in's own conceit*) than *He*.

279.

Cerinthus next lapp'd up his share, and then
His hungry *Younglings* with the venom fed;
'Mongst whom *Agyrtes* suck'd his Patt, whom when
Psyche beheld, *Guilt* di'd her Cheeks with red.
But *Ebion* thrusting in, took off her eye,
He Scriptures Mangler, foe of Purity.

280.

Yet *Nicolas*, who came next, was worse than He,
And drunk so deep, that of all foulest *lust*
He turn'd *Professor*, and deserv'd to be
The hate of God Behinde him *Elxai* thrust,
And bold *Jexeus*, Bretheren no less
In nature, than in lustfull *Putidness*.

Apoc. 2.

281.

Then *Saturnine*, whose draught so strangely wrought,
That he judg'd *Puritie* it self *impure*;
Chaste *Matrimony* He abhorr'd, as fraught
With shamefull odiousnes; nor would endure
His lip should blush in any Creatures *blood*,
All which he held were never made for food.

282.

Yet strait *Basilides* from the *same fount*
Contrary poison drunk; All *lust* was *clean*,
Yea *commendable* too in his account.
And the same relish had the liquor in
Carpocrates his Mouth, and *Valentins*,
The *Oracles* of all *libidinous sins*.

283.

From these great *Parents* came that numerous *Spawn*
Of most portentous *Gnosticks*, *Antitacts*,
Ptolemaits, *Ophites*, *Cainites*; *Monsters* known
By the Profession of such shamelesse Facts
As *Hell* would blush at; which yet unto them
Truths and *Religions Puritie* did seem

284.

Next these, about the boules brim licking lay
The *Nazareens*, amongst whose sneaking fire
Were both *Pseudagius* and *Anthades*; They
Who tainted *Psyche* with their *Heresie*.
No sooner she beheld them, but her breast
She smote, and by the stroke her fault confest.

Bu

285.

But after these appear'd the *Marcosites*;
Epiphanes, *Secundus*, *Isidore*;
Bold *Cerdonists*, and fond *Heracleonites*;
Marcion, *Apelles*, with blasphemous store
Of their *Disciples*; *Lucan*, *Lucian*,
Photinus, *Basiliscus*, *Hermogen*.

286.

Then proud *Montanus*; with *Quintilians*,
Ascites, *Pepuzians*; and *Artotyrites*,
Priscillians, *Pharisaik Tatians*,
Abstemious yet profane *Severianites*;
Arehontiks, *Adamites*, *Quartadecimans*,
Fond *Alogists*, and *Melchisedekians*.

287.

Tertullianists, *Arabiks*, *Symmachists*,
Homousiasts, *Elxites*, *Origenians*,
Valesians, and presumptuous *Catharists*,
Hydroparastates, *Patripassians*.
Apostoliks, *Angeliks*, *Chiliasts*,
Samosatenian Paulinists.

288.

Mad *Maniches*, outrageous *Donatists*,
Curs'd *Arians*, *Collutbians*, *Audianites*,
Shameless *Photinians*, *Macedonianists*,
Aerians, *Acacians*, *Eustathites*:
Eunomians, *Messalians*, *Luciferians*,
Hypsistarists, *Agnoites*, *Apollinarians*.

289.

Timotheans, *Seleucians*, *Collyridians*,
New coin'd *Priscillians*, with *Proclianites*:
Foule-mouth'd *Jovinianists*, and black *Helvidians*;
Bonosians, *Campensians*, *Agapites*;
Pelagius, *Nestorius*, *Eutyches*,
Accompani'd with all their *Progenies*.

290.

Innumerable more besides were there,
Whose severall Poisons Nature *Phylax* read
Unto his *Pupill*, though they never were
As yet unto the world discovered:
But as these *Petty Vermine* She did view,
A *mightie Prodigie* its dread did shew.

291.

Up start a *Man* of such commanding Look,
That all these awed *Suckers* gave *Him* way:
Three times his mighty Head and Locks He shook,
Three times He stoop'd, and seem'd too proud to lay
His lips so low; yet bowing down at length,
Upon the *Boule* He shew'd his curs'ed Strength:

292.

For every Drop of the foule *Vomit* He
Straight swallowed up, and kick'd the *Bowle* away;
When loe the *Venomes* rampant potencie
Did in the desperate Man it self display;
Both in his eyes, and all about his face,
Infernall Horror freely took its place.

293.

A *pair of Horns* broke from his fiery Brow,
And from his mouth impatient *Blasphemy*;
Big with all rancorous *Spight* his Breast did grow,
His Soul was stretch'd with *arrogant Majesty*:
Nor was it wonder that He thus did swell,
Who had engorg'd and drunken was with *Hell*.

294.

With Mouth wide ope He swore aloud that He
Would make the *whole World* to *his pleasure* bow;
He threatned all *Heav'ns starrie Braverie*
Down from their highest strongest Orbs to draw;
He vow'd by *his own Head*, no *God* should be
Thenceforth *beleeved*, nor *ador'd*, but *He*.

295.

With that, his *fists of burning Brasse* He bent,
And lifted up his *more than Dragons Taile*,
As if with this Artillery He ment
The *Universe's Powers* to assail;
Nor was his *Insolence* in vain, for He
From *Heav'n* it self snatch'd down his *Victorie*.

296.

From th' *Euangelick Heav'n* He boldly drew
Millions of Soules, whom He in sunder tore,
Or with his Breaths most murdering venome slew;
Bellowing his Triumph in a dismall Roar.
Straight the *Heretick Frie* began to quake,
Simon himself did start, and *Psyche* shake.

297.

But *Phylax* to allay her storm of *fear*,
Told her the *Monsters Pride* yet knew a Rein;
For mark, said He, He is a prisner here,
And cannot break that *Adamantine Chain*
Which Him and all his viperous Company
Though at some distance, *fast to Hell* doth tye.

298.

She look'd and saw her *Guardian* told her true:
She saw the *Chain*, which to a Pit did lead
Whence thick sulphureous eructations flew
And brought up mingled streams of boyling Lead.
She frighted at the sight, fled back; but He
What in that Bottome lay, led her to see.

Sheltred

299.

Sheltred by his ſtout *Wings Security*,
And by his truſty Word encouraged,
Into the diſmall *Grott* ſhe ſent her eye,
Which there a *more prodigious Object* read
Than She before had ſeen in the foule Book
Of hideous *Antichriſt* portentous Look.

300.

It was that *Beldame Hagg* from whoſe black Breaſt
Simon his rank unweildy Poiſon drew;
Never was *furie* ſo compleatly dreſt
In all the *Bravery of Horrors hue*;
All ſhapeleſſe ſhapes together tumbled were
To make up *Shames Extremity* in *Her*.

301.

Two Heads She had, which on her *Legs* did grow;
Two faces, and *two Mouthes*, but *not one Eye*;
Six rowes of teeth which conſtantly did gnaw
All they could of her Carkaiſe reach; Her *Thigh*
From an eternall *Sore* did poyſon drop
Into her *throat*, which thence again ſpew'd up.

302.

The Vermin which did all about Her ſwarm,
Young *Adders*, *Slow-worms*, *Toads*, and *Spiders* were,
Two lumps of black fleſh hung for *either Arm*;
An *hundred Nails* upon *each hand* did tear
Her dangling *Duggs*, and when they weary grew
Them o'r her ſhoulders to her back they threw.

303.

But from her *Neck* a twiſted *Tail* did ſprout
Arm'd with a thouſand forked Stings, which ſhe
For her own torture uſ'd, and round about
Her ſelf its Laſhes threw: Her bunched *Knee*
Did backward bend; and for her feet below,
Out at her belly *Seav'n ſhort Paws* did grow.

304.

As *Pſyche* trembled at this balefull ſight;
Behold, ſaid *Phylax*, and conſider well
Whither brisk *Logo's judgement* were ſo right,
Who hath engag'd thy poiſned Heart to dwell
In this *fine Ladyes familie*, for ſhe
Is *Grandame* to that monſtrous *Progenie*.

305.

Since Thou haſt made thy choiſe, and ſcorned Me,
And my Advice; goe take thy choſen place,
Or in *Pſeudagius* his Companie,
Or in *Agyrte's*: Nay doe not diſgrace
Thy *learned Prudence* ſo as to retract;
Judicious Logos will not like the fact.

306.

Poor *Logos* heard this Word; which through his Heart
Shot ſuch deep *Shame* and *Grief*, that thenceforth He
Reſolved never more to truſt *his Art*
Where it with *Phylax's minde* did diſagree.
But yet in *Pſyche's* tender Breaſt, the Wound
More ſtinging was, more fataly profound.

307.

Proſtrate before his face, in ſilence She
Grappled a while with her outrageous *Grief*;
But when She ſaw the woefull Victorie
Growing upon her, and found no relief
In her own Soul; She mingles with her *Sighs*,
Her *Deplorations*, and thus She *cries*:

308.

Alas, *Pſeudagius* or *Agyrte's* place
Is too too happy and too high for Me:
That dreadfull *Haggs* prodigious *Embrace*
Is more than due to my *Apoſtaſie*;
I fully have deſerv'd that She ſhould hugg
Me with her *Taile*, and feed Me with her *Dugg*.

309.

For, Had *Pſeudagius* or *Agyrte's* Heart
Like mine, been by a *Phylax* fortified,
No *Mines*, nor *Onſlates* of *Heretick Art*
Had won their *forts*: But I by ſottiſh Pride,
Diſdain'd the *potent Help* of thy Supplie,
And choſe on my own *Weakneſſe* to relie.

310.

I fain would pardon begg; but mighty *Shame*
Seals up my Mouth, and *Guilt* beats back my breath;
I fain would invocate *His gracious Name*
Who gave his *Life* to reſcue Me from *Death*;
But *Horror* ſtifles my Endeavour, who
In ſpight of *Him*, to this my *Death* would goe.

311.

But thou ſweet *Phylax* never didſt diſpleaſe
His Mighty Majeſty, nor force his *frown*;
Seal'd ſure on Thee his *endleſſe favour* is,
And thy *Deſires* He with *Succeſſe* will crown;
If Thou wilt plead for Me, though not for *mine*;
He will for *thy dear Sake* his Ear incline.

312.

I know my *Impudence* is high, who dare
Beg thus much *favour* of *abuſed Thee*;
But thy brave *Charitie* delights to war
Againſt the moſt perverſe Conſpiracie
Of my *Demerits*; witneſſe its divine
Battell againſt *Agenors Pride and Mine*.

If

313.

If ever more from thy *advice* I start
By bold and traiterous *Curiositie*,
May I amongst those *Furies* have my part
Of my already-earned Misery;
And may thy *Wing* no more for me be spred,
No more thy Tongue for my reprievement plead.

314.

Divided here twixt trembling *Hope* and *Fear*,
On Him she fix'd her lamentable eye,
Pleading the rest by Looks, that both his *Eare*
And *Eye* she might engage. This *Modesty*
A potent *Charm* unto the *Angel* was,
Who took her up, and bad her wipe her face.

315.

Your holy *Resolution* hold, said He,
And with the issue trust my *Love* and *Care*:
Into *false paths* you ne're were led by Me,
Who more *discerning Eyes* than *Logos* wear.
The *Ways* I tet, may *high* and *craggie* seem;
But such *lead up to Heav'n*, suspect not them.

316.

Then by her Hand Her tenderly He led,
And gather'd up the Steps by which He came
Into the *Grot*: The *Porters* all were glad,
And leap'd for joy that *He* was pass'd by them;
The *Serpents* creeping from their Holes again
Look'd after *Him*, and *spit*, and *Hiss'd* amain.

PSYCHE:

OR

LOVES MYSTERIE.

CANTO XVI.

The Antidote.

ARGUMENT.

TO purge out that Heretick Bane, *which now*
Lay rankling in his Pupils *cheated Breast*,
Phylax Ecclesia's *Court to* her *doth show*;
Where by Truth's *delicate Embrace being blest*,
She soon perceiv'd her Cure, *and how the Heat*
Of Catholick health *in her* sound Pulse *did beat.*

1.

VAin miserable *Man*, why dost thou tread
So proudly on the *Worm* which crawls below?
Forgetting that on thy erected Head
Much more unfortunate *wretchedness* doth grow
Than ever made the vilest *Reptile* be
The hoofstool of *Contempt* to *sirliest* Bee.

2.

Are not the *Bowels of disgrace* the Spring
Whence Thou dost flow? Is not *Corruption*
The foule and onely *Mother* which did bring
Forth *thee*, her genuine corruptible *Son*?
Though *Flesh* and *Blood* dissemble long, they must
Confesse at last, their rotten mouldring Dust,

3.

Sage *nature* at the Moment of thy Birth
Made Thee *Lament*, when yet Thou knewst not why,
Being with *Pollution* tumbled headlong forth
Into the Stage of thy Lifes Tragedy,
With full assurance that thou there must be
First vex'd, and then slain by *Mortality*.

4.

The *meaneſt Creature* that e'r saw the light,
Was richer born, and stronger far than thou;
Compleatly *shiftleſſe* was thy *native Plight*,
And did no manner of *ſelfe-ſuccor* know:
Naked thou wert of every *Help* beside,
As well's of Clothes thy woefull shame to hide.

5.

With *Cares* and *Fears* in thy young Education
Thy troubled *Parent travelled* again;
Her Bowels yearn'd with as true *Perturbation*,
As when they stretch'd with *puerperial Pain*:
It being but *extenſion of thy Birth*,
To *Bring thee up*, as she had *Brought Thee forth*.

6.

How crosse, how way-ward, and how peevish were
Thy *feeble Tears*, when thou couldst onely fight
With thy rebellious *Will*, and vex the Care
Of thy deer *Nurse* with sullen froward Spight!
All other *Twigs* will freely bend; but Thou
Alone, though young, hadst rather *Break, than Bow*.

7.

The *Rod* drives Thee to *Schole*, and keeps thee there;
Where thou good *Inſtitution* dost Imbrace
Not out of *Love*, but most ignoble *Fear*:
So the wilde stubborn *Colt* is taught to pace,
When dreadfull Awe does force Him to submit
Not to the *Rider*, but his *Whip*, and *Bit*.

8.

But as the *Tinder* never fails to catch
The smalleſt *Spark*, although it certain be
To burn with it: So doth thy *Madnes* snatch
At every *gliſtering Sin* and *Vanitie*,
And hug it close, although the treacherous *Gueſt*
Be sure to kindle *Hell-fire* in thy Breast.

9.

When riper years to *manly Acts* invite
Thy *well-grown Soule*, Thou dost its Strength imploy.
In the soft trade of *amorous Delight*,
Of *bitter Sweets*, of *delicate Annoy*,
Of *fawning Rhymes*, of *witty Fooleries*,
Of *dainty Perjuries*, of *ſmiling Lies*.

10.

To *Sheers* and *Needle* Thou thy Selfe *enſlaveſt*
And at the mercy art of each *new Cut*,
And *upſtart Garb*: Yet when thou in thy braveſt
And most *belaced Servitude* dost strut,
Some *newer Faſhion* doth usurp, and thou
Unto its antick Yoke durst not but bow.

11.

Thus through a thousand *Shapes* thou art content
To crowd thy Selfe, *Her* favour to obtain
Who is as *Various* as the Complement
Of thine uncertain *Faſhions*; every plain
And right-down Garb *thou* shunst, and so doth *ſhe*;
Thy Body and *Her Mind ſtill changing* be.

12.

Yet thou inshrin'st in thy devoted Breast
Her idoliz'd *Idea*: Night and Day
Thou mak'st thy thoughtfull Self her Zealous *Preiſt*,
And dost thy foolish *Sacrifices* pay:
For every Lineament, and every Part
Of *her*, thou mak'st *divine* in thy *fond* Heart.

13.

A *Curle* of silly feeble *Hair*, which is
The Sport and Scorn of every idle *Winde*,
Like to some *adamantine Chain* can seize
And captivate thy most unmanly Minde;
Which *vain Captivity* of thine alone
Makes Hair wear *Locks denomination*.

14.

Her Motions, and *her Geſtures* travers'd are
By thy admiring Thoughts, and Thou dar'st vow
That silver *Venus* through hir limpid Sphear
Swimms with leſſe *gagliardiſe*, and knows not how
So well to justifie *her Stile*, and prove
Her Self the *Queen of ſoft leggiadrous Love*.

15.

Thy *Soule* Thou pour'st out as a *free Oblation*
On her *ſmooth lip*, thy *Altar of delight*,
Whence thou receiv'st with joyous adoration
The *Bleſſings of her Kiſſe*. Her *calmy Sight*
Thou think'st thy *Heav'n*, and in her *ſmiling Eye*
Readst all the Sweets of thy *Fools Paradiſe*.

16.

But if a *coy Frown*, or *denying Glance*
Becloud that *Hemiſphear* of thy *fond Bliſſe*;
How are thy *Comforts* cast into a Trance
Of knawing *Dread*, and anxious *Diſtreſſe*!
Happy, *in earneſt happy*, Thou mightst prove
Couldst thou so much *thy God* or *Fear*, or *Love*.

Who

17.

When thou in *Matrimonial Bands* art ti'd,
(Bands which will onely by *Deaths Sythe* be cut,
Although they seem as *soft* as did thy *Bride*,)
From thine own *Freedome* thou dost freely shut
Thy self, not knowing but that *yoke* to thee
May prove *more heavy* than *Virginitie*.

18.

Thou saw'it but *half thy Mistresse*, all those years
Thou drov'st so hot the *Wooers blinded trade*,
And hadst full power to *Take* or *Leave*: but *Fears*
And *Doubts* are now too late, since Thou hast made
The bargain up; not all the World can ease thee;
Content thou must be, *though she doth not please thee*.

19.

If she proves *Barren*, who is thus thy *Spouse*,
Alas, *Such* are thy *Hopes* and *Joyes*; If she
With *numerous issue* fill thine eyes and house,
What warrant hast that *these* will *Blessings* be?
They easliest may be *Bad*, nor canst thou tell
But thou hast helped to *impeople Hell*.

20.

No *Bed* so thick with *Thorns* did ever grow,
As does the *Nuptial*: what large Crops of *Cares*
In every time and season doth it show!
How fertile is it in perpetuall *Fears*!
In Winter and in Summer it doth bear,
And spreads it Harvest over all the year.

21.

But if Thou art content to be a *drie*
And *Fruitlesse Tree*, and dost thy self contain
In the *severe Bounds* of *Virginitie*;
Intestine War will in thy bosome reign,
And Legions of *Temptations* alwaies be
In Arms against thy *single Chastitie*.

22.

Thy faire *Estate* will call loud for an *Heire*,
So will thy *Name*, and natural *Philanty*;
So will the *thought* of crazie *Age*, and *Fear*
Of wanting an unfeigned *Friends supply*
When years shall downward bow thee to thy grave,
And *Cormorants* gape for that which thou shalt leave.

23.

The *World* will heap on thy *Severitie*
Bold *Imputations*, and judge that thou
Deal'st *underhand* for what should purchas'd be
In *open legal manner*; Or will grow
Into beleif thy *Pertinacitie*
Doth *scorn all Females*, or *all Females thee*.

24.

Wouldst thou be *Rich?* through the tempestuous Seas
Within *three Inches of thy Death* must thou
Saile from thy *quiet Home*, and ever be
At the disposal of all *Windes* that blow;
Then must thou delve, and unto *Hell* draw neer,
Before to thee thy *Pluto* will appear.

25.

Where though thou dost thy largest Coffers fill,
Thy *Heart's* as poor, and empty as before:
The cursed *thirst of Gold* grows hotter still,
Although all *Indus* thou on it dost poure.
The peevish *Itch* thus proves more fruitfull when
Thou rubb'st and striv'st with the tainted *skin*.

26.

And now thou who before couldst safely sleep,
For fear of Robbers break'st thy nightly rest;
About thy *Bags* thy *thoughtfull heart* doth keep
Perpetuall watch. Unhappy fool! at least
Consider, though thy *Gold* thou holdst so fast,
Thy self thou canst not, who *must die at last*.

27.

Die, die thou must; and an *account* give up
Of all the *store* which thou hast hoarded here:
Those *Bags* on which thy heart did build its *Hope*
But *rich and heavy Torments* will appear;
And thou shalt blesse *their Poverty* who had
No *Reckonings* to make up when they were *Dead*.

28.

Is *Poverty* thy Lot? Then look to be
The helplesse Butt of *Wrong* and of *Disgrace*:
Thy joints must buckle to hard *Industrie*;
Continuall *Sweat* must reak upon thy face;
Yet wanting what should fill, and hide thy skin,
Thou shalt *without* be *naked*, and *within*.

29.

If thou to thy assistance *Vice* dost call,
And by thy *sins* thy *Fortunes* hop'st to mend;
Thou digg'st a Pit wherein thy Selfe must fall,
And to thy *hellish Foes* dost *Succour* lend;
Thou spendst thine *onely stock*, and hast't to be
A wofull *Bankrupt* to Eternitie.

30.

If thou a *rich-descended Heir* art born;
'Tis ods, but that thy *Birth* doth thee *undoe*:
Such wealth its dutie thinketh it to scorn
In Industries laborious Paths to goe:
'Tis Worth enough, if a young Gallant can
Look big, Luxuriate, and write Gentleman,

31.

In *Learnings Lists* dost thou Desire to trie
Thy Strength? this makes all *Ignorants* thy Foes;
(And they well-neer are *All.*) yet couldst Thou flie
Their reach and Envy; still *intestine Woes*
Will drown thy *learned Joyes*, which needs must be,
(Witnesse great *Solomon*) *stinging Vanity.*

32.

Dar'st Thou *Scorn Arts*? then dar'st Thou be a *Beast*;
Or rather more than so; *Beasts Scorn them not.*
Thy *Scorn's Prides Daughter*, and thou dost resist
The course of thy Designe, whilst thou dost shut
Out *Arts* and *Sciences*, the *Wings* whereby
Prond Spirits, as well as *Generous*, soar high.

33.

But if thou chooseſt *Virtues craggie Way*,
And dar'st despise whate'r Thou see'st *beneath*;
If thy dull *Bodies Burden* cannot sway
Thee *downward*; if *this Life* to thee be *Death*;
If high thine Aim, if heav'nly be the Heat
Which doth in thy Heroick Bosome beat;

34.

Right generous is thy *Enterprise*; but yet
Strong *Difficulties* throng about it thick;
Bold *inbred Dangers* will encounter it,
Whilst thy wilde *Passions* all against it kick;
Nay thine own Heart, unleſse thy Care be great,
Will Traytor prove, and its own Plots defeat.

35.

Besides; All *They* whose Bosomes tainted be
With banefull *Sins Contagion*, will joyn
Their malice in a fell conspiracie
Thy single Piety to undermine;
For all *thy Virtue* checks and chides *their Vice*,
And *Thy* fair *Glories* shame *their Villanies.*

36.

Thou art their *Scandal*, and their *Fame* doth call
Upon their deepest wariest *Cares* for aid
Against that *Blot* thy *Beauty* throws on all
Those who of *Virtues Hardship* are afraid.
What Weapons wilt thou finde to force back them!
How shall thy Vessells strive against the *Stream*!

37.

Yet through this rampant *Sea of Opposition* (doe
Couldst Thou force ope thy way: What wouldst Thou
Against those stouter *Billows of Perdition*
Which foam and roar wherever Thou dost goe?
Hell and its *Prince*, *their* utmost *Powers* combine
To terrifie, and to enervate *thine.*

38.

And sure this *Tempest* would effect its *Spight*
On thy weak Bark, did not kinde *Heav'n* descend
In part aforehand: did not *Grace*'s light
With cordial Assistance thee befriend,
Did *she* not steer thy course, and bid thee ride
Secure upon the most outrageous *Tide.*

39.

Thy *Life* is nothing but a *Tragick Sceen*
Of most inevitable *Death*, if *she*
By seasonable Help comes not between
Thy faint *Soule* and its dire *Catastrophe*:
Grace onely doth *condemned Man reprieve*
From fatall Woes, and teach his *Life to live.*

40.

'Twas blessed *Charis*, who so fast did move
Phylax his Wings when He to *Psyche* flew,
And with the wholsome speed of heav'nly Love
Her from the Jaws of the *Cerinthians* drew,
By shewing her the horror of that *Pit*
Where *Heresie*, and all her *Brood* did sit.

41.

But *Phylax* from that Grot returned now,
His Chariot takes again, and her with it:
Straight *Gitton* and *Samaria* sunk below;
For warned by the motion of their Bit
The lusty *Coursers* took their sprightful wing,
And justling through the Clouds, away did fling.

42.

As *Psyche* wonder'd whether they would flie,
She found her Selfe rapt to a gentle Sphear:
No *Winde* durst ever venture up so high
Nor blow up any Tempests tumults there.
The onely *Gales* which in this Orb did move
Were the delicious *Breaths of Heav'n and Love.*

43.

The onely *Clouds* which there did meet her Eye
Thick *Volumes* of religious *Incense* were;
The onely *Noise* which rolled through that skie
Were *holy Echo's*, that to her did bear
The sweet Resounds of those rich *Anthems* which
The Throats and Hearts of joyfull *Saints* did stretch.

44.

She mused much to think what Creatures were
Inhabitants in that calm *Sea of Blisse*:
When loe a Troop of glistering *Towers* drew neer
As her swift Chariot further on did presse;
And straight a goodly *Palace* fill'd her Eye
With large and high-erected *Majesty.*

Direct

45.

Directly thither, for they knew the way,
The *Coursers* speeded, neighing as they flew:
But *Phylax* pluck'd the Reins, to bid them stay
When neer unto the outer Gate they drew
Then lighting with his *Virgin-pupill*; He
Warn'd her to ponder well what She did see.

46.

Never, said he, *my Dear*, those Eyes of thine,
Though they have travell'd through the World so far,
Were honored with Object so divine
As these with which they now saluted are;
No *Pile* e'r swell'd to such *bright statelinesse*;
All *Princes Courts* are *Cottages* to this.

47.

That pompous *Fabrick* which *great Davids Son*
Built for a *greater King*, was poor and plain
If it be brought into comparison
With this *Magnificence* which here doth reign:
As *Shaddows* doe the *Substance*, so does that
But blindly intimate *this Temples* state.

48.

The Gold which shin'd, the Stones which sparkled
Were all th' *ignoble Sons* of dirty *Earth*; (there
But these *substantial Glories* flaming here
Owe to *Heav'ns Wombe* their most illustrious *Birth*:
Nor was the *Work* atcheiv'd by Mortal Hand,
Which firm as *Immortality* doth stand.

49.

Hadst Thou my Wings, and through the Sphears couldst
Heav'ns most imperial Palace there to read; (flie
That Spectacle would onely feast thine Eye
With a more *ample Copie*, wider spred
And fuller drawn; a *Copie*, of what here
Is written in a *smaller Character*.

50.

Mark well its Situation: *Caucasus*,
The *Alps*, th' *Athlantick Mountains*, *Ararat*,
Noble *Olympus*, nobler *Lybanus*,
Are in their highest exaltations not
Halfe so sublime as is this *royal Hill*
Which almost *in both Worlds at once* doth dwell.

51.

Its *Head* thou see'st to *Heav'n* next Neighbour is;
And upon *Hell* its *Foot* is surely set;
On *Hell*, which often has repin'd at this
Oppressing Burden, and oft strove to get
Its neck from under it; but still in vain
The *Powers* of all that vexed *Pit* did strein.

52.

For loe the *Mountain's* all one solid *Rock*
Compacted in the Strength of *Unity*:
Though Hills of Brasse should yeild unto the shock
Of Violence; though Earths vast Base should be
Shouldred out of its place, *this Mount* would stand
And laugh to scorn them who against it band.

53.

So stands the craggie *Promontory* sure
With head erected high above the *Storme*,
When all the *Windes* against its *Site* conjure,
And thousand *Waves* with high-swolln fury arme:
It stands, and sees the *Blasts* blown out of breath,
And all the *Billows* shattered beneath.

54.

But mark the fabrick of this *outer Gate*,
And tell me if thou ever saw'st a more
Unlikely Passage to a *Court of State*:
Strong the *Materialls* are, but yet the *Door*
Is built *so low*, and so extreemly *narrow*,
That *Worms*, not *Men*, seem fit to scramble thorow

55.

And *Worms* indeed the Passengers must be,
Poor, *thin*, *and humble Things*, which enter here;
Big puffing *Pride*, must never hope that *She*
Shall through this *Portal* crowd; or Worldly *Care*
Swell'd with *Incumbrances*, and lagg'd with *Sin*,
At this small *mystick Needles Eye* thrust in.

56.

He whose unhappy Bosome's stuff'd with *Gold*,
Whilst all his *Baggs* lie heaped in his Heart;
He who in *Fat* and *Ease* himselfe doth fold,
And never was shrunk up by any *Smart*;
Too burlie is to enter here, and fit
Through *Hells wide-gaping Jaws* alone to get.

57.

All secular *Impostumes*, which doe rise
From any *Humors Superfluity*,
From any *Lusts*, or any *Vanities*,
From *inward* or from *outward Luxury*,
Can at this humble *Passage* finde no room,
But damm the Way to all that Laden come.

58.

This said: He led the *Virgin* to the *Gate*;
Where though she shrunk and closely gatherd up
Her selfe within her Selfe, yet still so great
She found her bulk, that she was fain to stoop,
And crowd, and struggle hard, e'r she could win
Tennity enough there to thrust in.

59.

But being entred, a *large Court* she saw,
And yet almost as *strait* as was the *door*,
Such *Difficulties* all about did grow;
Such *high*, such *stony*, *craggie Pathes*, such store (threat
Of troublesome *Shrubs* and *Thorns*, all which did
With *wounds*, *snares*, and *obstructions*, her *feet*.

60.

Yet by the *Angels* prudent Conduct she
Rubb'd through, but with the cost of *sweat* and *pain*:
When loe with recreating *suavitie*
A *second gate* her eyes did enterrain;
A *gate* as glorious, and as venerable,
As was the other poor and despicable.

61.

The *Posts* of milkie *Alabaster* were,
So was the *Lintell*; but the *Leaf* was all
Of purest *Chrystall*, that those who drew neer,
Before the Door was opened, might fall
In love with those *interior beauties* which
Themselves through that cleer *perspective* did reach.

62.

But *Psyche* here observ'd a *serious Maid*
Who kept the Keys of that *transparent Gate*,
Upon the ground disconsolately laid,
Like one who felt and waild the *wrath of Fate*:
Held by her *left hand* was her heavie *head*,
And on her heavier *heart* her *right* was spred.

63.

Part of her Tresses *Sorrow* off had torn,
And scatter'd on the ground: what did remain,
Neglect dishevell'd clotted and forlorn
About her ears: Her foreheads native Plain
Was plowd up by *Self-indignation*, and
Deep were the Furrows of that wofull Land.

64.

Her pensive Eyes so overladen were
With *constant clouds*, that downward to the earth
They alway look'd: The *weather* ne're was clear
With Her, but when one *Tempest* had broke forth,
Another crowded on; or rather one
Continual flood did from her Fountains run.

65.

The *beauties* of her *Cheeks*, this wash'd away,
And through their Hils two *sallow Chanels* made;
This marshall'd the soft Pearls in sad array
Upon her Clothes, which often rent she had;
This made the *countenance* of the neighbour ground
In the exuberant brine of *hers* be drownd.

66.

Of *Whips*, and *Rods* before her lay an heap
Red with the *Vengeance* on her body she
With them had taken: Far far thence was *Sleep*,
For palefac'd *Watching*, stern *Austeritie*,
Hollow cheek'd *Fasting*, pious *Shame* and *Fear*,
Had in a circle all besieged Her.

67.

In stead of *Powders* to perfume her Head,
Cold contemptible *Ashes* there were strown,
Which an *untimely Hoarines* did spread
Upon her Locks, and preach to Her her own
Beginning, and her *End*, that certain *Dust*
From whence *she came*, and unto which *she must*.

68.

As *Psyche* mused who this *Maid* should be,
Which like a wofull *Prey* to *Greife* did lie;
Howe'r she looks, said *Phylax*, this is *she*
Whom onely *Heav'n* intrusteth with the *Key*
Of this fair *Palace*; she, whose piteous look
Hath writ her *Worth* so high in *Gods own Book*.

69.

Her Name is *Penance*, and with her must All
Who are ambitious here to get access,
Into familiar acquaintance fall,
And love her *painfull Life*, and *Wretchednes*:
Though her *embraces comfortlesse* may seem
And *cold*, yet *heav'nly heats* doe glow in them.

70.

Delightfull *Ease* lies nestling in her *Smart*,
Securitie inhabits in her *Fears*,
Content keeps house in her *disconsolate heart*;
Pure *Joy* doth bathe it selfe in all her *Tears*,
And in the frowning Furrows of her *sadnes*
Are sown the seeds of everlasting *gladnes*.

71.

This Word threw *Psyche* strait upon her knee;
To beg the favour of that mournfull *Mayd*;
Who rais'd her self with ready Courtesie,
And pray'd the *stranger* not to be afraid;
Welcome, she cry'd, and seal'd it with a Kisse;
And in her sober Arms *she hug'd her thrice*.

72.

Shee hug'd her thrice; and every time she shot
Quite through her Soule *griefs* secret influence;
Whereby intire Possession she got
Of all her thoughts, in which she left no sence
Or relish of *Terrestrial delight*,
But fitted her to see this *heav'nly sight*,

Which

73.

Which done; upon his humble Head she spred
Part of her *Tears*, and of her *Ashes* part;
Then her unto the *Door* she kindely led;
Which, as she touch'd it, did wide open start:
Straitway a Gale of holy *Pleasures* flew
Forth at the Gate, and full on *Psyche* blew.

74.

Thus enterd in, she there espies a *Well*
Of cleerer *Chrystall* farr than was that *Door*;
And heer, said *Phylax*, *Puritie* doth dwell,
Of *limpid Life* heer lives the endless Store;
These *Streams* alone can conquer that deep *Stain*
Which in the *stained Universe* doth reign.

75.

No foolish *Nymphs* are dabbling in this *Spring*,
But *Graces* genuine, and numberless,
And all divine, are heer inhabiting,
Who with their Beauties every Commer bless;
Hlind *Venus* from her *native Sea* did rise
Less fair than *those* this *Fountain* purifies.

76.

For this is *Baptisms holy Fountain*, where
All They must wash the *other World away*,
Who in this Court of *new Life* would appear,
And of *Nights Brats*, turn *Children of the Day*;
Prophane unwashen feet farr hence must be,
This *holy Ground* belongs to *Sanctity*.

77.

But of such everlasting Virtue is
This sacred *Liquor*, that *one Drenching* will
Sufficient be; and 'tis Presumptuousness
A *second time* its noble Dropps to spill:
Thou who art wash'd already, hast no need
Of further clensing; but mayst now proceed.

78.

This said; He leads her forward through a Way
Pav'd all with *Softness* and sincere *Delight*;
Unto the *Palace*, which did now display
Its princely fulness unto their free Sight:
Magnifick was its Aspect, and upon
The *Rock*, look'd like *another Mount of Stone*.

79.

A *Mount of Marble* polished and white,
But with such Architecture varied,
That *Majestie* was temperd with *Delight*.
Thus all the Countenance of Heav'n is spred
With *Awe*, and *Beautie*, that Spectators may
Both Love and *Reverence* unto it pay.

80.

What goodly *Pillars*, *Walls*, and *Towers* were there!
What *Rows of Lights* in equidistant grace!
What learn'd *Engravings* lived every where,
Impeopling with quaint *Antick* each spare place!
With what brave strife did cunning *Art* contend
How she the rich *Materialls* might transcend.

81.

But now by *Twelve fair steppes* advanc'd into
The *Hall* they came; an *Hall of Majesty*;
Which all the outward Bravery did so
Exceed, that *Psyche* almost lost her Eye
In walking through the several *Wonders* which
Did every corner of the Room enrich.

82.

The Floor with glittering silver all was spred,
The Almug Walls with royall Arras dreft,
The Cedar Roof with Gold embellished,
With glorious Paint the Windows: Such a *Feast*
Of goodly *Sights* She never saw before,
Though She had viewed all *Agenor's store*.

83.

Yet this was but the handsome Case and Skin
Of that which did Majestick make the Place;
For round about upon the Walls were seen
Innumerable *Spoils*, which she, who was
Queen of the Palace, in her Warrs had worn,
And hung them heer as *Proofs what she had done*,

84.

Heer by their Horns *Dilemma's* hanging were,
And of bigg *Syllogismes* the empty Skinns.
Bold busie *Wit* hung tame and quiet heer;
Heer *Rhetorick* with all her cunning *Ginns*
About her own Neck wound; heer all the *Pride*
Of *secular Wisdome*, was close Captive ti'd.

85.

Next those that *Insolent Severitie*,
That *humble Arrogance*, which once did reign
In the admired *Porch*, hung dead and drie;
And chained *Zeno* knit his Brows in vain
To see that *Doctrine* which cost Him so deer,
By conquering *Truth* hung up in triumph heer.

86.

And yet some comfort 'twas that He beheld
The *Pythagorean Prudence* hanging by,
And its great *Master*; though He would not yeild
It fit for *Men* with *Flesh* to satisfie
Their hunger, forc'd by Madness now to eat
Himself, and make his *chained Arms his Meat*.

Not

87.

Nor had the *Epicurean Discipline*
Better successe, for it was Captive here;
Where both with shame and hunger it did pine,
Paying full dear for its luxuriant Cheer;
All lank and thin it hung, like nothing lesse
Than the *full treasurie of voluptuousnes*.

88.

Th' *Ægyptian learning*, black, as blackest Hell,
Where it was bred and born, hung also here;
Nor could invent, with all its *Magick skill*
Any mysterious *Charm* or *Character*
To conjure down it self from that *disgrace*
To which strait Prisner here it fastned was.

89.

By these, the *Spoiles* snatch'd from the furthest Parts
Of the strange *Indian World* hung one by one;
The proud *Gymnosophists*, and *Brachmans Arts*;
(For noble *Bartholomew* did thither run,
And *Thomas* too, by *Heav'ns* direction sent,
Who spred their Conquests whersoe'r they went)

90.

So did the *Persians Astrologick kill*,
And what in *Balaams Midian Schole* was taught;
A mighty prize was this, as being full
With thousand Sects of various Learning fraught;
Yet none of these could *Calculate* that they
Should unto *Catholick Truth* become a Prey.

91.

Nor did the *Academick Glory* scape,
Although sage *Plato* rais'd it fair and high;
For here it hung in contemptible shape,
Appearing more like *reverend foolery*,
Than *genuine Wisdome*, and lamenting that
It reach'd so near to *Truth*, yet reach'd it not.

92.

Next this, the *Oracles* of the *Stagirite*,
(That *God of Logicall and wrangling Brains*)
Hung all in wounded miserable plight,
Unable to confute their conquering Chains,
And wish'd that they their *Masters* fate had seen,
And with him drown'd in *Euripus* had been.

93.

On one side of the Hall these marshall'd were;
And on the other full as great a *Crew*:
For all the *Sadducean Points* hung there,
Too late lanenting what they found most true,
That they from thence should no Redemption have
Who held *no Resurrection from the Grave*;

94.

And in the same condition hanging was
Wicked *Herodianisme*, and woefull now;
Perceiving that to its distressed Cause
Its rotten *Deitie* could no help allow;
That *Herod* proved no such kinde of thing
As *Christ*, of *Glory*, and of *Power King*.

95.

Essean Prudence also had its share
Among the rest, in this Captivitie;
Although its ways, and grounds, and doctrines, were
Neerest of kin to *Truth* and *Firmitie*:
Indeed *she* made the least resistance, and
Was therefore tyed in the *gentler hand*.

96.

But puff'd with zealous Ignorance, and Pride,
The *Pharisaick Discipline* held out,
With bold defiance, and a good while tri'd
Whether *she* or this *Champion* were more stout;
And much she might have done, had *truth* not been
Aided by *Heav'n* to bring her Prisner in.

97.

Yet after Her, innnmerable *fries*
Of foule and desperate *Kermine* undertook
The War again, and by degrees did rise
From *sucking sneaking Schisms*, untill they broke
Into the monstrous amplitude of those
Black *Heresies* whose depth *Hell* onely knows.

98.

The *Authors* lately in their *native Pit*,
Psyche beheld; and here the *Brood* She sees;
The hideous *Portents* of malicious Wit,
And pietie-pretending *Villanies*,
Which now perforce did their own shame confess
All hanging in their odious *Nakednes*.

99.

They *naked* hung; yet *clothed in their Gore*;
Which Liverie too they gave unto the Wall,
Whilst they with rage their viperous Members tore,
And upon one another spit their Gall,
Stark mad their huge and warlike selves to see
The Subjects of eternal *Triumph* be.

100.

Heroick were these Spectacles: But yet
The upper end of this illustrious Hall
With gallanter *Memorials* was beset;
For all about upon the mighty Wall
Hung goodly *Tables*, offring to the Ey
A full account of *larger Victory*.

101.

The first, subdued *Asia* did display,
Where *Conqueſt* at *Jeruſalem* begun
Her noble Progreſſe, breaking ope her way
Quite through the Heart of every Region,
Nor ſtaid her Chariot, untill it met
The *riſing Sun's*, and fairer ſhew'd than it.

102.

The *ſecond*, generous *Europe* did preſent,
The *Queen of Arms and Arts*, and yet too weak
And ſilly to confute or ſtop the dint
Of *Chriſtian genuine Luſtre*, which did break
Through all her Quarters till both *Rome* and *Greece*
Yeilded, and ſu'd for *Evangelick Peace*.

103.

Hot ſandy *Africk* boiled in the *Third*,
Where all its *Monſters* gentle grew and tame;
Not frighted by the lightning of the Sword,
But molliſi'd by *Chriſts all-conquering Name*,
Which wun, (though with an *Eunuch* it began,)
At length the mightieſt, and compleateſt *Man*.

104.

The *Fourth*, was but prophetick yet, in which
Decyphered was a *ſtrange untutored World*,
In golden Mines, and Veins of Silver rich,
But poor in every thing beſide, and hurld
To the *Back-ſide* of all theſe Parts which then
Were known unto this *Univerſe's* Men.

105.

Yet was the *Church* aſſur'd that ſhe ſhould through
The vaſt *Atlantick* reach her conquering Arm,
And on that *Weſtern Ev'n* her *Eaſt* beſtow,
Which Pagan Hearts with heav'nly Heats might warm;
She was aſſur'd her *Baptiſm* ſtreams upon
The wealthy Shore of noble *Plate* ſhould run.

106.

When *Pſyche* had her Admiration to
Theſe ſplendid *Marvells* paid, which one by one
Phylax expounded; Her he haſts to goe;
For goodlier Sights, ſaid He, this Manſion
Does yet afford; Theſe but the *Preface* be
(And poor enough) to what thou now ſhalt ſee.

107.

With that, He up a princely Stair-caſe brings
Her to the Preſence-chamber of the *Queen*.
O what illuſtrious and celeſtial Things
Were in this Shrine of holy Glories ſeen!
Which whilſt to *Pſyche Phylax* Pointed, *He*
Was raviſhed well neer as much as *She*.

108.

This pretious Pavement firſt obſerve, ſaid He,
Thy foot ne'r trampled on ſuch Worth as this;
The Floors no leſs than pure *Humility*,
Which lies as ſmooth as *Poliſtures* own Dreſs,
Yet ſofter than thoſe Carpets are, whoſe ſweet
And ſilken Kiſſes flatter Princes feet.

109.

The Walls are built of neither Wood nor Stone,
No nor of Braſſe, of Silver, or of Gold,
Or any Subſtance which *Duration*
Can make decrepite as it groweth old:
O no; the rich *Materials* are ſuch
As wretched *Weakneſſe* muſt not dare to touch.

110.

For they of *Strength* and of *Security*
A mixture are and Correſpondence keep
With their *Foundation*, which doth fixed lie
Upon a *Rock* that ſcorns what all the *Deep*
Can doe againſt it; And theſe Walls diſdain
The ſtouteſt Pow'rs which in the Aire do reign.

111.

The *Roof* whoſe patent Arch and azure Hue
Like Heav'ns Epitomie, above doth flow,
With no Hypocriſie deludes the view,
Being conſcious of more worth than it doth ſhow;
Whate'r it ſeems unto thy mortal Senſe,
It is no leſs than *God's own Providence*.

112.

Thoſe middle Pillars which ſo ſtoutly ſet
Their luſty ſhoulders under it, are caſt
Of ſound ſubſtantial *Faith*; though Rocks ſhould ſplit,
Though Earths vaſt Grounſells which are dammed faſt
Unto the Centre, ſhould in peeces flie,
Theſe ſtill will hold their own *Soliditie*.

113.

That ſtrange *Soliditie*, whoſe myſtick *Root*
Croſs unto all the world beſide doth grow;
For its profoundly-paradoxik *foot*
Implanted is above, and not below;
Whilſt by *Loves* all-uniting-ſtrengthning Art,
The *Roof* it ſelf the *Pillars* doth ſupport.

114.

Thoſe ſpatious *Windows* there, which to the Eye
Open its way to *Heav'n*, are not of *Glaſſe*,
(The brittle Embleme of fair *Vanitie*)
But of firm Hope, through which the Soul doth paſs,
And climb aforehand to thoſe Joyes above
Which have monopoliz'd her loyal Love.

115.

That golden *Chymney*, and the *Fire* which there
With unconsuming *Sweetness* flames so high,
The Shop and fervent Operations are
Of strong and never-idle *Charity*;
Whose soft *Extremities of fostering Heat*
In the brave *Pulse* of *pious Hearts doth beat.*

116.

But this resplendent *Mount of Majesty*,
Which in the middle of the Room doth rise,
This *Diamond Throne*, whose Glorie doth outvie
The beams of *Solomons*, erected is
For *Her* whose Beauties make the seat appear
But poor and dim, when it supporteth *Her.*

117.

Just as He spake, from her retiring Room
Attended by her most majestick Train,
Unto that *Throne* the *Queen* her self did come,
And justifie the *Angels word*: In vain
The Diamonds Sparkles were; which all gave way,
To *Hers*, as *Stars* to *Phœbus*, and his *Day.*

118.

In her sweet Looks, such blessed Gallantrie
Triumphant was, that *Psyche* judged Her
To be no *Daughter of Mortalitie*,
But spring from *heavenly Race*; nor did she fear
Idolatrie in worshipping that Face (was.
Which of much more than *Heav'n* the *Mirrour*

119.

But as she for prostration did prepare,
Phylax adviseth her to satisfie
Her eyes profoundest Hunger with the Chear,
The royall Chear, whose superfluitie
Was so excessive; And Thou then, said He,
Shalt know who is this *Queen of Sweets*, from Me.

120.

This Item *She* obey'd: But as a Childe
Into some Princes Garden brought, which He
Sees with innumerable Beauties fill'd;
Yeelds up himself to *daintie ecstasie*,
Not knowing where he should begin to gather,
Seeing every flower woo's Him from one another:

121.

So in delicious Confusion She
Among the *Graces* of this *Empresse* lost,
Her wondring Self, nor could resolved be
Which Part deserv'd her admiration most;
She look'd to finde one better than the rest,
Yet saw at last, *all in their kinde were best.*

122

For from the head of the accomplish'd *Queen*
Unto her foot there was no room for *Blame*:
Sooner shall *Pitch* in *Venus* Raies be seen,
Sooner shall *Glories* face be damp'd with *Shame*,
Sooner shall *Christal* guilty be of *Blots*,
Than *purer She* can be accus'd of *Spots.* *Cant.* 4.7.

123.

As through the roseal Casements of the East 6.10.
Aurora looks when fresh come out of Bed;
So is her briskly-blooming Aspect drest
With all the Delicates of Blushing Red;
Yet though these Streames of *Blushes* overflow,
They keep firm truce still with their *neighbour snow.*

124.

As goodly *Phœbe* in th' unclouded Skie *ibidem.*
Smiles with chaste Beautie, so doth chaster *She*;
But yet more spotlesse, for *Sols Majesty*,
Doth with *her virgin Mildenesse* here agree,
The *Moons sweet silver*, and *his stately Gold*
Are in this *faces sphear* together roll'd.

125.

Yet such its temper is, that if bold Eyes *ibid.*
Confront it, no lesse *Terror* flames in it
Than from a marshall'd *Army* doth surprise
Cold-harted Cowards, when the *Standards* get
Free leave to poure their awful Colours through
The Aire, and the bright *Banners* open flow.

126.

This makes the *Ladies* pretious feature be 6.4
As pleasant as the graceful Structure is
Of beauteous *Tirza*; and her Majesty
As rich as *Salems* was in Comelinesse
When her best Excellence had crown'd her *Queen*
Of all things that below the Sun were seen.

127.

As the illustrious *Tree of Victorie*, 7.7.
The verdant *Palm*, lifts her triumphant Head
Above the vulgar *Shrubs*; so flameing *She*
Her portly Stature. And 'tis fairly read
In the Halls noble Characters, how near
Of kin the *Palm* and *She* by *Conquests* are.

128.

Carmel which looks from his exalted Seat 7.5.
With state, upon the *Vales* that creep beneath,
And is so strong in high-grown Woods, so sweet
In fragrant Pastures, fairly copieth
Her princely *Head*, the Crown which there is set
T' enoble all the Members under it,

129.

As from steep *Gilead* the milkie *Flocks* 4.1.
Of climbing *Goats* doe gracefully appear;
Such is the beautie of her flaxen *Locks*,
Whilst like young *Kids* their *Curles* all sporting are,
And by their sport, though *feeble Chains* they be,
Do *Captive* take the *King of Majestie*. 7.5.

130.

Under the daintie shelter of her Hair 4.3.
Half-hid, half-ope her pretious *Temples* lie,
Which like a rich *Pomgranate* lovely are,
And lovelier by that open secrisie;
For what is naked, speaks for what is hid,
And more desire doth in Spectators breed.

131.

Who by *Bethrabbim Gate* hath ever seen 7.4.
The *Pools of Heshbon* filled to the brim,
Where *living Smiles* inhabit, where sereen
And genuine *Puritie* delights to swim,
Where both the Stars by Night, and Sun by Day
As in a *softer Heav'n* rejoice to play;

132.

The Embleme of Her *Eyes* He hath beheld;
Her *Eyes*, the limpid Mirrour whence those beams
Which dart forth *Loves* and *Joyes*, which sweetly gild
Spectators Hearts, poure out their daintie streams;
Her *Eyes*, the softest Nest of brightest Blisse,
The purest springs of mystick Paradise.

133.

That white and stately *Tower of Marble* which 7.4.
Down from its *Lebanon* its Looks extended
Unto *Damascus*, did but onely teach
What Princely Beautie Her fair *Nose* commended,
Whose *Alabaster Prominence* doth by
Its situation gain that Majesty.

134.

Her *Lips* of *Scarlet* are a fine-spun *Thred*; 4.3.
Yet not so fine or beauteous as is
The rare *Effusion* which through them is shed
When that sweet spring of Eloquence doth bless
Admiring Auditors, when *vocal Gold*
And Honey, from th' enclosed Tongue is roll'd.

135.

No *Sheep* new shorn and even, and come but now 4.2
From *Washing*, all in decent order, can
Afford the Eye a more delightfull show,
Than her two *Ranges of faire Ivorie*, when
A smile, or some such sweet Occasion hath
Display'd the equal *Orders* of her *Teeth*.

136.

As *Davids* goodly *Tower*, the dwelling place 4.4.
Of *Beautie* and of *Strength*; such is her *Neck*;
A thousand mighty *Sheilds* that *Fort* doe grace,
And full as many *Jewels this* doe deck;
Or rather decked are by hanging there;
Their wealthy Place for them can lustre spare.

137.

Two tender *Roes*, the Sons both of one Dame, 4.5
And of one Birth, which in a little field
Are put to Pasture; in another Name
Are her two *Breasts*, with lovely softnes swell'd,
Which in her Bosomes fragrant Garden feed
Amongst those whitest Sweets which there are bred.

138.

Her royal *Roab* was all of purest silk,
In *softnes* parallel to her own *skin*
Which it embrac'd, in *whitenes* to her *Milk*:
A cunning Needle over it had run,
And scatter'd pritty Hils and Valleys, where
Neat Flocks of *Lambs* feeding and sporting were.

139.

But as when *Aprils gentle Breath* doth wake 4.11.
The *flowrie Eyes of Lebanon*, or plays
Against his pretious Boughs, the *Odours* take
The soft alarm, and their sweet Powers raise:
So this rich *Vestures* blessed *smell* replies
To the least Call of every *Gale* that flies.

140.

In either Hand she held a massie *Key*,
Which like two Scepters she did stoutly sway;
The one of beaten burnish'd *Gold*, which she
Hug'd in her *Right-hand*; for the royall *way*
Through *Heav'ns* bright *Gate* is alway locked up,
Except this priviledg'd *Key* doth set it ope.

141.

That in her *Left*, of *swarthy Iron* is;
A fatal dreadfull *Key*, which locks the *Door*
Of everlasting *Torments* foule *Abyss*
Where Anathematized Soules doe roar.
Proud *Belzebub*, although he Soveraign be
Of Hell, yet keeps not *his own Kingdomes Key*.

142.

The Diadems of gareish Gold and Gems 1.1.
Unto the Heads of mortal Kings she leaves:
An *heav'nly flame* about Her *Temples* streams,
And a full Crown of *living glory* weav's,
Which *Mister-like*, and like the mystick guise
Of *Cloven-Tongues* of sprightfull *fire*, doth rise.

143.

But for a Canopie above her head
No *Babylonian* Embroydery,
No *Tyrian* nor *Phrygian* Texture's spread,
No artificiall *Help of Majesty*;
No *State* which cannot last, if by the aid
Of Pillars and of Cords it be not staid.

144.

A *Dove*, not hatch'd in sublunary Nest,
Nor *hatch'd at all*, but of *eternal Breed*,
Weigh'd on his equal Wings, takes up his rest
At neer, but comely Distance o'r her Head,
Where by his wide-spred silver Fethers he
Becomes her *Ornament*, and *Security*.

145.

This was the *Queen*: on whom as *Psyche* gazed,
Thou hast no cause, my Dear, said *Phylax*, so
At her high Gallantry to be amazed,
If thou but know'st what is her *Name*, and who
The *King her Spouse*. O pitty then, cri'd she;
Sweet *Tutor*, this my Ignorance and Me.

146.

He, by a speaking Smile at first, then by
These Words, his modest *Pupill* satisfi'd:
This *Queen*, *Ecclesia* is, unto the high
And mighty *King of Kings* the soveraign *Bride*:
Poor of her Selfe, and sprung from Mortal Race,
But thus advanced by *his* bounteous *Grace*.

147.

Those Princes whom the foolish World admire,
Are fain to make a tedious Search to finde
Ladies whose florid Beauties may conspire
With the *Idea's* of their lustfull *Minde*;
And often for a *Dowry* hunt, that so
The Mayd, and Money they may Marry too.

148.

But it becomes *Heav'ns Emperour* to *make*
Rather than *seek a Spouse* which him may please;
Nor can it with his Greatnesse stand to take
A *Portion* with his *Bride*, who Owner is
Of more than thine, or *Phœbus's* larger Eye
Could in his furthest Travells e'r descry.

149.

She crooked was, alas, and black before,
A Throne on which *Deformity* did reign:
Such heaps of odious *Blains*, and *Boils*, such Store
Of *Wrinkles* and *Distortions*, such plain
Right-down *Uncleannesse* could not any where
Be found in *one Colluvies*, but in *Her*.

150.

Indeed when first *She* in her *Filth* was born — *Ezech.*
No friendly Hand came in to wash her clean, — 16.4.
Or cut her Navel; helplesse and forlorn
In her foule *Blood* She lay, till *he* sent in
His yearning *Providence* Relief to give,
Which on *Deaths brink* commanded her to *live*.

151.

She *liv'd*; but still so as her life confest
By its Procession, what its Entrance was;
Yet when all other *Lovers* did detest
The thought of her most ougly vile Embrace,
Jesus stepps in, and cries, Why may not she
Grow *beauteous* by *my Superfluity*?

152.

Then from th' exuberant Store of his own *Graces*
Ten thousand rich and radiant Things he takes,
Which all about the wondering *Mayd* he places,
And of a *Worm*, this *Queen of Glory* makes,
Who as thou seest thus Embellished
Prepared was for his *imperial Bed*.

153.

And that his *Empresse* might attended be
With a *Retinue* suitable unto
Her royal Selfe; that Train Magnificent *He*
Both furnish'd, and maintaineth for Her: Loe
With what prest forwardnesse they waiting are
About her sparkling Throne, and fairer Her.

154.

The *first* Rank's of no lesse than *threescore Queens*,
Who yet can from her Service *Honor* take. — *Cantic.*
The *next's* of *fourscore* goodly *Concubines*; — 6.8.
But they which doe the *outmost Orders* make,
Where in a Number numberless thy flow,
Are *Virgins* all, both chaste and white as snow.

155.

These were the *lesser Churches*, which were spread
About the World so thick in ever Place;
Yet still their Strength and their Dependance had
From this most *Catholik Majesty*, which was
Diffus'd as wide as they, and never found
That Land or Sea which could its Progresse bound.

156.

These every Morn, and every Evening raise — 6.9.
Their homage in religious Anthems high,
Paying both Admiration and Praise
To *Her*, the *Monarch of all Piety*;
Since They to Her but *Tributaries* are,
For she alone the *Soveraign Crown* doth wear.

157.

But mark that *Company*, whose Station is
Before the Throne, *Mayds of true Honor*, which
Injoy the priviledge this *Queen* to dresse:
Their Hands alone adorn her with those rich
Embellishments which round about her shine
And make her look so heav'nly and divine.

158.

That *slender strait-lac'd Mayd*, is *Unity*,
Whose noble Office is to buckle on
Her *Soveraigns* golden *Girdle*, and to see
That close and fast this Businesse be done:
And how her Duty she performeth, Thou
By the *Queens* small and dainty *Waste* mayst know.

159.

That sober *Matrone*, in whose stayed Eye
And venerable Face so fair are writ
The awfull Lines of Heav'n, is *Sanctity*;
Who every Morn before the *Queen* doth set
Her Selfe to be the *Glasse* where she may see
What Dresse will best become her Majesty.

160.

The *next*, whose soft and yeilding Looks confesse
The temper of her Heart, is *Patience*;
Her *Empresse* she doth deck with *Tenderness*,
And makes her slow and loth to take Offence,
That all her Subjects by her *Softness* may
Be charm'd *so kinde a Princesse* to obey.

161.

But *Magnanimity*, that high-look'd *She*,
Joins to that *Mildness*, stout and active *Fire*:
This that *Virago* is, which scorns to see
Any exploit or Gallantry out-vie Her:
Eccleſia's brows with *Bravery* she doth build,
And stoutly helps her *both her Keyes* to weild.

162.

She whose wide-open Breasts so fairly swell,
And wears as large a Purse ope by her side,
Who looks about to see where she may spill
Her teeming Charities everlasting *Tide*,
Is *Bounty*, *Almner* to the *Queen*, whom she
Doth also dresse with *Smiles* and *Suavity*.

163.

That other, whose ev'n Look was never knit
Into a frown, nor loos'd into a Smile;
Whose right Hand holds a Sword, whose left, a fit
And equal Balance, *Justice* is; who still
As Cases come, her *Ladies Eyes* doth dresse
Either with *Anger*, or with *Friendlinesse*.

164.

That amiable sweet-complexion'd Mayd
Is *Temperance*, which keeps the *Queen* so fair;
In all Distempers she with ready Aid
Her *Soveraigns* Health and Beauty doth repair,
Her Body sound, her Skin she maketh sleek,
She with warm Roses trimms her lovely Cheek.

165.

Those other *Virtues* also every one
Their several *Office* have. But *Psyche*, now
Observe that neighbour *Combination*,
Who *Virgins* also are, that thou mayst know
By their great Worth how glorious is she
Whose *houshold Servants* they are *proud* to be.

166.

She who all over written is with *Scarrs*,
Laden with *Palms*, and clothed round in *Blood*,
Eccleſia's *Champion* is: ten thousand Warrs
She waged hath, and valiantly with-stood
Hells and Earths Opposition: her *Name*
Is *Martyrdome*; her *Story*, highest *Fame*.

167.

That plain look'd *Mayd*, whose course and simple Hue
Seems to discredit this illustrious Place,
Is *Poverty*, who though to outward view
She shineth not with any *courtly Grace*,
Yet is *within* as gorgeous and as fair
As on their *Outsides* her Companions are.

168.

For *Jesus*, *who the Heart of Things doth see*,
Was so enamored of her Beauties, that
He chose to dwell with her alone, when he
Enter'd upon his *Theanthropick State*;
And found her Worth so high, that he commended
Her to *Eccleſia* when he hence *Ascended*.

169.

The next, her Sister is, *Obedience*:
Thou never saw'st a *Twigg* more apt to bow,
Nor *Wax* more pliant, than unto her Prince
In all her Mandates she her Selfe doth show:
A *Will* she had once of her own, but she
Gave it her *Queen*, that so she might be *free*.

170.

For prudent as she was, right well she knew
What an *edg'd Tool* is every *Humane Will*,
Which oft makes its enslaved Owners rue
Its desperate freedome; whose Carreer to quell,
The safest way she found, was to submit
It to a *Wiser Rein*, and *stronger Bit*.

171.

Lo there *Virginitie* her self: O who
Can count the Graces which reign in her Eyes,
Which all about her dainty Body flow,
In *Loves* and *Pleasures chaste extremities*!
Heav'n deeply fell in love with Her, and she
As truly is *Angelical*, as *We*.

172.

Indeed the old acquaintance *We* have had
With *her pure softnes*, makes Us what We are;
Unto our Wings their Whitenesse she did add,
She sets Us free from all vexatious Care,
And gives Us leave to be attendant on
The busines of *Heav'ns Soveraign* alone

173.

The *tenderne ſſe* which smileth in her look
Cohabits with heroick *Bravery*:
For though bold *Fleſh* be *Duſt*, it scorns to brook
A common Bridle, and will onely by
That Hand be tam'd which with celestial might
Is furnish'd and encourag'd to the fight.

174.

But there stand *Ladies* far more noble yet, 1 *Cor.*
Stars of the *first* and *faireſt Magnitude*, 12.28.
Stars unto which the whole Word is in debt
For that Commanding *Light* which hath subdu'd
That monstrous *Night of Ignorance* which had
All Nations its blinded Prisners made.

175.

That awfull *Maid*, *Heav'ns* glorious *Amazon*,
Before whose look the World made haste to bow,
And take the *Evangelick yoke* upon
Its conquer'd Neck, Thou by that Mark mayst know.
O brave *Apoſtle-ſhip*, which hast out-run
The Course, out-shin'd the Glories of the *Sun*!

176.

This is the *Ladie Treasurer*, into
The faithfull Hands of whose *diſpenſing Care*
Eccleſia's pretious store was put, that so
All *pious Soules* might be assured where
They should not faile to finde the sacred *Word*,
And reverend *Sacraments* of their dear *Lord*.

177.

But at her back stands her *apparent Heir*,
Who, when to Heav'n *ſhe* steps, her *Office* takes;
Yet, modest as she is, she doth forbeare
The glory her great *Mothers title* speaks,
And meekly turns the *Apoſtolical*
Denomination, to *Epiſcopal*.

178.

She in whose startled look and dazled Eye
Enthusiastick Characters appear,
Is most profound inspired *Propheſie*,
Earths Monitor, *Heav'ns Privy-Counſeller*;
She whose quick-sighted Soule doth wonders see
A Day, a Year, an Age before they be.

179.

The *Next* is *Doctrine*, in whose lips doth dwell
A *Spring of Honey*, sweet and wholesome too,
Which never fulsome is, though it doth fill;
For 'tis that *Honey* which at first did flow
Not in *Earths Canaan*, but in *Heav'ns*, and thence
Hither remov'd its sacred influence.

180.

The fourth is she to whom the mighty *Prince*
Of Wonders, left the noble Legacie
Of his *Miraculous Power*; which ever since
Hath flourish'd in her potent arm: for she
Still triumphs over *Natures Laws*, and still
Makes Mountains stoop to her imperious Will.

181.

The fift, the Mistress of profounder Art
Than *Æſculapius*, or *Apollo* knew;
She cals no *Roots* nor *Herbs* to take her Part
Nor any *virtuous Souls of Plants* doth brew,
But by her *Touch*, or her commanding *Breath*
Knows how to *slay* both *Sickneſſes* and *Death*.

182.

The sixt, whose ready and officious Eyes
Her ministerial Aptitude doth speak,
Is she who on the sacred *Myſteries*
With reverent distance waits; she who doth take
The care of those who did not *Charitie*
Keep open house, would no where harboured be.

183.

The *Seventh*, whose stature is so high, and fair,
Whose Shoulders are so broad, whose breast so wide,
Whose joints wel-knit, whose bones well timberd are,
But stronger far her Heart, may be deſcri'd
By these sure Marks to be no other but
Brave *Government* which in the *Church* is set.

184.

See'st Thou the *last*? know *Pſyche*, wonderous she
Can by no Token but her *Tongue* be known;
And yet her Tongues strange *multiplicitie*
Again doth loose her; for which is her own
Of all the *languages* with which she flows,
(So right she hits each one) no *Cenſor* knows.

She

185.

She in their proper Dialects can trade
With all the World, and Heav'ns *Wares* set to sale;
No *Sound* to *Sense* a *Dresse* was ever made,
But she with it doth strait acquainted fall
And can discover whither it doth sit
Upon that *senses shoulders* right and fit.

186.

Unhappy *Babels Antidote* is she
And cures the Wound which there did *Tongues* divide;
All *Languages* doe in her Lips agree,
For to her *single Tongue* they *all* are ti'd;
So are their *Virtues* too, and *Eloquence*
Dwels there in all its kindes of Excellence.

187.

But now behold, where at the *Queens right Hand*
As best deserving that illustrious Place,
A goodlier *Virgin* than all these doth stand,
Who eu'n her *Soveraigns Gallantrie* doth grace:
A *Virgin* fairer than her native Home,
The silver Sphears, whence she did hither come.

188.

Loe, she from head to foot all *naked* is,
As are the *Sun* by day, and *Stars* by night:
Her Selfe she with her *proper Beams* doth dresse
As *they* with their *Attire* of natural Light:
True Beauty never outward help did lack;
'Tis Shame alone which Clothes doth usefull make.

189.

Who ever thought the *Rose* or *Lilie* stood
Guilty of courtse unhandsome *Nakednesse*,
Because they never put on *borrowed Hood*,
Content with their own *native Sweetnesses*?
Or where shall Ornaments be found which may
In a new beauteous Garb such Things array.

190.

Beleeve it *Psyche*, *She* doth but retain
Her *Countries Fashion*: They whose Blisse it is
In heav'n above eternaly to reign,
Professe no other kinde of *Dresse* but this:
They *Naked* goe of every thing which might
Hide those fair Beams which them all over dight.

191.

A Texture all of *Glory*, soft, and white
As is her *Virgin Soule*, doth her surround:
When Stains can in the high-noon Face of Light,
Or veins of ink in floods of Milk be found,
Then may a Critick hope to spie in her
Pellucid *Robe of Nakednesse*, a *Blur*.

192.

That *Nakednesse*, which though it breeds *Desire*
In All whose Hearts are not of obstinate Stone;
It kindles none but *sweet and spottlesse Fire*,
In whose pure Fornace brave *Devotion*
Learns with more sprightfull fervencie to glow,
And *Chastity* it self *refin'd* doth grow.

193.

But ô what generous Powers flame in her face,
Pouring her Conquests upon every Eye!
The hardiest he that e'r on Her did gaze,
Yeilded, and lov'd his sweet Captivity:
Error her selfe, though swell'd with Pride and Hell,
In her sweet Presence willingly doth *kneel*.

194.

Her Name is *Truth*; and what her Love and Care,
Judge by the *Tokens* which her hands present:
That *Volume* which doth in her left appear,
Is the *original Old Testament*;
That in her right, the *New*; which unto her
By Those who writ them first, committed were.

195.

For every Leaf of them a Mirrour is,
Where *She* doth read her *own unspotted Face*;
No line is there; but truely doth expresse
Some correspondent Lineament of Grace
In her sweet Body, whose all-lovely *Looks*
Are nothing but *the Life of those dead Books*;

196.

Bold *Heresie* has often in that *Glasse*
Presum'd to look, and swore that there She spyed
The true and faithfull Image of her Face:
But yet the shameless *Elf* as often lyed;
That *trusty Glasse* will no false Colours shew,
But unto *Truth*, and *Truth* alone, is *true*.

197.

But mark what clings about the *Virgins* Breast;
A *Knot of Things* whose Lustre bids thine Eye
Be with a glimpse content, and not contest
With that which blindes bold *Curiosity*:
Faiths Mysteries they are, which by the bright
Excesse of their own Beams, are hid from Sight.

198.

In vain Thou seekst these Raies to parallel
By any Beauty which e'r blest thine Eye:
Soules which in most heroik Worth excell,
Cannot endure their *naked Majesty*;
But happy count Themselvs, that they can see
These *Mysteries* ev'n *through a Mysterie*.

And

199.

And happy Thou my *Psyche*, who art hither
By Heav'ns indulgence, and my Conduct brought,
If Thou that Happineſſe ſcornſt not to gather
Which now is ripe, and woo's thee to reach out
Thy Hand and Heart, that both may filled be
At *higheſt heav'nlieſt Wealths own Treaſury.*

200.

Thus *Phylax* ſpake: but *Pſyche* all the while
Rap'd with theſe *ſeveral Glories* of the Court,
Did with *as many Satisfactions* Fill
Her wondering Soule, and make Luxuriant ſport
In her new Bliſſe, untill *Truths* Contemplation
Monopolized all her Admiration.

201.

For as the noble *Eaglet* perched high
In a fair proſpect to the naked *Sun*,
Doth feaſt and riot with her raviſh'd Eye
In that bright *Sea of Beauty*, where alone
Her genuine Sight meets with its *flaming Love*,
And by his ſoveraign Beams its own doth prove:

202.

So She with ſtrong impatient Ardour here
Stood feeding upon *Truthes* all-glorious Face;
Yet ſtill with that *moſt ſatisfying Cheer*
Remain'd *unſatisfi'd*, cauſe *ſuch* it was;
Till loſt in amorous Greedines, ſhe cries,
Sweet *Guardian* help Me, or thy *Pſyche* dies.

203.

Phylax, who knew the *Soule* of that *Complaint*,
(For on his own it beat,) with tender Hand
Releiv'd his *Pupill* as He ſaw her faint;
And well, ſaid He, thy Greif I underſtand,
I underſtand it well, and love it too,
Thy *Joyes* had di'd, hadſt thou not *Grieved ſo.*

204.

The Image of thy *late Acquaintance*, and
Newly imbibed *Doctrines*, in the Eye
Of thy now ſelfe-revenged Heart doth ſtand.
Checking thy *venturous Credulity*,
Which durſt embrace ſuch *Monſters*, and diſmiſſe
A *Beauty* ſo divinely Bright as this.

205.

Yet let not *Sorrow* quench thy *Hopes*, for *She*
All Injuries rejoyceth to forget,
And never yet laugh'd at the Miſery
Of any Heart which would to her ſubmit:
Revenge indeed, but *ſoft* and *ſweet* ſhe takes,
Her Foes to Liberty She Captives makes.

205.

This ſaid; unto the *Virgin* Her He led;
Whom by their old Acquaintance He deſired
Her *favour* on this *begging Soule* to ſpread,
Who with her luſtre was already fired:
Truth gently ſmiled at his ſweet Requeſt,
And by her *Looks* her *forwardneſſe* confeſt.

207.

Then ſtooping down where *Pſyche* trembling lay
Powring her Tears and Heart before her feet,
She mildly took her up, and gave her Joy
That She with Her ſo happily had met;
That *word* ſhe cloſ'd with an *Embrace*, and this
With the deer Bleſſing of an *heav'nly Kiſſe.*

208.

As when the courteous vernal *Sun* draw's neer;
And with his tender Raies doth *Earth* imbrace;
Her cold and ſtarved Veins begin to cheer,
New *Life* and *Verdure* ſmile in all her Face;
Inriched and arrayd *She* gins to be
With herbie and with floury gallantrie:

209.

So *Pſyche* hugg'd, and gently warmed by
The Arms and Lips of *Truth*, ſoon felt her breaſt
Before invelopp'd in *Obſcurity*
Now by a pure and pretious *Light* poſſeſt;
She felt her inward *myſtick Day* ariſe,
Which gently flouriſh'd through her wondering Eyes.

210.

Logos, who had ſo *pert and buſy* been,
Was ſtrangely ſtartled at the ſudden Sight;
And now to *ſee his Blindneſſe* did begin,
By the ſweet Dawn of this all-opening Light;
He ſaw his *Blindnes*, and in ſeeing this
Deſcri'd withall a thouſand *Myſteries.*

211.

And that ſo *clearly*, that He fear'd no more
What *Miſts Authades* in his Way could throw;
Agyrtes Charms He ſcorned, which before
Into the pathes of *Darkneſſe* him did draw;
This happy *Morn* He bleſs'd and kiſſed, which
His Eyes with *Heav'ns fair Proſpect* did enrich.

212.

For here far more convincing Things He read
Than were his late-adored *Demonſtrations*;
No briſk *Diſtinction* here durſt ſhow her Head,
Or hope to damp thoſe glorious *Probations*
Which on *Syneideſis* her ſelfe did get
Such power, that unto Them *her Seal* ſhe ſet

213.

Nor leſſe on *Thelema* this *Wonder* wrought;
For with intire and free *Submiſſion* ſhe
Bow'd down her mighty *Neck*, and low did lout
To every *Thing* which *Logo*'s eye did ſee;
And then ſhe hugg'd them faſt within her Heart,
Reſolved never more with them to part.

214.

With high and holy Joy repleniſhed
Was humble *Pſyche* at this happy Sight;
All *Catholik Veritie*s at large were ſpred
In her bright Soule, whence *Scruples* took their flight,
Reſigning all that Region to be
Poſſeſt by *Satisfactions Clarity*.

215.

Ten thouſand *Thanks* to courteous *Truth* ſhe paid,
And would as many times have paid them o'r;
But *Phylax* her *exceſſe of Paſſion* ſtaid;
Telling her ſhe muſt now imploy that *Store*
She here had gain'd, where need call'd for it, and
Study how to enrich her *native Land*.

216.

With that ſhe Roſe: but ſtrait fell down again
Before the Throne to pay her Homage to
The *Queen*, who now high in her Heart did *reign*:
And then with ſweeter Cheer prepar'd to goe,
Having receiv'd a *Benediction* from
Eccleſia, for her dear *Viaticum*.

217.

But as ſhe went, ſhe bleſs'd the bleſſed *Place*;
And, ô how happy are the *Soules*, ſaid ſhe,
Who in this *Holy Courts* illuſtrious Face
May be Attendants, and theſe Glories ſee
With conſtant freedome, which all Heav'n can dart
With one ſhort glimpſe on the Spectators Heart!

218.

O happy They, who in this *Hall* may live
Perpetualy theſe noble *Spoiles* to read;
And Acclamations of Honor give
To *Her* who all theſe *Monſters Blood* did ſhed;
To *Her* whom all the World doth yeild to be
As large as is it Selfe, in Victory.

219.

O happy They, who have but leave to dwell
Here in this *Preface* to that *larger Bliſſe*!
This noble *Portch* alone doth far excell
The *fulneſſe* of all other *Palaces*:
This is the *Morning* unto *Glories Day*,
The *Brink of Joy*, the *Top of Heav'ns High-way*.

220.

O happy They, who in this beauteous *Court*
May wait upon the *Portch*, and feed their Eyes,
And with their Eyes, their Hearts, in any Sort,
Upon this *Houſe and Home of Myſteries*.
This Neighbourhood to Bliſſe would ſerve to be
Sufficient Felicity for Me.

221.

O happy They, who may permitted be
Ev'n in this *Realm of Thorns, and craggie Waies*,
This Field of Hardſhip and Perplexity,
This Maze of Fears and Snares, to ſpend their Days!
The Proſpect to yon' *Palace* would ſuffice
To bleſſe and ſweeten all *Anxieties*.

222.

O happy They who may remain with Thee,
Diſconſolate Mayd, ev'n at this *outmoſt Gate*!
The Comfort but of ſuch Vicinity
To yon' fair *Towers*, would eaſily abate
The trouble of thy *Sighs*; and ne'r would I
Repent of *Penance*'s ſad Company.

223.

With theſe ſweet Plaints ſhe meaſur'd her *Return*,
Till back unto the *Chariot* ſhe came:
And well was *Phylax* pleaſs'd to hear her *Mourn*,
Judging by this how ſerious was the Flame
Of her Affection to that *Holy Place*
In which her Virgin Boſom fired was.

224.

Then mounting up, and gently ſeating her
At his right Hand, his mighty *Reins* he ſhook:
And theſe could ſcarce before his *Courſers* ſtir,
For ſtraight their leap into the Air they took,
Spreading their Wings wide Oars, by which They
The Waves of that ſoft Ocean did row, (through

225.

For ſhe remembring well what ſad Event
Plagu'd *her affected Stay in Paleſtine*,
By *dear-bought Wiſdome* learn'd to be content
To leave this reverend *Place*, though more divine
Temptations here invited her to ſtay,
Since wiſer *Phylax* ſummon'd her away.

226.

So when a *Childe*, woo'd by the ſporting Flame,
Is once but ſcorch'd into a *feeling Senſe*
Of the *fair-faced Danger*; *Fear and Shame*,
Bow him down to his *Nurſes Providence*,
And make Him any harmleſſe Luſtre ſhun
If but her Nodd commandeth Him to run.

227.

But he to entertain her by the way
With advantageous *Diſcourſe*, begun
To reckon through what worthy *Wonders* They
In their long *Pilgrimages Tract* had run:
For *Repetitions truſty hand doth grave*
A new Impreſſion, and the old one ſave.

228.

This rouz'd her Soule to recollect how ſhe
Had by the Conduct of *Heav'ns* ſpecial *Grace*
Through thouſand Dangers paſs'd untouch'd, and free,
Though *Hell* and all its *Wit* engaged was,
In open field to croſſe, or undermine
By ſecret *Wilineſſe* her brave *Deſigne*.

229.

Afreſh her Minde did feaſt on every *Sweet*
And *Wonderous Thing*, which all the way ſhe went
With rich Varieties her Eyes did meet;
So clear the *Angels* Tongue did them preſent,
Drawing All out in ample Statelineſſe
By the fair Help of *Eloquence's Dreſſe*.

230.

Thus in a *double Chariot* did ſhe ride;
But yet in this *of his Diſcourſe* ſhe flew
With ſwifter ſpeed, out-running ev'n the tide
Of *Time* it Selfe; for ſtill her *Joies* were new,
Cheating her *Wearineſſe* as he along
Through all her Journeys *travell'd with his Tongue*.

231.

This tun'd *her Tongue* by her *Hearts* dainty *String*
To honeſt *Gratitudes* ingenuous *Layes*;
High was her Key and delicate the Song
Compoſed to the ſweeteſt *Aire of Praiſe*:
For ever may theſe Lips be ſeal'd, ſaid ſhe,
When they ſuppreſſe the *Thanks* I owe to *Thee*.

232.

To *Thee*, dear *Pilot* of my tender *Bark*,
Which many *Rocks* e'r this had daſh'd in ſunder,
Which oft had wander'd in the Deep and Dark,
Which many *Storms* proud feet had troden under,
Which many *Sands* into its Grave long ſince
Had ſwallow'd up, but for thy *ſtout Defence*.

233.

To *Thee*, whom no *Contempt* of mine could drive
To *juſt Diſdain* of a vile *Worme*; to *Thee*
By whoſe dear *Care* my *better Life I live*,
If yet I live at all, and rather be
Not *dead and buried in thoſe Sins* which I
Preferr'd before the *Life of Piety*.

234.

Yet more I owe to *Him*, (and more muſt pay)
By whoſe Appointment I enjoyed *Thee*
My faithfull *Guide* in this long perilous Way:
But thou muſt teach Me what thoſe *Thanks* muſt be:
If they muſt be *my Selfe*, I ready am
This Sacrifice to offer to *his Name*.

235.

His Name, in whoſe dear Syllables alone
I read *my Selfe, intirely ſuch*: For there
Lives the ſweet *Soule* of that *Redemption*
Which ſnatch'd me from that deſperate Bondage, where
I lay abandon'd to the tyrannous Will
Of *Error, Madneſſe, wickedneſſe*, and *Hell*.

236.

His Name in which the Praiſe and Adoration
Of the *Seraphick*, and *Cherubick Quire*
Rejoyce to meet: *His Name*, of every Nation
The deareſt Joy and ſoveraign Deſire: (Pride
His Name which o'r the whole Worlds vanquiſh'd
Doth in *ſublime, but gratious Triumph* ride:

237.

His Name, the onely *Muſick* which mine Eare
Can of no *Jarrs* accuſe: that lovely *Name*
Which when Heav'ns moſt melodious *Orbs* doe hear,
They throw aſide their *other Songs*, and frame
Their *Tunes* by *Jeſu's Sweets*.—Here off ſhe broke
Lovingly raviſh'd by the *Name* ſhe ſpoke.

238.

And here the *Steeds*, who all this while had flew
With ſtout but ſilent fervor, neigh'd aloud;
For now their Journey to its period drew,
And *Albion* her *chalkie Forehead* ſhow'd;
Which with erected Ears, and ſhaked Mains
They doubled ſtrait, and ſcoured o'r the Plains.

239.

Forthwith, all clouded in their ſmoaking Foam,
The *Chariot* they hurld to *Pſyche's* door;
Where *Phylax* bid his *Pupill welcome home*,
Which *She* did on her Knee to *Him* reſtore;
And ſtroaking then her *Steeds* upon the Creſt,
She for their faithfull *Pains* her *Thanks* profeſt.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO XVII.

The Mortification.

ARGUMENT.

PSyche *embrav'd by* Chari's *generous Flames*
Strives in Devotions Furnace *to refine*
Her pious self, till with Perfections Beams
Her pure Spiritualized Life might shine.
Then Satan *she defies, though crafty* He
Came clothed in Angelick Claritie.

1.

PEace, gentle *Queen* of every Thing which makes
Sweets acceptable, *Bliss* delightfull be;
What fatal Conjuration of *Mistakes*
Inchanteth Mortal Hearts, that they will see
Thy Beauties not by *their own Light*, but by
The hideous Glass of *Wars Deformity*!

2.

They see the *Sun* is fair, by his *own Beams*;
Gems by their *proper Lustre* them allure;
They taste the *Fountains* sweetnes by the *streams*;
The *Roses Scarlat Cheek* does them assure
The Floure is beautifull: yet they will not
Thy *Graces* read, but by a *Stain*, and *Blot*.

3.

Dear is this Learning, and sometimes too late:
O how much sooner, and much cheaper might
They all *Wars* tedious costly studie bate,
If they to *Thee* would come to Schole, and write
From the *Original* of thy fair Eyes,
That *Book*, which dims the *Volums of the Skies*!

4.

Thy *Temper* is all *Musick*; never did
The least of *Jars* thy sweet *Complexion* crack;
From *thine*, all *Concords* first were copied;
Nor would the *Centre* on his trustie Back
Agree to bear the World, did'st Thou not by
Thy dainty Chains the Burden on him ty,

5.

For at the first, when in th' *untuned Deep*
Each Thing was wroth, and snarled with his Brother;
When *Heav'n* and *Earth* tumbled in one blinde Heap,
Struggled and strove to stifle one Another;
When *All Things* with their peevish selves fell out,
And in their own Hearts for their Enemies sought.

6.

Then *Thou* with *seasonable Love* didst come,
And those *wilde Tumults* sweetly chase away;
These boistrous *Pangs* of the *Worlds travelling Womb*
With happy *Quietnesse* thou didst allay,
Makeing those *Embroy's Freinds*, who never since
Have to that Knot *of love* done violence.

7.

All rest contented with the Stations Thou
Appointedst Them; and *Earth* is pleas'd as well
With her poor Habitation here below,
As any *Stars* which in Heav'ns Roof doe dwell:
Nor will the *Windes*, though big they be and proud,
Desire above the *middle Aire* to crowd.

8.

The firly *Sea*, who in his boiling Wrath
Against the shore with mountainous Waves doth make,
Dreads the poor List of feeble *Sand*, which hath
No power that desperate Carreer to slake,
Because He reads in it *thy potent Law*,
Which back into his Deep doth make him flow.

9.

All *honest Beasts*, and *sociable*, are
Made such by thy sweet *Influence* alone:
In vain the *Oaten Pipe*, and *feeebler Care*
Of *Shepherds*, up and down the feilds would run,
Didst Thou not first perswade the *Sheep* to be
Best pleased with the *Flocks Communitie*.

10.

Men, whose *discording Tempers* them invite
To seek *new Worlds* their severall Mindes to please,
Are by *thy Cement* taught to take delight
In the kind Unions of *Families*;
One House will hold a *Brood*, when *Thou* dost joyne
To build their Walls, and their Desires combine.

11.

No *Cities* ever could erected be,
Did not *thine Hand* the Architecture guide,
Were not the sound Materials by *Thee*
For every Street, and every Court suppli'd:
Their Firmitude to neither Wood nor Stone
They owe, but to *thine Unity* alone.

12.

Most distant Countries Thou dost *Neighbours* make
By safe and friendly *Traffick*, which doth bear
One World into anothers Lap, and take
The radiant *East* from its rich Home, that here
It may adorn the *West*, whose mutual Store
Of other Wealth requites that Golden Ore.

13.

Nations whose sundry Languages divide
Them from the hopes of joynt *Communitie*,
Are in *one Common-wealth* securely ti'd
When *Thou* dost knit the Knot, and make them see
That *All want help of All, and they are best*
Provided, who are of most freinds possest.

14.

A *Sceptres* mighty Load *Thou* light dost make,
And wean'st from Wearinesse the *Subjects* necks,
But when They, by self-tyrannous Mistake,
See not *thy Sweets*, but their own Patience vex:
High-noon is dark to those that will not see,
And feathers, Lead, when Men will tired be.

15.

When *Thou* dost *domineer*, all *Laws* doe so,
And fair *Astrea* ventures down again;
Right all about the blessed *Streets* doth goe,
And awfull *Modesty* fails not to chain
All *Rudenesse* up, which once let loose by *War*,
Doth no Extremities of Mischief spare.

16.

The coolest *Veil* could never yet secure
The bashfull *Virgin* from *Lusts* rampant fire,
But when in sober Bounds *Thou* didst immure
The youthfull *Violence* of *hot Desire*:
Her onely Safety *lilie Chastitie*
To thy *white Banner* ow's, and *purer Thee*.

17.

The Gown doth keep the thoughtfull *Student* warm,
Yet not, but when by *thy Imbraces* laced,
And girded sure by *thy incircling Arm*;
Else their *poor Garb* is presently outfaced
By *Shields* and *Bucklers*, and they forc'd to trie
What *Habit* best will suit Them *when they flie*.

18.

All *Arts* which are of Age and grown compleat,
That Happinesse to *thy Tuition* owe;
No *Honey* e'r would choose its dainty Seat
In *Orators* Mouthes; no *Laurel* e'r would grow
On *Poets* Temples; if Thou didst not blesse
All *Learnings seasons* with due *fertilenesse*,

19.

By *thy* sole *Patent* Heav'n on Earth hath room;
Churches have licence to be what they are;
God is permitted here to have an *Home*,
And *handsome too*: Thou putt'st in the Barr
Which bids *Prophanesse* keep its distance, and
Learn that there is *more than one Holy-land*.

20.

The Walls to their own *Altars* cannot yeild
Protection, unless *Thou* joinst thine aid;
The Roof cannot the *Rites* nor *Service* shield
When by *Heretick Storms* they are assaid,
Except *Thou* help'st to clear the Air, and stop
The impious Rage of *popular Torrents* up.

21.

The Theme of everlasting Admiration
Miraculous *Loves* selected *Mystery*,
The *Sacramental Work*, to th' usurpation
Of *Lay unwashen Hands* expos'd doth lie,
But where this *impudent Community*
From the *Communion* is barr'd by *Thee*,

22.

The sacred *Priests*, *who never injured be*
By unrevenged Hand, are not secure,
Though all the reverence of *Piety*
In venerable *Awe* doth them immure,
Unless *thy potent Arm* be stretch'd to keep
The *Shepherds* from the Mouths of their own *Sheep*

23.

Our *holy Mother* cannot safely hold
Her own *Inheritance*, so unnatural be
Her *Sons*, and sacrilegiously Bold,
Unless *Thou* curb'st their cursed Liberty:
The *Church* must quickly *Bankrupt* turn, if Thou
Her *Patrimony* dost not safe bestow.

24.

Nay *Princes*, upon whose majestick Head
Gods Name was poured with the *sacred Unction*,
No sooner are by *Thee* abandoned;
But in despight to their *most awfull function*,
Of the ingratefull and apostate *Scum*
Of their own *Vassalls* they the *Scorn become*.

25.

No Region, though before the Garden where
The Plenitude of *Happinesse* did grow,
Forsaken is by *Thee*, but straight doth wear
The woefull garb of *Misery*, and flow (which
With Streams of Tears, for those sweet Currents
With Milk and Honey did its Meads inrich.

26.

But *Plenties Horn* in *thy* fair Arme doth dwell,
Whence, wheresoe'r thy blessed foot doth tread,
Thy Benisons thou liberally dost spill,
And all the Fields with smiling *Facinesse* spread;
Whilst the blithe *Hindes* doe pay Thee honest praise
Not in the *Trumps Roar*, but *soft Oaten Layes*.

27.

Away sneaks *Vice*, when *Thou* thy face dost show,
And seeks blinde Holes to hide its blacker Head;
Whose room Thou straight to *Virtue* dost allow,
Cheering her up to take fare root and spread
Her Arms so wide, that all the Countrey may
Under her Shade *calme Happinesse* enjoy.

28.

O *blessed Mayd*! how long, how long, shall *We*
Number our Curses by the Dayes and Years,
The tedious Dayes and Years, which now We see
All black with *sullen Clouds of fatal Fears*,
Whilst *Thou* art fled, and leav'st our woefull Land,
In *most unnatural Warrs* destroying Hand!

29.

How is unhappy *Britain* now become
The *Isle of Sorrow*, which was once *of Joy*!
How have all *Monsters* made these Fields their Home,
Where onely harmlesse *Sheep* were wont to play!
How are the *Gunns* and *Trumpets* taught to Roar,
Where onely *Pipes of Reed* were heard before!

30.

How have We stained *Albions* lilie hue
In bloody gore, and wash'd that *Name* away!
How has our *Red-crosse* been too truly true
Unto its *tincture*! How are We a Prey
Unto our Selves, whilst we have made a *Sea*
As well amidst Us, as about Us be.

31.

A *Sea* broke ope from our own desperate *Veins*,
Which to the *Crown* and *Mitre*, *Shipwrack* threats!
A *Sea*, in which though some doe fish for Gains,
Yet can they not at length scape their own Nets:
O no! *there's Nothing to be gained here*,
But certain Losse; *which makes the Trade too dear*.

32.

How have We coin'd *fond Names of Hate*, which We
With Sword and Bullet to the Death persue!
Are there no *Turks* but thus the *Unity*
Of the brave *English Name* doth by a new
Portentious Rent all mangled appear
Into the *Round-head* and the *Cavalier*!

33.

How have We strove our *Lyons Nails* to pare,
Who was before the *royal Dread and Awe*
To all the *neighbour-Beasts*! How has our *Fear*
And *Jealousie* help'd their own *Cause* to grow
To greater strength! How has our vast *expence*,
But op'd our Purse, till all be drained thence!

34.

Sweet Queen of Joyes, ô when, when will it be!
When will the blessed Dawn of thy fair Eyes
Cheer our benighted Hemisphear, that We
And all our wonted *Blisse*, with *thee* may *Rise*!
O calme and gentle *Peace*, when wilt thou please
Our *In-land Tempests billows* to appease!

35.

When shall We cease with *mighty Care and Cost*
To raise the heap of *our own Ruine* high!
When shall We yeild to be no longer tost
In Waves of *self-affected Misery*!
When shall We with our *Pains* no longer *play*!
When shall We *doe*, what We *so often say*!

36.

When shall we cease to make our selves the *scorn*
Of all that mock at *Infelicity*!
When shall We judge our selves *enough forlorn*!
When shall We think our *Woes* deserving be
Of *our own pitty*, that our *Bowels* may
Henceforth be *torn* none but *that healing way*!

37.

Prudent and *tender Phylax*, knew that He
In *both those Titles*, nothing could bestow
Upon his *Pupil*, which to Her might be
More fertile in Advantages, then now
To exile every *troublous mist*, and clear
The Countenance of *her Habitations Sphear*.

38.

He knew the worth of *Peace*, and long agoe
When he had *Psyche* left in *Palestine*,
He hither came, and orderd busines so,
That all things did into a *Calme* combine;
But none could tell it was *to entertain*
Psyche, now ready to return again.

39.

But she arrived at her antient *House*,
Wondered to finde *Securitie* made *Queen*
Of all that *Region*; vacant was no room
For *Molestation* to be busie in;
Nor any Gap left ope by which she might
Thrust in her head and *Quietnesse* affright.

40.

Her *Friends* and *Parents* much advanc'd this wonder,
When in their cheerly gratulations they
Told Her how *Peace* had trode all *Perils* under
Her blessed feet, and blown the *storm* away:
They told it o'n and o'r, and marvell'd why
She turn'd to *Phylax* her *mistrusting Eye*.

41.

But *He* observing it, thus satisfi'd
Her questioning Soule: Suspect no false-hood here,
Thou see'st but what is true; I did provide
This *Calme* to bid thee welcome home, *my dear*:
Thy *Voyage* finish'd is, and in this *Bay*
And *Hav'n of Rest*, thy *Bark* may safely stay.

42.

But see Thou *rig'st* it still, and keepst it *trim*,
For fear some storm hereafter should arise:
What Profit is't through dangerous seas to swim
And poorly prove *at home* a Tempests Prize?
Safe is the Harbour whil'st thy care awakes;
Just Shipwrack sleeping Pilots overtakes.

43.

Compleat Securitie dwels in no Bay
But that above, to which thine heart doth saile;
For ever there thy Vessel thou may'st lay
In *certain Peace*: But here no Help can bail
Thee from the *Windes arrest*, if thou forget
To doe *thy part*, and *thine own Watches* set.

44.

O set them then, and bravely antidate
The *Rest* that dwelleth in the *Heav'nly Port*;
Tis worth the price, and more; At any Rate
It is not dear; then stick not to give for't
Thy earnest *Wish*, and daily *Industry*:
No Wealth so rich as genuine Rest can be.

45.

If thou repent Thee of thy Bargain, say
That with false Wares thy *Phylax* cheated thee,
And boldly throw both *them* and *Me* away,
And call the *Shore* more treacherous than the *Sea*:
Conclude all things, but *Vanitie*, are *Vain*;
And think *Perdition* the *onely Gain*.

46.

But surely no such desperate *Thought* will e'r
Abuse the pious Heart of *Psyche*: No;
My Hopes are greater of thy holy Care,
With which mine own shall be combined too;
For as a guard upon thy Guard will I
My wonted Love and Watchfulnes imploy.

Scapes

47.

Scarce had He ſpoke; but (as the heav'nly *Dew*
Into *Earths* thirſty *Mouth* drops copious Joy,
Celeſtial *Charis* into *Pſyche* flew,
Doubling her Wellcome home, and making way
Through her ſoft Boſome to her ſofter Heart,
To which a ſweet Imbrace She did impart.

48.

Nor was there need that She ſhould uſe her Tongue,
Whoſe *Favour* ſpake aloud in *Pſyche's* breaſt,
And by *Soul-plying ſecret language* rung
Far more than aerie Words could have expreſt:
The *Virgin* underſtood its meaning well,
And hugg'd it cloſe in Her Hearts inmoſt *Cell*.

49.

(That *Cell* wherein Her *Life* enſhrined laye;
Which now roſe up in bounden reverence,
And to this *royall Gueſt* gave willing way:
For *what is Grace's bleſſed Influence*,
But Life's beſt Life? which well deſerv's to be
Plac'd higheſt in the vital Treaſurie.)

50.

So cloſe She hugg'd it, that it there grew warm,
And glow'd ſo hot, that ſtrait it fell on fire:
The ſudden *flame* ſounded a *ſmart Alarm*
Through all Her Breaſt, and wakened brave *Deſire*;
Deſire the other *Forces* muſter'd up,
And now no Bar her high Deſign could ſtop.

51.

As when *Heroick fervor* doth awake
A Princes Heart to take a full ſurvey
Of all his Realm, and Reformation make
Of what is ſwerved from the *Laws High-way*;
To his *own King*, the *King of Heav'n*, He cals
For Aid, and then to his *great Buſineſſe* falls.

52.

So prudent *Pſyche*, proſtrate on her face,
Begs *Jeſus* help to ſpeed her *Enterprize*:
(For *Phylax* now by *Heav'n* admoniſh'd was
To ſnatch himſelf far from his *Pupils* eyes:
In preſt obedience to which Item, He
Fled ſtrait into *Inviſibilitie*.)

53.

Deer Lord, ſaid She, who never doſt forſake
Thy Worms which to thy footſtool crawle for aid,
O pitty, pitty on thy Hand-mayd take,
That She by her *faint Self* be not betrayd.
Thou who vouchſaf'ſt to Kindle my *Deſire*,
Aſſiſt Me, leaſt it prove an *uſeleſſe fire*.

54.

Well knows thy *wronged Majeſty* how I
The *flames* Thou often gaveſt Me did choke,
And ſent up no Returns at all to thy
Moſt liberal Heav'n but black and ſtinking *Smoke*,
Hels rank and proper *Breath*, which once was mine
When to *Cerinthus Schole* I ran from *thine*.

55.

O truſt Me not *alone*; although my Will
Bravely enflam'd and ſpurred on by Thee,
Aims at a lofty Mark, yet *Pſyche* ſtill
Is that *unfortunate and feeble She*
Who in her full Carreers proves out of breath,
And when She ſoars to Life, ſinks down to Death.

56.

Not for *my Credit*, but *thy Graces*, and
Thine own, in this Deſigne I crave Succeſſe;
Paid onely to the Praiſe of thy high Hand
Shall be th' Atchievements Glorie: *Pſyche* is
Beneath Diſgrace, but it in honor does
Concern *thy Strength*, *no Victorie to looſe*.

57.

Up flew her *Prayer*, and knock'd at *Jeſus* ear;
So loud it knock'd, that ſtraight *He* let it in;
In, to his *Favours Preſence-chamber*, where
His gratious Entertainment it did win:
Its Embaſſie was heard, and *Jeſus* granted
What ever *Pſyche* in this buſineſſe wanted.

58.

This bred freſh Courage in her Heart, and She
With doubled Gallantrie adventured on
Her noble *Work*: Her ancient *Royaltie*
Which bold *Incroachment* oft had trode upon,
She ment to reskew, and aſſert her *Crown*;
Though for her *Spouſe's* ſake, more than *her own*.

59.

A general *Court* She cals, and ſummons all
Her *Subjects* in, to know her royall Minde:
Large the Apparence was; both Great and ſmal
Came flocking in; for none durſt ſtay behinde,
So ſtrait the *Proclamation* was, and they
Some *ſpecial Buſineſſe* did expect that Day.

60.

No ſooner had this Conflux fill'd the Hall
Of *Pſyches* palace, but in princely State
Being ballas'd with her *Sceptre* and her *Ball*,
She thither comes, and takes her ſoveraign ſeat:
Up ſtood the *Company* while *She* ſate down,
And bow'd their Heads to *Hers*, and to her *Crown*.

How

61.

How kindely She that general Homage took,
As *Earneſt* of their ſeveral Duties, She
Firſt certifi'd them by her gratious Look,
(With which ſhe paus'd a while, for *Majeſtie*
Muſt not make haſte,) then by her ſofter Tongue,
From whence her charming Honey thus She wrung.

62.

My multiplyed Self, ſweet Company,
In whom as many and as ſundry lives
I live, as *you* enjoy; how dear and high
Content to Me your loyal Preſence gives,
I muſt not tell you now; it were too long
A *Storie*, and would doe *the other* Wrong;

63.

The *other Storie*; which would more than fill
This Day, as having coſt Me ſeveral years
To travell through it, ſhould I trie to tell
Its ſeverall Wonders: but againſt your Eares
I plot no Tyrannie, nor aime to break
Them on a *tedious Narrations Rack*.

64.

Through many *Climats* I have whirled been
By the ſweet Conduct of my *Guardians* Care:
The world clad in *all faſhions* I have ſeen,
And how their *Clothes* and *Manners Mortals* wear;
Fair Cities, foul Inhabitants; and poor
Hamlets, yet ſuch as noble Spirits bore.

65.

I ſaw Men live in their *Outſides* alone,
Scarce thinking that *within* a Soule they had:
And yet, becauſe it was the faſhion,
Themſelves a *Cloke* they of *Religion* made.
A *Summer Cloke*, ſo light and thin, that they
Felt it not when upon their backs it lay.

66.

I ſaw the World its fatal *Bane* imbrace,
And loath the Antidote of *Pietie*:
I ſaw *Devotion* loaded with *Diſgrace*;
And *humble zeal* diſdained by thoſe *high*
And *ſilken Things*, who know no way to be
Gentile, but *Pride*, and ſinfull *Libertie*.

67.

Severely-holy-Soules expos'd I ſaw
To *luſtie Gallants* Scorn and Hatred, who
Upon their patient Heads the Check did throw
Of fooliſh *Singularitie*, though no
Pretence there were, but that they down the Tide
Of deep Damnation would not with them ride.

68.

The *holier Stories*, whence the *Holy-land*
Deriv'd its *Name*, I by their *footſteps* read;
For many ſtill doe deep imprinted ſtand,
To honeſt Pilgrims aim to give, and lead
Their Hearts on in that venerable Path
Which, for their ſakes, *Divine Love* traced hath.

69.

But by that Leſſon of *Humilitie*
Both *proud* and *confident* I ſtrangely grew;
My own poor *waxen Wings* I needs would trie,
And willingly from thoſe *ſtout pinions* flew
Which *Phylax* alwayes for my ſervice ſpread
When ſturdie *Dangers* Me encountered.

70

My *Wings*, alas, did onely me commit
An helpleſſe Booty to the *Birds of Prey*;
For *Kites* and *Vultures* ſtraight did me beſet,
Whoſe foul *Heretick Tallons* pluck'd away
My beſt and faireſt *Plumes*, and did prepare
My blood and life away with them to tear.

71.

But *Heav'n* and *Phylax* preſent pitty took,
And ſnatch'd me from that *fatal Company*,
Unto a *Palace* whoſe illuſtrious Look
Revived mine, whoſe generous Courteſie
More royal Things beſtow'd on Me, than thoſe
Plunders wilde Law made forfeit to my foes.

72.

This was *Eccleſias* famous *Court* where I
Beheld the Miracles of *Diſcipline*:
No ſpectacle e'r bleſſed Mortal Eye
With ſights more venerable and divine:
Upon my Heart they grav'd themſelves ſo deep
That their Impreſſion it muſt ever keep.

73.

So ſweet a Calme of heav'nly *Peace* was there
That no *Diſturbance* could it ſelf intrude;
Which made it genuine *Paradiſe* appear,
All over with *harmonious Pleaſures* ſtrewd.
His *Duty* to each *Officer* was known,
Who lov'd it beſt, *becauſe it was his own*.

74.

And happy are thoſe *Courts*, and onely thoſe,
Where in all Offices *Contens* doth dwell;
Where every Courtier, were He put to chooſe,
Would onely be ambitious to excell
In *his own Place*, and covet to appear
Splendid in none but in *his proper Sphear*.

Such

75.

Such genuine Beams as theirs, can onely be
The comely Glory of a *Princes Court*:
Thus doe the prudent *Starrs* above agree
To swell and garnish Heav'ns Majestick Port.
Thus every *Orb* loves his own Way, and on
His mighty Journey doth with *Musick* run.

76.

Thus those more radiant *Sparks*, which on the face
Of the pure *Empyræum* glittering are,
The holy *Angels*, hug their *proper Place*,
And wish no nobler Work than meets them there.
And who can say Us Nay, if stoutly we
Resolve thus to adorn our *Politie*?

77.

Right glorious those Examples are by which
We are invited thus to *Honors Way*:
What Tongue would not unto its highest Pitch
Advance it Selfe, to consecrate a Lay
Of Praise to them? And why should we admire
That which doth not spur Us unto *Desire*!

78.

All shame forbid our Spirits should flag so low
As not to pant and reach at *Excellence*.
What though it cost Us All a *sweating Brow*?
The *Gain* will more than crosse out that *Expence*.
Besides, *Ease is the Rust of that brave Metall*
Which strengthens noble Spirits for Virtues Battel.

79.

Come then; Henceforth *let it Enacted be*,
That All their Bows unto the utmost bend;
That generous and hardy *Industry*
Through all our Court its active Arms extend;
That every one doe in his *Office* prove
How much *my* Credit, and their *own* they love.

80.

Though I be *Queen*, yet I my selfe submit,
And bend my Neck unto this *Common Law*;
The Yoak as well for Me, as you will fit,
And be assured I my part will draw:
If e'r you see Me shrink, or Labour shun,
It shall be your *Discharge* from going on.

81.

But if you winch and kick, and will not be
Partners with Me in our propounded Prize;
I am no *Youngling* now, Maturity
Dwells in my Hand and Brain; well can I poise
My *Scepter*, and know eas'ly how to make
Those who disdain to bow, be fain to break.

82.

I paid an high *price* for that *Learning* I
Bought when *Agrest* made his Market here.
And who can blame my Prudence, if I try
To make the most of what cost me *so Dear*?
It must, and shall appear, How well I know
That *Kindnesse makes but Rebells bolder grow.*

83.

But ô, I feel how ill upon my Tongue
This *Threatning* rellisheth; My Breath should I
More willingly expend upon a *Song*
In Commendation of your *Loyalty*:
Your *Loyalty*, which now, me thinks, I see
Already flaming to this *Law*, and *Me*.

84.

She ceased here. When loe, about the Hall
A musing *Silence* for a good while lay.
Divers were there, who thought this *Law* would fall
Too soar and heavy on their Backs; yet they
For fear their *Party* should appear too weak
In *Votes*, durst not their Motions open make.

85.

Not with their *Tongues*: But with their *Eyes* about
The Room they walk'd, and question'd one another;
In every Look they met with *Hope*, and *Doubt*,
Which mutualy their trembling Selves did smother.
Their Shoulders some, & some their Heads did shake,
Confessing what they were *afraid to speak*.

86.

At length presuming it the safer way
Their Vessells *down* the potent *Stream* to steer,
They with the rest, resolved to *Obey*
What they could *not withstand*. Thus thankless *Fear*
Of being broken by the *Windes*, doth make
The *lazie Clouds* long voyages to take.

87.

The whole *Assembly* thrice bow'd to the ground,
And thrice profest their Thanks unto their *Prince*,
Whose carefull Wisdome such a way had found
To yoak her Subjects unto *Excellence*:
And may *Rebellions Brand* and *Curse*, said they
Mark and *revenge* all them that *disobey*.

88.

Thus past'd the *Act*: which being fairly writ,
Upon the middle Pillar of the Hall,
Was hung by *Psyche's* strict Command, that it
Might of their Duties daily warn them all.
So is the *Rod* stuck up at Schole, whose look
Doth awe the idle Children to their Book.

89.

But She to *practise* what was how *Decreed*,
Begins with Them who easiest were to tame;
That their Example afterward might breed
A strong and stinging Argument of shame
To lash those Servants who *more manly* were
If they, *more weakly*, should their Task forbear.

90.

Her *Porters five*, shee called one by one,
Their several Instructions to take.
Opsis was first, to whom she thus begun:
Although thy *Place* and *Nature* Thee doe make
In most *Discoveries* apt and quick, yet I
Further than thou, can into some things spy.

91.

Beleeve Me then, thou hast most need to be
Jealous of what usurpeth *Beauties* face;
Danger is politick, and *Treachery*
Too wise to lodge in a suspected Place.
The *richest Soil* the *rankest Weeds* doth bear;
The *deepest Holes* in *silent Rivers* are.

92.

That *Apple* which bewitch'd our *Grandames* Eyes,
Was in *Pomona's* goodliest Roab array'd;
Its plump and ruddy Cheeks did fairly rise,
And *seeming Smiles* in all its Count'nance playd;
But yet such *Venome* in its Juice did lie,
As pour'd on all the World *Mortality*.

93.

Fair were the *Grapes* unto good *Noahs Eye*,
Nor with lesse Pleasure faun'd they on his *Taste*;
His unsuspecting Heart was also by
Their sweet Inchantments ravish'd, till at last
His treacherous *Guest* tripp'd up his heels, and bore
Him over shamefully upon the Floor.

94.

Elisha's Servant saw no cause of Fear
In the *Wilde Vine*, whose Gourds did him invite
To fill his Lap; so delicate they were,
And held such Correspondence with his sight:
Yet, cheated Man, He did he knew not what,
And shred *abundant Death* into the Pot.

95.

The *wisest Prince*, but *Heav'nly Wisdomes King*,
To *Folly* was betrayed by his *Eyes*;
Which in his *Queens* bright Beauties rioting,
Prevailed with Him first to Idolize
Those *Female Powers*; and then fall down before
What he set up, and *Stocks* and *Stones* adore.

96.

When *Juda's Eyes* would needs enamored be
Of dangerous *Monies* gaudy glistering face,
Those richer Beams they could no longer see
Whose pure Exuberance did his *Masters* grace:
But he, *blinde Traytor*, to *eternal Night*
Betray'd himselfe in scorning *Jesu's* light.

97.

That gorgeous *Fruit* which dangled on the Trees
That shaded *Asphaltite's* cursed shore,
Out-vi'd in *fragrant Gold* th' *Hesperides*
Renounced Boughs, and more *Enticements* wore
Upon its *Cheeks*; and yet this Statelinesse
Was but of *Ashes* and of *Stinks* the *Dresse*.

98.

Be wary then in time, for fear some *Bait*
Doe sliely steal an *Hook* into thine *Eye*;
For fear some sweet and beauteous *Deceit*
Poure *Bitternesse* on thy *Credulity*.
Security delights in Fears meek Cell,
But scorns in Confidence's Towers to dwell.

99.

Thou never wilt repent thee of thy Cost
If thou a Watch before thine *Eyes* dost set;
Two nimble *Lids* thou alway ready hast,
Which, if thou wilt, all Dangers out can shut.
O let it not be said, that thou dost keepe
Those *Curtains* onely to enclose thy *sleep*.

100.

When *Dinah's Eyes* would needs be gadding out,
And walk in *Hamors Court*; though honest she
Onely to feed her curious *Fancy* sought,
Insnar'd she was in *Shechems* Treachery,
And, silly Mayden, suddenly became
An Holocaust to *Lusts* unhappy Flame.

101.

Be prudent then, and never waste thy *Look*
On any Thing but what concerneth thee:
Thy *proper Busnesse* is the safest *Book*
On which thy Studies can imployed be;
If thou on any other cast thine *Eyes*,
Thou onely *Errors* readst and *Heresies*.

102.

Thou se'st what *Task* I set Thee, that thou mayst
Be safe and happy, as my Selfe would be.
So shall thy *Tears* be useless, when Thou hast
No Crimes to wash; so shall the Bravery
Of thy sweet *Beams* for ever be intire,
And fear no mischief from *Hells gloomy Fire*.

The

103.

The time will surely come, and shortly too,
Which will this *Abstinence* of thine requite,
When thou shalt rove and unrestreined goe
Through all the *Beauties* which make Heav'n so bright:
Discredit not with *Earthly sights*, those *Eyes*
Which are design'd to read the *glorious skies*.

104.

The *glorious skies*; and what *more glorious is*,
The gallant *Eyes of Jesus*, whose divine
Irradiations of eternall Bliss
And royal sweetnes upon them shall shine,
When they have done their duty here beneath,
And shall by *Him* awakened be from death.

105.

Which duty surely never will be done,
By dwelling on that *Mirrour* in thine Hand;
That brittle Embleme of *Corruption*,
Which though a polish'd *out-side* doth commend,
Is yet welneer as sleight a thing and vain
As is the *Image* that it doth sustain.

106.

This Charge with anxious and dejected Look
Opsis receiv'd, and trembled at its weight:
That tremor threw her *Mirrour* down, and broke
It on the ground: which she observing, strait
With many a foolish Tear its Death lamented,
And took her leave, *unwillingly contented*.

107.

The next was *Acoe*; who came dancing in,
And with her wanton fingers tripped o'r
Her tickled *Lute*; by which she hop'd to win
The favour of her awfull Soveraign; for
She felt the Pulse of every string, to see
Where dwell'd the sweetest *Soule of Melodie*.

108.

Psyche, untill the Galiards Close, was mute:
But then, she said, now lend thy heed to mee,
Who will requite thy *Layes*: I grant thy *Lute*
Cheerd and encourag'd by *Arts Braverie*,
May pant thee Airs more sweet in thy esteem,
Than from my Lips into thine Ears can stream:

109.

But *what is sweetest, is not always best*,
And therefore not so sweet as is its Name:
Else the *Inchanters Pipe* must be confest
To merit all the loudest *Trumps of Fame*,
Although its *Tunes Hels* dangerous *Hisses* be,
Skinn'd fairely over with false *Harmonie*.

110.

Else should the warbling *Siren* be preferr'd
Before the *Linet* and the *Nightingale*,
Although no roaring *Tempest* e'r were heard
Which with more *certain Peril* did assaile
The Mariner, unlesse with timely Care
Against her *Musick* He seal'd up his *Ear*.

111.

Else the *Hyæna*, who with friendly tone
Knocks at the Door, unto the *Lambs* should be
As courteous as his *Salutation*,
Though all his meaning be but *Treacherie*;
And that same Mouth which them bespake so fair,
Prepared be the silly *Sheep* to tear.

112.

Else should the *Parasite*, whose Trade it is
To feed and cloath Himself by praising Thee,
And stroaking all thy rankling *Wickednesse*,
Be a more usefull trustie *Friend*, than *He*
Who for thy breeding *Cankers* sure prevention
Applies the *Corrosive* of sound *Reprehension*.

113.

Remember *Acoe*, with what wiley Words
The *Serpent* ointed *Eve's* imprudent Ears:
Yet all the Syllables were two-edg'd swords,
Long-bearded Arrows, or envenomed Spears;
Which flew not onely through *Her* careless Heart,
But to the End of *all the World* did dart.

114.

That *Serpent* seeing what himself had done,
Took wise and wary Warning ever since:
So did his cunning Generation
Who *stop their Ears* against the Influence
Of soft *Enchantments*. And *it can be no*
Disgrace to learn a Virtue of thy Foe.

115.

Had *Delilahs tongue* not been so *Musical*,
It ne're had ventur'd upon *Sampsons might*,
Nor in his Chamber conquer'd more than all
Philistia's Powers could do in open fight.
But when the *strongest Bands* were all in vain,
With her *soft-language* she did Him *enchain*.

116.

Puff'd with Heav'n-daring Pride and Victorie,
Great *Holofernes* fear'd no dint of *Fear*,
When walled in with his vast Army He
Vow'd, the *Jews stock* up by the *roots* to tear:
Yet *Judiths glozing Tongue* made Him her Prey,
His Heart first, then his Head she stole away.

117.

O then let *Prudence* ſtop thy ſober *Ear*
When any worldly *Charm* doth tune its ſtrings;
Much happier is it to be deaf, than hear
The *Muſick* of thoſe faithleſs Flouriſhings,
Which ſlely ſtealing to thine Heart, will there
With everlaſting *Jars* thy Conſcience tear.

118.

The *Voice of Truth*, though wonderous plain it be,
Flows with more Hony than all Tongues beſide;
With Hony ſo ſincere, that *Puritie*
It ſelfe a long with all its Streams doth glide:
Here mayſt Thou be Luxuriant, yet thine *Ear*
No *Surfet* from this *Fulneſſe* needs to Fear.

119.

Let others ſlander't with the Name of *Pride*;
I'l ſtile it *Virtue* in Thee to diſdain
That empty *Foam of Prattle*, which doth ride
Upon the *idly-buſy Tongues* of vain
And ſhallow Men, who though they all the Day
Spin out their long Diſcourſes, *Nothing ſay*.

120.

Have patience *tickling Accents* to forbear
A while, that Thou the *beſt* of them mayſt gain:
Years poſt about apace; the Time draws near
When thou exalted on Heav'ns gliſtering Plain
With thoſe rich *Notes* ſhalt enterteined be
Whoſe *Conſort* makes the *Sphearik Melodie*.

121.

My *Philax*'s bleſſed *Voice* there ſhalt Thou hear,
And all the *Winged Quire*, whoſe dainty Tongues
The Triumphs and the Joyes of Heav'n doe chear
With the briſk Raptures of their lofty Songs:
Songs which no Ears muſt drink, but thoſe which are
On purpoſe *kept*, and *not enchanted here*.

122.

On *Acoe* ſo hard this Leſſon grated,
That in her Heart ſhe wiſh'd ſhe had been *deaf*:
Yet ſince their old *Rebellion* was defeated,
She feard the *Senſes* could have no Releif
By *ſtanding out*: And well ſhe knew beſide,
Who moſt ſhould feel it when her *Queen* did *chide*.

123.

She Sigh'd, and let her *Lute-ſtrings* down, as though
She looſned had with them thoſe of her Heart
And then, *O ſweeteſt Wombe of Pleaſures*, how
Shall *Acoe* live, ſaid ſhe, now I muſt part
With Thee! And here She fetch'd another Sigh,
And kiſſ'd her *Lute*, and gently laid it by.

124.

Next, *Oſphreſis* came in; who in one Hand
Courted a *Civet Box*, and in the other
A neſt of *Roſe-budds* built upon a wand
Of *Juniper*, and neatly ſet together.
Which *Pſyche* ſeeing, Uſe it warilie,
Roſes wear *Pricks*, as well as *Leaves*, ſaid She.

125.

Could all the Balme of *Gilead*, all the ſpice
Of happy *Arabie*, but inform Thee how
To counterplot thoſe fatal Miſeries
Whoſe certain ſeeds in thine own heart doe grow,
I could approve ſuch *Helps*: But *They* We know
Are frail and mortal Things, as well as *Thou*.

126.

Alas ſo deep *Corruption* rooted is;
Ev'n in the Centre of thy fading Breaſt,
That *Odours* ſtrive in vain to weed and dreſſe
The *tainted Soile*. *How largely 'tis confeſt*
By former Ages dead and rotten now,
How ſure Mortality in Man doth grow!

127.

And ſhall the *Son* and the *Apparent Heir*
Of *Rottenneſſe*, miſpend his Time upon
Unneceſſary *Sweets*, by which the *Air*
Trimm'd and inriched is, and that alone?
Sweets which each ſilly *Wind* which whisketh by
Snatcheth, and ſcattereth in *proud Mockery*?

128.

Why ſhould'ſt Thou take ſuch Pains to make the Pre
Of *ſtinking Wormes* ſo *ſweet* and *dainty*? why
Upon perfumed Pillows wouldſt Thou lay
Thine Head, when it to *rot* muſt onely lie?
This Coſt and Pains for nothing uſefull be
But *doubling* of *Corruptions Victorie*.

129.

Wert not a cheaper, and a wiſer plot
Aforehand with *diſpleaſant Smells* to be
Acquainted, that the brackiſh *Grave* may not
By being *ſtrange*, be *bitterer* to Thee?
At leaſt not to be tainted with the Sweet
Contagion which in *Perfumes* We meet?

130.

O *Oſphreſis*, that Thou didſt truely know
What *Crops of Odours* and what *Beds of Spice*;
What *Hills of Sweets*, what *Plains of flowers* grow
In the delicious Lap of *Paradiſe*;
Thou couldſt not chuſe but generouſly diſdain
Theſe poor *Perfumes* of *Earth* to entertain.

Yet

131.

Yet all the pureſt *Names* of *Odours* are
Short of that everlaſting *Incenſe* which
From Heav'ns high *Altar* doth its volumes rear,
And *Bleſſednes* it ſelf with *ſweets* inrich.
Save thau thy ſelf for theſe which will one day
Thine *Abſtinence* with *Plenitude* repay.

132.

And yet mean while I will to thee allow
Far *richer ſweets* then thoſe Thou throw'ſt away;
In *virtue's Garden* doe but walk, and Thou
Shalt meet ſuch ſpicy *Breaths* of holy *Joy*,
As will compell thy raviſh'd Soule to think
This Worlds *Gentileſt ſent*, but *pretians ſtink*.

133.

Such *Breaths* as will *perfume* thy heart indeed,
And all thy Thoughts and Words *aromatize*,
Untill their odorous Emanations breed
Delight in *Gods own Noſtrils*, who doth prize
The ſweetnes of all Incenſe by the ſent
Of the *meek ſacrificers pure intent*.

134.

Here *Oſphreſis* thrice on her *Civet*, and
Thrice on her ſmiling *Poſie* ſmelt; but yet
At length ſhe dropp'd them out of either Hand,
When ſhe perceived *Pſyche*'s Countenance ſet
With awfull *Reſolution*, and ſtrait
As *Geuſis* enterd, meekly did retreat.

135.

Geuſis brought in her Hand an *Honey-combe*,
Which prompted *Pſyche* thus the *Maid* to greet:
What if that *Neſt of ſweetnes* hath no room
For any thing that is intirely *Sweet*?
What if the *Bee* hath in that Cabinet
More of her ſting, than of her *Honey* ſet?

136.

Full hard it is to eat no more than may
True friend-ſhip keep twixt *ſafetie* and *delight*,
The leaſt *Exceſs* will Thee to *Pangs* betray,
And break thy Work by day, thy Reſt by night.
Indeed a *ſurfet* goes moſt ſweetly down,
But ſtrait with *Gall* the heart is overflown.

137.

The raging *Sword's* a keen and ravenous Thing,
Witnets whole Armies ſwallow'd up by it:
Yet *Luxury* doth wear a ſharper ſting,
And wider ope her hungry Throat is ſet.
No reeking *ſteel* thou ever yet didſt ſee
Bluſh in the guilt of ſo much Blood as *Shee*.

138.

Of his *Sobrieties* ſage ſtayed weight
Had great *Belſhazzar* not been cozen'd by
The cruel ſweetnes of her ſoft Deceit,
He had not in *Heav'ns* ſcale of Equity
Been found ſo *light*, as by *Darius* down
From his high *Empires Zenith* to be blown.

139.

Of Her in time had *Dives* taken heed,
When in each Diſh for him She lay in wait,
When into every Boule her ſelf ſhe ſhed,
And made of each ſuperfluous Bit, a Bait;
Beneath the *wretched Gallant* had not lain
Acting poor *Lazarus* his part in vain.

140.

His broiled Tongue had not ſo clamorous been
In lamentable Out-cries to obtain
No crowned Cups of luſtie foaming *Wine*,
But a few drops of *Water*, to reſtrain
Thoſe free and jovial flames which now did trie
On him *another kinde of Luxurie*.

141.

But *Lazarus*, whoſe meek ambition was
No more than with this *gluttons Dogs* to be
A *Commoner*; unto the ſweet Embrace
Of *Abraham*, and of *Felicitie*
Mounted on Angels Wings did ride, and there
Injoy'd a *fuller Feaſt* than *Dives* here.

142.

Wiſe Saint, his ſtomach he had ſav'd, that he
With a full appetite might thither goe
Where ſumptuous *dainties* in their *Kingdome* be,
And pureſt *Pleaſures* by whole *Rivers* flow:
And if thou after him would'ſt thither climbe,
Be ſure to trace his footſteps here in time.

143.

I know the *Bords* of many *holy Soules*
In *fatnes* often have been ſeen to ſhine,
On which their golden over-flowing *Boules*
Foamd with the heat of *aromatick Wine*:
But canſt thou ſay that they themſelves did ſo?
Surely their *Looks* and *Lives* will tell thee no.

144.

This conſtant *Plenty* did but keep them to
Their *Temperances* daily Exerciſe;
They into hardy *Virtue's Liſts* did goe
When to their *Bords* they went, to play the prize
Of *Abſtinence*, and trie their conquering might
On that arrayed *Army of Delight*.

145.

Heroick hearts were these, who hedg'd in by
A seige of *superfluitie*, could yet
Maintain brave *Moderation*; but thy
Metall and Temper, *Genesis*, are not fit
To wage War with *Temptations*; No, 'tis well
If thou by *flying* canst thy safety steal.

146.

To a *spare Diet* flie: There thou may'st eat
And drink thine *Health*; but never in *Excess*:
Excess makes *Sickness* reek in all thy Meat,
And with thy Liquor doth full *Surfets* press
Into thy Soule; by which before thou art
Aware, thy Head is drowned, chok'd thy Heart.

147.

But soveraign *Fasting* never fails to be
An happy Purge where these bad Humours reign;
Whil'st other *Physick* drains *thy Purse*, not *thee*,
This never doth *Evacuate* thy Coin,
Nor operate on any thing but those
Who are thy Bodies or thy Spirits Foes.

148.

Thou know'st my meaning now: But know withall
I love thee better than to let thee be
Unpunished, if thou shalt swerve or fall
From this fair *Path unto Felicitie*,
And with such *Ballast* stuff thy self as will
If *Heav'n* prevent not, lag thee down to Hell.

149.

Close all this while had *Genesis* held her *Combe*;
But the smart dint of this last *Word* did smite
It from her Hand, and spill it in the Room;
At which the sullen *Maid* began to bite
Her lips, but marking then stern *Psyches* Ey,
She bow'd her head, and made her *will* comply.

150.

Scarce was *she* out, but *mincing Haphe* came,
Whose Hands were in a *Muff of Sables* drown'd;
Her Body was disposed in a frame
Of wide and easie Clothes, courting her round
With silken flattering *softnes*; neither Pin
Nor Seam presum'd to touch her dainty skin.

151.

Psyche smil'd at the sight: And what, said she,
If that *soft furniture* grow thick with *pricks*?
If Hair or Sack-cloth far more gentle be
Which close and strait on hardy Bodies sticks?
Alas the *Wounds of silk* more dangerous far
Than those of sharpest *Swords* and *Arrows* are.

152.

Those Weapons wounds can never further sink
Then to the Bodies bottome; but a *proud*
Attire doth sadly *soak the Soule*, and *drink*
Its best blood up; nor knows she how to shrow'd
Her self from this Mis-hap so long as she
Builds her Delight on *outward Braverie*.

153.

Potiphera was deeper wounded by
The delicacies of her soft Array,
Than holy *Joseph* who did clothed lie
With Chains, although the Iron made a way
Into his Soule: Her wounds did her destroy,
His cur'd their *Earthly Pain* with *Heav'nly Joy*.

154.

Thou know'st in what a soft and curious dress
Madam *Herodias* danced down to Hell;
Whil'st reverend *John* array'd in *simpleness*,
All *humane off-spring* nobly did excell;
And though in *Herods Court* despised, yet
Plain as he was, he into *Heav'ns* was let.

155.

Hadst thou beheld his home-spun *Camels hair*,
And *lethern-Thong* which did his Loins embrace;
How would thy *Lawns*, thy *Silks*, thy *Sables* dare
To shew their cowardly effeminate face?
How would thy worthlesse skin indure to see
It self in fairer Roabs than glorious *He*?

156.

Hadst thou beheld that course and rural *suit*
Which *Gods* own wisdome did for *Adam* make;
How would the sight thy gallantry confute
Who all the dainties of the World would'st rake
Thy vulgar Carcase to array, when he
The King of Earth, in *Skins* must cloathed be!

157.

Gods Copie satisfi'd the *Saints* of old, *Hebr*
Who sought no further than the skins of sheep 11.37
And goats, in which their own they did enfold;
And from that rude and plain Plantation reap
A royall Harvest, now being clothed by
The glittering *Roabs of Immortalitie*.

158.

No Beds of wanton Down desired they 11.38.
Wherein to loose themselves, but were content
In Dens and Caves their manly Heads to lay;
Where they to Rest with fuller Comfort went
Than pompous lustie *Solomon*, when he
Stepp'd up his Couch of stately Ivory,

Scarce

159.

Nor was it ever known that *Perl* did lie
In any ſhells but wonderous courſe and plain;
That any Search could *Gold* and *Silver* ſpie
But neſtled in ſome dark and dirty vein
Of Earth; that gallant *Sparks of Fire* could reſt
But in ſome rude Flints black unlikely Breaſt.

160.

I grant *Diſtinctions of Degrees* require
Such Garbs as may their Dignities proclaim;
Not that they by their outſide beams aſpire
To gaudy fooliſh Glory; ſince their Aim
Is, or ſhould onely be, by this fine Art
Their *Places* proper honor to aſſert.

161.

Elſe the perverſly-blear, and peeviſh Eye
Of rude and ſtubborn Mortals would not ſee
What awfull Luſtre flames in *Majeſty*;
Nor how the *Sacerdotal Temples* be
With venerable Priviledges crownd,
Which from their ſacred *Office* doth redound.

162.

This made *Heav'ns Ordination* of old,
The conſecrated Body of the *Prieſt*
With *reverence-commanding Gems and Gold*,
And *fineſt Linens* Purity inveſt.
But what's all this to thee, whoſe *private* State
All *publick Ornaments* may well abate?

163.

My peremptory Pleaſure therefore is
That thou the beſt Examples copie outt;
Since thou delighted art with *Tenderneſſe*,
Be *Tender* of thy *Bliſſe*; and never doubt
But that will ſofter prove, and warmer be
Than are thy *Wiſhes*, and that *Muffe* to thee.

164.

Almoſt as loth as the Beaſts back which bred
That furrie *Skin* at firſt, did part with it,
Haphe, by this ſweet Violence conquered,
Dropp'd down her *Muffe*, and did her head ſubmit.
But yet ſhe ſhrunk her Shoulders, and betrayd
She thought the Load ſad which on them was layd.

165.

Pſyche, her *Cinque-Ports* being thus ſecured,
For **Gloſſa* call'd; who cheerfully came in, **The Tongue.*
And with a thouſand Complements allured
The good opinion of her frowning *Queen*:
But thou miſtaken art, ſaid *She*, for I
By *numerous Phraſes* count not *Loyalty*.

166.

Truth's quickly ſaid; for pure unſpotted *ſhe*
Delights in her own genuine Nakedneſſe,
And ſcorns that ceremonious Bravery
Which *Flatteries* deformity doth dreſſe.
Dull *Wood* alone doth Vernice need, but *Gems*
Are brave in their own native naked Beams.

167.

Much Talk is either ſtretched outt by lies
Which poyſon all the Streams wherein they flow;
Or tricked up with handſome Vanities,
Which like fond Ribands ſerve but for a ſhow,
And rather catch Spectators Eyes, than tie
That unto which their falſe Knots they apply.

168.

The idle froth which plays upon the face
Of troubled Waters, ſwelleth not with Winde
So thin and faint and ſleight and empty, as
Is that which bubbles from a royled Minde;
When over-flowing *Wiſdomes* ſober brimms,
In *drunken Prattle* on the Lips it ſwimms.

169.

As thy next Neighbour *Geuſis* ſoon may be
Luxurious by too much *Taking in*;
So thou muſt of an oppoſite *Luxurie*
Be carefull; for if once thy Lips begin
To give the Reins to *Words*, it is great chance
But they will drown thee in *Intemperance*.

170.

Silence, her Maſter never did undoe:
But ô how guilty is *Multiloquie*
Of this unhappy Treaſon! *Nature*, who
The Danger ſpi'd by Providences eye,
Was ſtudious this Miſchief to prevent,
Whilſt unto thee a *double Guard* ſhe lent.

171.

The *outer* are thy *Lips*, which though they be
But ſoft and tender, yet their two-leav'd Doot
So cloſe they ſhut, that not the firſt Degree
Of Words, not Breath it ſelfe, has power to bore
Its way, but forced is to goe about,
And through the Noſes Sluces wreſtle outt.

172.

The *inner* are thoſe *Ranks of Ivory*
Which ſtrongly barracadoe up thy way;
No itching buſie Bubble can get by
Except its Paſſage theſe to it betray.
Tis no hard task for thee to reſt in peace,
Who ſtrengthned art by *two* ſuch *Guards* as theſe.

Before

173.

Before Thou speakest, Thou art Queen alone
And hast the free command of thine own Thought;
But unto forreign Jurisdiction
Thou yeeldest it when Words have blown it out,
For strait 'tis subject to the cruel Laws
Of every *Auditors* censorious Jaws.

174.

When thou giv'st leave to *other Tongues* to walk,
They travell for thy Gain; if Wise he be
Who speaks, thou learnest Wisdome by his Talk,
If Foolish, thou gerst by his Vanitie
A wholsome Warning: But when *thine own Cock*
Alone doth run, thou spendest on the *Stock*.

175.

Fear no discredit by *Pauciloquie*;
All Jesu's footsteps high and noble are,
Never was humble Sheep more *mute* then He
Before those who his *humane fleece* did shear:
And if the *Word* himself was not ashamed
Of *Silence*, why should it in Thee be blamed?

176.

What will it boot thee to enhance the score
Of these *Debts* which to *Heav'ns Judge* thou dost owe;
A strict Account Thou must give up before
His dreadfull Throne, of *all the Words* that flow
From thee in vain; why then wilt Thou to death
Be sentenced by *thine own lavish Breath*?

177.

Improve it rather in a holy Thrift,
And unto Heav'n let it thy *Prayers* blow,
Or thy loud Hallelujahs thither lift;
And not, like wanton Windes, play here below.
But if Thou needs wilt *idely* prattle, I
Must deal in *earnest* with thy Vanity.

178.

No Word could *Glossa* unto this reply,
But look'd demurely, and obeysance did:
Her conge to withdraw, in *Psyche*'s Eye
And in her Nod, no sooner did she read,
But out She meekly went, and left the room
Unto the *Passions* who were thither come.

179.

As these in order stood before the Throne,
With *serious Looks* the *Queen* first awed Them;
Then thus She spake: Now you are here alone,
I am content to tell you what esteem
I have of you, so long as you can be
What *Heav'n* has made you, to your selves, and Me.

180.

Of all the *Commons* which Allegiance owe
To this my Crown, I you repute *the best*;
More quick and generous Service you can show
Than those whose utmost Faculties doe rest
In grosse exterior things, which onely are
Labouring in *Sensibilities* dull Sphear.

181.

Upon your backs I can far higher flie,
And with more speed, than on the *Senses Wings*:
By you I wellcome bid, or I defie
The Tributes which to Me their Service brings:
You are the lively *Mirrour* which presents
My dispositions truest Lineaments.

182.

The *inward Body of the Soule* are you,
The *Outside of the hidden Heart*: All springs
Which peep up there, apparently doe flow
In your free Chanels; the abstrusest Things
Which in the Mindes dark Temper nestling ly,
By you exposed are to every Eye.

183.

But as your naturall *Power* and *Worth* is high,
So is the *Guilt* of your *Extravagance*:
Though Wormes, the Sons of Dirth all nuzzling lie
In their Dames bosome, they do not inhance
Their Baseness; but should Birds do so, in them
The Crime would foule and most unnatural seem.

184.

Be then but truely what you are; but flie
In your *own Sphear*; and you shall surely meet
Together with your own felicitie
My Praise and Love: damp not that generous heat
Whose embers in your Veins desire to flame
Into the lustre of *eternal fame*.

185.

Love know thy Self, and own an *holy Pride*;
Thine Arms were never framed to embrace
Such low and worthlesse things as can abide
Beasts for their Owners: Never then disgrace
The gallantrie of thy illustrious Wings
By flagging here about vile *earthly Things*.

186.

Though to *Humilities* submissive Law
Thou a sworn subject art; thine Aim may be
At *Excellencies* fairest Top; for know
That *Meeknes* traceth *Jesu's steps*, and He,
Ev'n through *Contempts* black Valley, did ascend
To *Glories* brightest Throne at *Gods* right Hand.

187.

Virtue, and *Heav'n* (the soile whence it did spring)
Exposed are to Thee a noble Prey:
If rotten *Earth* can more allurements bring,
More Worth, more satisfaction, than They;
Poure *Scorn* upon Them, and thy Self apply
To hug the Pleasures of *Mortality*.

188.

The great Adventures of all *Saints* deride,
Who spent their lives those Prizes to obtein;
And blesse those *Spirits* who swum down the Tide
Of those short Sweets, into that Gulfe of Pain
Where endlesse *Horrors* boile, and where ev'n *Love*
It self is changed, and doth *Hatred* prove.

189.

Fear, be not Thou afraid to know thy Part:
'Tis not to Quake at all the Powers which *Hell*
Or *Earth* can band against thy jealous Heart:
Those Tempests all are chained, and can swell
No higher than that *Hand* permits, which is
Stretch'd out to sheild Thee from their *Boisterousnes*.

190.

See'st Thou that *single Hair* which shivering lies
Upon thy Breast, & dreads the gentlest Winde?
Were all th' *Aerial Principalities*
Into one Knot of Violence comb in'd,
'T would pose their Might and Wit to tear it thence,
If stopped by that *Hand of Providence*.

191.

Thy duty is to tremble at the Sight
Of that foule *Monster* which makes Hell so black;
Sins face alone is that which needs affright
Thy tender Eyes; as *Face*, whose Beames can make
The *Basilisks* fell *Emanations* yeild
To them the glorie of all *Poisons* field.

192.

Yet if thy wilfull Eyes will not attend
Unto the *Terrors* of that dismall Look;
View but the *Horrors* of a Cursed End,
And make *Eternall flames* a while thy Book;
There shalt Thou read what will deserve to be
With frightfull *Quaking* ente rtain'd by Thee,

193.

And in this shaking fit shalt Thou admire
What Madnesse makes fond Men to tremble at
The frowns of *Fortune*, or a *Princes Ire*;
Yet never fear the Wrath of *Vengeance*, that
Enrag'd by Brimstone in the Burning Pit,
Gapes wide for All who, sleighting, merit it.

194.

But when with soft and gentle *Tremor* Thou
Would'st sweetly exercise thy Self, apply
Thy reverent Thoughts to *Him* upon whose Brow
Sits the bright Crown of highest Majesty:
God towards thine will his own Eyes incline,
And on thy Heart with *daintie Awe* will shine.

195.

And thou, stern *Hatred*, as relentlesse be
As Rocks, or Soules of Tigres, in thy spight;
But see the Dart of this thy Cruelties
Misse not its *proper Butt*; thine onely fight
Must be with *Wickednesse*, on which accurst
And dangerous Enemy, doe all thy worst.

196.

All other *Foes*, how fell so e'r, belong
Unto *Loves Jurisdiction*, for She
Knows how revenge to take on any Wrong
By drowning it in mighty *Charitie*:
Thy Wrath is sharp, but Hers is gentle; Thou (thaw.
With *Steel* dost *break*, but She with *Warmth* doth

197.

Be wary then to guide thy *Stroke* aright,
For close the *Sin* and *Sinner* joyned are;
Least when against the *Crime* Thou think'st to fight,
Unto the *Person* thou extend'st thy War:
The *Person's Gods*, who Nothing Hates which He
Hath made, and therefore will not suffer *Thee*.

198.

Hope, lavish not thy fruitlesse Expectation
On any Birth which this World forth can bring;
Why should'st Thou dance Attendance on *Vexation*,
On *Winde*, on *Froth*, on *Shaddowes* vanishing
In their original; and gape to be
Repleniished with pure *Vacuitie*?

199.

On *Fulnesse* rather wait, and lift thine Eye,
Thy longing Eye, to *Heav'n*, where *it* doth dwell;
Far off indeed the Object is, but thy
Discerning Power at distance doth excell:
Be brave, and confident, Thou canst not misse
A Mark so ample, and so fair as this.

200.

Since *Absence* than is Nothing unto Thee
But its bare *Name*, (for to thy reaching Eye
The Thing is *Present*, though it hidden be
In the dark Bosome of *Futuritie*,)
O be *Fruition*; Antidate thy Blisse,
And climbe aforehand into *Paradise*.

201.

But Thou, tart *Anger*, never gad abroad
To finde Meat for thy washpish Appetite,
Home will supply Thee with sufficient food,
Food which would fatten Thee with *true Delight*:
What *faults* soever Thou espiest here,
Fall to, and make thee merry with the Cheer.

202.

This Item doth no lesse belong to Thee
Pale thoughtfull *Jealousie*; Let no surmise
Of *Others* Business breed Perplexitie
In *thine*; but inward turn thy prying Eyes,
And give the reins to thy *Suspition* here
In any thing which is not fair and clear.

203.

I give thee leave, ev'n not to spare thy *Queen*;
Be *diligent*, and if thou wilt, *severer*;
For such an One in time past hadst Thou been,
Immured safe in never-sleeping fear
Psyche could nor have layn subdued by
The Charms of *Lust*, and fouler *Heresy*.

204.

Yet *Sorrow*, thou thy Tears may'st safely spend
On *forreign* and on *publick* Mischiefs; Thou
Mayst help *Compassion* freely to extend
Her reaching Bowels, and her Bounty show
In sympathetick Tenderness to All
Whom tyrannous *Disasters* hold in Thrall.

205.

Provided, *all thy Store* thou pour'st not forth
To quench thy *Neighbours* flames, but savest some
To wash away the stains which from thy Birth
Have daily multiplyed here *at Home*.
These well deserve them; but no Drop shalt Thou
On any *Temporal Losse of mine* bestow.

206.

O no! A *Tear's* a nobler Thing than so,
Nor must be squander'd in such vain Expence:
No Oriental *Pearls*, though married to
Some rich *Embroydery*, show such pretence
To *Beauty*; as the pretious *Beads*, whose Mine
Lives in the fertile Wombe of *humane Eyn*.

207.

Let wanton *Fortune* take her proud Delight
In trampling on what *Error Goods* doth call;
That Title on their Back cannot sit right
Which at vain *Changes* beck must Rise and fall:
Let her insult; why should thy *Tears* flow down
For *Fortunes faults*, and not lament *thine own*?

208.

Joy, thou hast heretofore too careless been
In distribution of thy lavish *Smiles*;
What is't to Thee, if fields abroad are green,
If *Plenty* with her Bliss thy Coffers fils,
If any thing *without Thee* prospers, when
Thou poor, and parch'd, and barren art *within*:

209.

If thou *at Home* canst nothing worthy finde
Of thy applauding Notice; no brave feat
Of resolute *Virtue*, no soule-plying Winde
Of Heav'ns great *Spirit*, no adventurous Heat
Of holy *Love*; alas thy Merriment
Is but *th' Hypocrisie of Discontent*.

210.

'Tis but a Shaddowie Dreaming Pleasure which
Doth float and play in thy fantastick Brain,
And cannot unto thy Hearts Region reach
Which still beclowded is with pensive Pain:
Yea ev'n thy *Laughter* doth with Wrinckles plow
Thy face, and in thy *Mirth*, *Cares Visage* show.

211.

Wherefore in *God*, and what of *Him* in thy
Own bosome thou canst see, fix thy Delight:
And then walk out; yet onely to descry
What *Hearts* doe pant like thine; that onely sight
Abroad, deserves Thou shouldst Spectator be;
All else with *Grief* suit better, than with Thee.

212.

And *you* the Rest, whose neer attendance on
My royall Person doth in you require
Exact and generous Duty; see you run
Not on the business of *your own Desire*,
But *mine*; which should be yours: and know, that I
Better than you your selves can you imploy.

213.

So in this Realm of ours such *Peace* shall rest
As the intrusion of no *storm* shall fear:
So of your selves you all shall be possest,
And reign in your own Bounds, as I doe here:
So no *Agenor* henceforth shall entise
You to conspire to your own Miseries.

214.

But if you scorn to walk in *Honors Way*;
(Which way, is, *Doing what becomes you best.*)
Yet must not I permit you to betray
Your own Capacitie of Welfare, least
In your Mishap I prove a Sharer: no,
Your *Queen* her Power better knows than so.

The

215.

She ending here: The *Passions* each on other
Cast their uncertain Eys, and much adoe
They had their itching *waywardnes* to smother,
These *strict Injunctions* did gripe them so:
Yet none so venturous was, as to lead up
Against the *Queen, their Stomachs forlorn Hope.*

216.

Thus vex'd at one anothers *Faintnesse*, they
Hung down their sheepish looks, and bent their knees
In token they were ready to obey
What Laws soe'r her *Majesty* would please
On them to lay; and so went blushing out
That they into *Subjections guilt* were brought.

217.

For those whose Palats never yet did taste
The blessed Sweets of *Holy Discipline*,
By wilfull *Licences* mad Revels cast
Up their Accounts of *Freedome*, and repine
At *any Chains*, although they keep them in
From rushing to the *slaverie of sin.*

218.

Psyche observ'd how they this *Regular Bit*
Into their Mouths like *sullen Horses* took,
How peevishly they foam'd and champ'd on it,
As loth such serious servitude to brook:
This made her instantly resolve to ride
Them hard, and weary out their *lustie Pride.*

219.

Nor theirs alone; but the loose *Sence's* too,
Whom their *new Laws* had almost *Passions* made,
So hard they grated on their Necks, and so
Straitly they ty'd them to a stricter trade
Than they before had practis'd, or then was
Profess'd about the World where they did passe.

220.

She by a Peremptorie brave *Decree*,
Enacted *Scorn of every thing which here*
Earth useth as a *Bait*, to *Luxurie*,
Pride, *Avarice*, or any Crime which bear
Cheif Rule in Mortal Hearts, whil'st heedlesse they
Mark not the *Hook*, ev'n when they are its Prey.

221.

A general *Proclamation* then she made,
That none who unto her did homage owe
In any Case presume abroad to gad,
Unlesse *Necessitie* along did goe
As their Companion, who might limits set
Both to their *Walk*, and what they did in it.

222.

As when an head-strong *Torrent*, wont to throw
His lawlesse Arms o'r every Mead where He
Listed to riot, is enjoyn'd to flow
In a strait *Chanels* Regularitie,
The *Stream* with belking indignation beats,
And foams against the *Banks* with murmuring threats.

223.

So with vexatious, and yet fearfull, Wrath,
Her *Subjects* pent up in these *narrow bounds*,
In sighs and groans rebell against their Path,
And every one his fretfull greif *expounds*
In a long *commentary of Complaint*;
The onely freedome of their new *restraint.*

224.

Were, *other Subjects* yok'd so close as *We*,
Their Company would lighter make our yoke;
For *Misery* spred in Communitie
Abates the terror of her cruel look:
But how, said they, shall we endure alone
The total weight of her Dominion?

225.

Were it the *Fashion* any where beside,
For *Sence* and *Passion* thus in Chains to lye;
Our Soules it would not torture to be ty'd
At home in endlesse slavery: but why
Must all the World laugh at our woes, whil'st We
The sole examples of this Bondage be?

226.

Psyche, who all their struggling Murmurs heard,
With awfull Majesty enflam'd her Eye;
And, Come, said she, if I must needs be *Fear'd*,
Who would much rather have been *Loved* by
All you my *Subjects*; be it so; for still
Keep you intirely *such* I must, and will.

227.

Yet since the *Fashion's* all your plea, and you
Of *singularitie* tax this your state;
As far as Reason leads, I will allow
You your own Wish: But see you kick not at
My royal Love, nor force me to the *Fashion*
Which *Princes* use in *Rebels Insultation.*

228.

Know then the *Fashion* I have put you in
Is that which made the *Saints* of old so fine,
That they the Eyes of *Heav'n* it self could win,
And ravish all, but those to whom divine
And earth-despising Bravery doth seem
Dimmer than is pale *Gold* and *Silvers* beam.

229.

Yea that illustrious *Realm* whose situation
Lies higher than the Stars, does not disdain
To own what you repute a *servile Fashion*,
But every *Angel* his own *Will* doth chain
Close to his *Soveraigns Law*, and never flies
Abroad, but when great Bus'nesse him imployes.

230.

Tell Me not then, what *Garbs* and *Humors* are
By the blinde foolish World ador'd; but take
Your copie from those Patterns which out-dare
The Worth of any Parallel; and make
Those Men your Pitty, who make you their Scorn;
Your Fashion gorgeous is, but *theirs* forlorne.

231.

These Words with such convincing Horror flew
Upon the faces of the mutinous Rout,
That all their Murmurs Blasts away they blew,
And still'd the thoughts which in their bosoms wrought
And since their Stomacks nothing had to Say,
They nothing had to Doe, but to *Obey*.

232.

Thus from *exterior* Troubles sequestred,
Psyche at home close to her Bus'nesse fell:
She, long before the Sun, was out of Bed,
And call'd it Morning, e'r the *East* could tell
Aurora rising was; for I; said she,
Have fiercer *Steeds* to rule than *Phœbus* be.

233.

Then, higher into Heav'n than *He* doth ride,
She took her leap; so stout and sinewie were
Her early *Mattens*, which her Soul did guide
Unto the Pinnacle of Glory, where
Her Praises, and her Prayers she before
The foot-stool of her mighty *Sponse* did poure.

234.

Her Hands then letting down, she set them to
Their *early Task*; and this was to prepare
Clothes for the Orphans and the Widdows who
Now all by *Charities Adoption* were
Become her Children: thus did prudent she
Bravely make *fruitfull* her *Virginity*.

235.

(And in this *voluntary Off-spring* she
Took high delight: for those who Parents are
By *Natures* Work, too oft engaged be
In an unnatural Broods vexatious care;
But she from hers no Discontent could finde,
Being the chosen *Children* of her *Minde*.)

236.

Yet with her *Work* her *Prayers* she mingled so,
That she of both a goodly Checker made:
In whatsoever Bus'nesse she did goe,
Heav'n interwoven was; for all her Trade
Was but a faithfull Prentise-hood to *Him*
Whose royal Temples wear Heav'ns Diademe.

237.

So though the Mariner with busie care
Attends his *Card*, yet oft he lifts his Eye
To take direction from that trustie *Star*
Which darteth on his Voyage *Certainty*;
And by this mixed study safely rides
Over the proudest and the furthest Tides.

238.

No *idle Visits* her abroad could draw:
Yet whensoever the despised *Poor*
Were sick, she by the royal *Gospel Law*
Thought her selfe thither summon'd, to restore
Unto her *needy Lord* the help which she
Had oft receiv'd from his Benignity.

239.

For *Him* on all those sickly Beds she saw,
His pained broken Limbs, *His* patched Skin,
His burning Tumors, *His* black stripes, *His* raw
And gaping Wounds; which did so strongly win
On her Compassion, that her own they proved,
Whilst her soft Bowells them both felt and loved.

240.

The odious *Sores* which would have loathing bred
Ev'n in the *Surgions* eyes, she gently view'd;
Her choisest Plaisters tenderly she spred,
And all her Powders with delight she strew'd;
Her Selfe of her own Clothes she robb'd, to Winde
About the Naked, and the Maimed binde.

241.

By the Diseases greatnesse she did measure
The *worth* of her distressed Company:
The foulest *Lepers* yeilded choisest Pleasure
To her Attendance, who aspir'd to be
A Servant unto those whose Noisomenes
Both *Parents Love* and *Childrens*, did suppress.

242.

In vain her *Senses* turned back their head,
Since She what they abhorr'd, resolv'd to love;
In vain her daintier *Passions* murmured,
And to recall her from that Office strove;
Her Resolution she the more profest,
And ever *Kiss'd* the *Sores* which she had *drest*.

The

243.

The coy-ey'd *Ladies* with a squeamish Look
Admir'd and loath'd her lowly Complement;
Not for a World would their *fine Fingers* brook
The Touch of what her *Kisses* did resent
As soft and sweet: yet could not their Disdain
Her *Zeal* discourage, or her *Lips* restrain.

244.

Still She her *Mercifull Designe* persues,
And by divine Insinuation tries
How in her Potions she may *Heav'n* infuse,
And reach the Soules mysterious Maladies.
Heart-startling *Hints* she sprinkles here and there,
And poures in heav'nly *Cordials* every where.

245.

Nor by this paradoxick Zeal alone
Did she run counter to the Worlds carreer;
But valiant in her high Devotion,
Adventur'd further yet to domineer
Over her *Flesh* and *Blood*, whose lustie Heat
By rigid *Abstinence* she down did beat.

246.

She ne'r by set and customary *Time*
Was summon'd to unnecessary Meat;
But earnest *Hunger* alway told the Chime
By which she was admonished to Eate;
And then her Meal she measured not by
Her *Stomackfull*, but bare *Sufficiency*.

247.

And thus her *food* she did her Servant make,
Whilst others Slaves to their own Tables are;
Thus did she relish every Bit, and take
The *genuine Delight* of all her Fare,
Whilst those whom *Plenty* alwayes fat doth keep,
Their Palats proper Joyes can never reap.

248.

This Art so pluck'd her *Bodies Plumes*, that she
Could easily grasp and rule it with her Will;
For soon she snatch'd it from the Suavitie
Of all those Cates which pamper'd Skins doe fill;
And if it winch'd and struggled, space to get,
Straiter and straiter still she grasped it.

249.

The Gardens roseal and lilie Store,
With all its Wealth of Spice and Odours, she
For being *such*, did shun: of Eastern Ore,
'Cause it was *rich*, she would no Hoarder be:
From Lute and Harp, because they *pleasing* were,
Religiously she did abstein her Ear.

250.

(For yet *Religions* cheerly jovial Dayes
Encourag'd not the *Christian Hemisphear*;
No *Musick* yet mix'd instrumental Layes
With the *Liturgick Anthems*, striving here
To echo that triumphant Melody
Which in th' *Angelick Quire* is streind so high.)

251.

For surely *Psyches* Soule must needs have leap'd
At such Delights; and her sweet-tuned Heart
With its exultant Pulse, due time have keep'd
To all such pious Airs; which by the Art
Of *charming Sanctitie* can steal upon
The coldest Bosome, hot Devotion.)

252.

Delicious *Wine*, because it guilty was
But of *it selfe*, exactly she eschued;
The Gallantrie of Clothes, she held Disgrace
In those whose Hearts had *Vanitie* subdued:
By simple *Natures* Rules she strove to square
What she did Touch, or Taste, Smell, See, or Hear.

253.

To Heav'n she caus'd on *Fervors* wings to ride
All those *Affections* which could traffick there;
To be her *Factors*, and her *Stock* provide,
Against her Death should thither send up her.
And those whose Business here below did lie,
She strictly to their proper Tasks did tie.

254.

By constant waiting on her Penitence,
Her Tears acquir'd so quick an Habit, that
No Tide with such perpetual Effluence
Its swelling Brine above the Chanel shot:
Her flood disdained all *set houres* to keep,
And day and night her Cheeks and Breast did steep.

255.

Etesian Windes could never hold so long
In breath, as did her *Sighs* unwearied *Blast*;
Nor could the common *Gales* blow halfe so strong
As these, or ever follow on so fast:
And none so fit for her, as such a Gale,
Who through the *Ocean of Griefe* did sail.

256.

Indeed when Times of *Evangelick Joy*,
The reverend *Feasts* of *holy Church*, did dawn;
She layd aside her penitent Annoy,
And with the *Catholick Triumph* mix'd her own:
Yet still her Sighs and Tears she could not choose,
At least for *loving Joy*, to interpose.

257.

As for her *Bed*, it was made every where,
Her sleep being onely on the naked Ground:
Fore-casting as she was, her lodging there
She chose in time, that when she should be bound
To her *last Couch*, the *Grave* might not to her
Right hardy skin, strange and uncooth appear.

258.

And though this *Bed* did rude and churlish seem,
She felt it courteous in the best of Love;
Those *lusty thoughts* which in a soft-lay'd *Dream*
With hot uncleanesse through the fancy rove,
Were curbed by this sober Hard-ships Rein
Which cool'd all mutinies in her *chaste brain*.

259.

For *wanton Cogitations* Cowards are,
Being the *tender Sons of easie Rest*:
They painfull *Virtues* hardy lodging fear,
And onely love an idle Downy Nest;
Soft are their *Wings*, and therefore warm and drie
They must be kept, and upon *Feathers* lie.

260.

When sparing *Capricorn* would not allow
As liberal space to *Day*, as unto *Night*;
She no advantage took, but studied how
To peece up curtail'd Day with Candle-light;
And still was up, though *Phœbus* were in Bed,
Till she her purpos'd task had finished.

261.

But that of such extension was, that she
Was often overtaken, even by
The *laziest Morn*, before her Work could be
Drawn up unto its full Maturity:
Yet then unto her rest she went not, till
Her weary Head down on her *Prayer-Book* fell.

262.

For *Time*, inestimable *Time*, was that
On which her onely *Avarice* she fed;
Griev'd that the World with such elaborate
And costly idleness had studied
A thousand courtly *Pastimes* out, since They
Alas *pass not the Time, but Man, away*.

263.

Madly-improvident *Man*; who though vain He
Be sure of nothing, but that He must *Dye*;
Though the next Moment in his Power be
No more than the next Age; yet labours by
The help of long-extended empty *Sport*
To make the too too posting houres seem short.

264.

Psyche ne're found so tedious a *Day*,
But still she thought *Night* crowded on too fast:
She knew, as *hard* and *narrow*, so the Way
To Heav'n was *long*; and though she made all haste,
She fear'd Deaths darkness would rush on, e're she
Safe at her mighty Journe's end could be.

265.

Unwearied custome in this strictness made
The World unsavorie to her palate seem;
The *Senses* rellish'd not their wonted Trade;
The *Passions* all were tractable and tame;
The *Body* humbled and beat down so low,
That no rank weeds in its drie soile could grow.

266.

Her *Roabs of flesh* about her Soule did sit
So close and fit, that well they Her became;
A Maid more handsome delicate and neat
In Heav'ns judicious Eye she now did seem,
Than when she wore a larger *bulk* without her,
And her *full Body* ruffled more about her.

267.

So spruce and strait her feature was, that no
Distortions, or *Distempers* room could spie
Where to assail her; *Health* about did goe
Through every Part, and brisk *Activitie*
Liv'd in her joynts, although her yeilding skin
Look'd neer as *pale*, as she was *pure* within.

268.

But yet her *Mental Powers* more lively were,
Being not hampered nor clogged by
Those *Fumes* and *Clouds* which from luxuriant cheer
Full at the face of heedlesse *Reason* flye,
And damp those Eyes with lazie dimnesse, which
Objects sublime intended were to reach.

269.

The Bow of all her sprightfull *Faculties*
At an high pitch stood always ready bent;
No sudden busines ever could surprise
Her heart at unawares; she never meant
Concoctions leasure to attend, but still
As ready as her Work, she to it fell.

270.

Thus she at length perceiv'd her troubled *skie*
Cleard of its gloomy *frowns*, and turn'd into
The cheerfull beauty of *Serenity*;
She saw her rude unruly *Servants*, who
Disturb'd her region, in one *Calme* united;
And at this sight of *Peace*, her Soule delighted.

But

271.

But as the gallant *Spark* is not content
To climbe up to the top of Airs *first Stage*,
Since by the fervor of its Naturall Bent
Above the *Third* it aims, nor can aſwage
The vehemence of that noble Spur, till it
Into *Fires elemental Boſome* get:

272.

So *Pſyche*, who unto *Perfections* Sphear
Bent her brave courſe, now for a *ſecond flight*
Her wings and Reſolution did prepare;
Knowing a *Third* remained ſtill, which might
Eaſily deterr her Courage, if in this
She coward turn'd, and bow'd to *Wearineſſe*.

273.

No: generous as ſhe was, ſhe vow'd to trie
The utmoſt of her ſtrength; and feard not what
Miſhap might intercept her Bravery:
Though *Chance's* Wheel in her hand rolled not,
In *Gods* it did; and upon that would I
Rather than on mine own, ſaid ſhe, rely.

274.

Logos into her Cloſet She did call,
Where with grave Countnance thus ſhe Him beſpake:
Thou ſee'ſt with what exact Obedience all
My *vulgar Subjects* on their Necks doe take
My heavieſt Yokes; and far, far be it *Thou*
Leſſe loyall Love to Me than *They*, ſhouldſt ſhow.

275.

If common *Herbs* and *Graſſe* can learn to give
Faithfull Attendance on their Lord the *Sun*;
What Candour can the *Marygold* repreive
From Cenſure and from Shame, if ſhe alone
Whom *Nature* joyneth unto *Him* ſo neer,
Refuſe her conſtant Duty to preferr?

276.

Couldſt Thou have e'r imagined that They
My other *Servants* could have found ſuch dear
And full Content, when I on them did lay
Such loads as ſlew at firſt their Hearts with fear?
Yet now Tranquillity and Joy and Bliſſe
The fruit of my *ſeveer Injunctions* is.

277.

To Britiſh Dulneſſe being neer of Kin
Their Ears diſreliſh'd *Reaſons* ſweeteſt Plea;
And hard it was for heavy them to win
Upon their carnall Selves, and bow to *me*:
But Thou art *Reaſons Secretarie*, and
Her Will (and that is *mine*,) doſt underſtand.

278.

Yea and thy Load is leſſe than theirs; but far
Greater thy Strength: No Arrow with ſuch ſpeed
Snatcheth its ſhorteſt journey through the Aire;
No Lightning with ſuch nimble Wings doth ſpread
Its ſelfe about the World; as Thou canſt Flie
Ev'n to the Creſt of all *Sublimitie*.

279.

Abuſe not then that brave *Activity*
By hankering and flagging here below;
Stout-winged *Eagles* ne'r were made to be
Companions unto *Dunghill flies*; O how
Wilt Thou thine own Worth anſwer, if thine aime
Thou take'ſt beneath thy ſelfe, and thy high Name!

280.

Alas theſe *ſublunary Matters* be
So full of Emptineſſe, that wretched They
Will ſhrink and melt into meer *Vanity*
When thou beginſt to graſp them: Never play
At ſuch poor Game which will but mock thy pains;
So far are they from anſwering Thee with Gains.

281.

Learning, which looks ſo big, and nods *Diſdain*
Upon illiterate Swains, could never yet
Beyond that ſelf-tormenting Wit attain
Of ſeeing cleerly its own *Want of Wit*;
Whilſt *Simple Soules* are never vexed by
Thoſe ſtinging Checks of *learn'd Simplicity*.

282.

Yet no diſdainfull *Knower* e'r can gain
That Admiration which ambitious He
Hunts for with ſtudious and pale-fac'd pain,
Unleſſe his *Auditors unlearned* be:
Art wonders not at Art; but Ignorance
Alone the fame of Learning doth advance.

283.

(What are the buſy *Scholes*, but a perplex'd
And implicated *Maze*, in whoſe Meander
With thouſand knotty ſcrupulous By-paths vex'd
The ever-doubting *Student's* forc'd to wander?
Learning her Self's a *Circle*, and the Soule
Can finde no reſt where it muſt always *roule*.)

284.

Had any Reſt dwelt there, thou hadſt not in
Eccleſia's glorious Hall beheld how all
The *Patriarchs of worldly Wit* did grin
Upon the Chains which held them there in Thrall,
And roar in helpleſſe Lamentation
That they had *ſtudied* ſo, to be *undone*.

What

285.

What Gains reap'dst thou thy Selfe, when thou didst (sow
In the *Cerinthian* or the *Nazareen* Soil;
When Heav'ns Inſtruction Thou away didſt throw
And with fond earthly Wiſdom didſt beguile
Thy better Knowledge? In thy Bluſh I ſee
Confeſſion of that coſtly Vanitie.

286.

But ask thy *Memory*, and ſhe will tell
Thee what thou undertookſt when thou wert freed
From fair-tongud *Hereſies* foule-hearted Hell:
Didſt Thou not then intirely make a Deed
Of thy whole Selfe to Me? which ſtill doth ſtand
In force; I'm ſure I cancell'd not the Bond.

287.

And now *Performance* I require, nor will
I bate a Tittle of the Obligation:
If this ſtrict Courſe involved any Ill
To thee, I would admit thy Deprecation;
But thou art *Bound to thine own Happineſſe*,
And *Heav'n* forbid that I ſhould Thee diſmiſſe.

288.

What could *Indulgence* towards Thee be now
But moſt malitious *Tyranny* in Me?
Sooner among the Clouds ſhall Dolphins row,
And Eagles flutter through the deepeſt Sea,
Than I will acceſſory be to thy
Enſlaving Freedome, and Selfe-felony.

289.

No: thy perpetuall Task henceforth ſhall be
In the ſoft Air of Heav'n thy Wings to ſtretch:
Say not they are too ſhort; for Conſtancie
Of Exerciſe will quickly make them reach,
And Thee enable gallantly to riſe
And ſore amongſt the *Birds of Paradiſe*.

290.

Amongſt thoſe *Birds* who on the royall Face
Of the eternall *Sun of Majeſty*
In mock audacitie for ever gaze,
Reading his mighty *Providential Eye*,
And all thoſe other Marvels gracious He
Will let created *Contemplation* ſee.

291.

Theſe ſhalt thou ſee, and fix thy ſtudie there;
But ever with this *Caution*, that thine Eye
Truſt not its own Powers which are weak and blear,
But on that never-erring *Glaſſe* rely
Which in *Eccleſia's* Court to thee was given,
Truthes mirrour, and the *Spectacles of Heav'n*.

292.

Thy vaſt Capacity can onely there
Meet with a Feaſt ſufficient Thee to fill,
Where thou haſt free leave to fall to that *Cheer*, (ſell;
Which wouldſt thou Buy, the whole World could not
That *Cheer*, whoſe Worth's above the World as far
As its Exuberance and Dwelling are.

293.

Leaps not thy Soule at this? If any where
Thou canſt diſcover a more worthy Prize,
I'l not command thy Strength to wreſtle here:
But ſince all other Treaſures *this* outvies,
I muſt not ſuffer *Scorn* to ſay of thee:
Logos could Reaſon finde a Fool to be.

294.

And that *Anamneſis* thine Hand-mayd, may
Advance thy brave Adventure, upon Her
My ſtrict and peremptory Charge I lay
To ſee no *Traſh* pollute her *Regiſter*;
For many a Toy which wears an harmleſſe Look
Will eaſily defloure her virgin book.

295.

Wilde *Fancy* would be tame did ſhe not finde
A thouſand Shapes of vain and uſeleſſe Things
Wandring about the *Store-houſe of the Minde*.
Upon whoſe backs ſhe gets, and madly flings
About the Region of the *Brain*, when *Sleep*
In her blind Arms doth Thee a Priſ'ner keep.

296.

All fond *Romances*, and all wanton *Songs*,
With Idleneſſes Buſ'nes, tickling *News*,
Which ſwarm ſo thick upon unwary Tongues,
And Mans ſole Treaſure, pretious *Time*, abuſe,
Muſt not that Boſome clog and peſter where
Heav'n is deſir'd to be a Sojourner.

297.

No; *Heav'n* is large, and our poor Hearts are narrow;
Heav'n will our utmoſt Scowage fraught, and more;
The ample Breaſts of *Seraphs* could We borrow,
Still in Capacity We ſhould be poor;
Still by the full-tide Wealth of Piety
Our higheſt Banks would overflowed be.

298.

That *Knowledge* which doth its due Tribute pay
To *Sanctity*, I will not Her forbid;
But her prime care and taſk ſhall be to lay
Up ſtore of that pure Heav'n-deſcended *Bread*,
Which *Manna's* famous Bounty doth outgive
Teaching frail Men eternal Lives to live.

That

299.

That *Bread* which flouriſh'd from the *Mouth of Bliſſe*,
Gods ſacred Word, the reverend *Scriptures*, where
Wiſdomes beſt Jewells, and the rich Exceſſe
Of pureſt *Knowledge* all enſhrined are;
That living *Mine of Oracles*, that ſpring
Of every ſober-heart-contenting Thing.

300.

Such pretious *Eloquence* ne'r made its hive
On any *Romane* or *Athenian* Tongue,
As in this honey-ſhaming *Book* doth live;
Such rare ecſtatick *Sweets* were never wrung
From humane *Poets* love-oppreſſed Soule
As there in every *Leaf* and *Line* doth roule.

301.

For what is every *Leaf* and every *Line*
But a fair *Chanel* through whoſe boſome glides
The ſoft and ſupple *Soule* of moſt divine,
Moſt ſatisfying *Truth*, whoſe generous Tides
Diſdain all Ebbs, and with unwearied Store
Of royal Pleaſures flow for evermore.

302.

Her prudent Bottles ſhe at every one
Of theſe dear *Streams* muſt learn to fill; yet ſhe
Shall with more conſtant ardent ſtudy run
To *Davids* bleſſed *Well*, where *Suavity*
In *three times fifty Springs* doth bubble up,
And *liquid Heav'n* to thirſty Soules ſet ope.

303.

And in the *Song of Songs* (that is, of *Love*,
Who there in *ſacred Wantonneſſe* doth play,
Streining his ſtrong enamored Notes above
The loftieſt Sphears moſt ſublimated Lay,)
Her pious Revells ſhe may keep, and run
O'r the *beſt Riches* of great *Solomon*.

304.

But at the *Euangelick Fountains* ſhe
The *Streams* of pureſt Holineſſe ſhall draw;
Streams in whoſe more than Chryſtall Clarity
Innumerable *Virgin Graces* row;
Streams where *Humility*, who onely hath
All *Virtues* for her Handmayds, joyes to bathe.

305.

All *Myſteries* array'd in Sweetneſſe there,
And no where elſe, She ſhall not faile to ſee;
There *Gods* own *Motions* in an *Humane Sphear*,
Accommodated to her Weakneſſe, ſhe
Shall ſafely read; and from the dropping Lip
Of *Jeſus*, how much more than *Nectar* ſip.

306.

And thus layd in, thy *Stock* ſo great will be
That thou mayſt eas'ly undertake to drive
That generous Trade which I enjoyned Thee;
And never doubt but thou ſhalt bravely thrive:
'Tis *rotten Wealth* makes *Bankrupts ſure*, but thine
Eſtate ſhall be immortal and divine.

307.

Here *Pſyche* ceas'd. But *Logos* ſcratch'd his head,
As ſomething jealous that this Task would ſit
Sad on his back: Yet when he pondered
The grounds which fortifi'd and flanker'd it,
He found himſelfe fore-ſtall'd of what to ſay,
And therefore to his *Soveraigns* Will gave way.

308.

She, glad on any terms, that *Logos* had
Buckled his Shoulders to receive the Yoak;
In all his Task a decent *Method* made,
That *Time* it ſelfe might call him to his *Book*,
And turn his *Leaves*, and ſhew him every day
What *Leſſon* ready for his Study lay.

309.

A noble *Week of Attributes* ſhe choſe
In the vaſt Treaſures of the *Deitie*;
And preſt her *ſeav'n Dayes* to attend on thoſe
Each in his order; by which practiſe ſhe
Knew how *Time* went, not by the poſting *Sun*,
But her own *Contemplations Motion*.

310.

That *Morn* which to the World did *Sunday* ope,
(That *Suns* fair *Day* which did at *Salem* riſe,)
Awak'd her not, but found her ready up,
And buſie at her Work; the reverent Eyes
Of *Logos* wide were ope, and earneſtly
Fix'd on the *Godheads* wonderous *Unity*.

311.

Nothing is lac'd ſo cloſe and ſtrait into
It ſelfe, as this *immeaſurable Nature*;
The *Singularity* which ſeemeth ſo
Compleat in every *Individual Creature*.
Hangs looſe about them, if they judged be
By the pure Rule of this *Simplicity*.

312.

A dull *Paſſivity* doth ſneaking lie
About the center of the *Seraphs* Hearts,
Checking thoſe Flames of their Activity
Which ſeem *all Spirit*: And whereſoever *Parts*
Are found, although their combination
Be cloſe, the *Whole's* not *abſolutely One*.

313.

O no: should *God* dissolve that secret *Glue*
Which in their own Subsistence up doth knit
Angelick Natures; that which now doth shew
So strait and single, would in sunder split; (would dy,
Their Wings would melt and moult, their Flames
And they themselves from their own selves would (fly.

314.

Ev'n *Unity* it selfe had never been
It selfe, unlesse it had been formed by
This *Prototype*; that *Unity* I mean
Which hugs and girteth up the Things which ly
Under the Foot of that eternal Throne
On which He reigns who is *supreamly One*.

315.

Yet not more truely *One*, than He is *Three*,
But knit up in an high and mystick Knot
Of *simple singular Triplicitie*:
Which *Psyche* though she comprehended not,
Yet with admiring Eyes she dwelt upon,
As Eagles on the *Light*, the *Flame*, the *Sun*.

316.

There she beheld how infinitely Bold
And equaly besotted, was *their Sin*,
Who had in their Religions List enroll'd
A *Crowd of Gods*: She now could easlyer win
Upon her Faith, to think that there were *none*
At all; then yeild there could be *more than One*.

317.

O how she praised and ador'd that high
And burning *Jelousy*, which though she saw
Flaming with most resolved Ardency
Upon the Fore-head of the ancient *Law*,
Till now, she knew not so profoundly why
Heav'ns deepest Hate was foule *Idolatry*.

318.

But then encourag'd by Heroick Heat,
Neerer and neerer to this *Knot* she drew;
And prostrate at her mighty *Makers* Feet,
This panting Crie upon his Footstool threw:
Great *Lord*, why may not I with Thee be *One*,
Though not by *Unitie*, by *Union*?

319.

O I am now *a thousand Things a day*!
But were I once to Thee intirely joyn'd;
No Objects should thy *Psyche* steal away,
Whilst They into Themselves transform Her Minde:
Thy Selfe, and mine, I should behold in Thee,
And all Things else I could desire to see.

320.

The next *Days* Dawn, her *Meditations* drew
To feed upon the *Truth* of her dear *Lord*,
Truth so supreem and infinitely *True*,
As boundlesse Satisfaction did afford
Unto her *Intellect*, whose daintiest Feast
By *Truth* alone is furnished and drest.

321.

Solid substantiall Treasures here she saw,
To which all other Things but Shaddows are;
Compulsive Reason here she found to draw
That strange Conclusion to a Naturall Ear,
That *God is in such soveraign Certainty*
Himselfe, that Nothing truely Is, but He.

322.

The *Fulnes of this Universe* is founded
On *Emptinesse*, and therefore cannot be
More real than its *Bottome*: What is grounded
On Frothy *Bubbles*, sticks to *Vanity*
Close by the Roots; and seeing *All Things* came
From *Nothings* Wombe, they must be like their (*Dam*.

323.

When a quick-paced Intellect doth trace
The Lines of any *Creatures Being*, though
At first it meets with what presents a face
Of solid *Something*; it will quickly grow
To its vain journies end; and stopped be
By the huge Gulfe of meer *Vacuitie*.

324.

But when it launceth out into the Sea
Of *increated Nature*, it doth sail
Through *True* and genuine *Substantialtie*,
Which never will its Contemplation fail,
By terminating *Wants* ignoble Shore,
But lets it drive its Course for evermore.

325.

And in this blessed Ocean *Psyche* met
Such vast *Reality*, that in disdain
She call'd the World, and all that swell'd in it,
A mighty Lie, dress'd up and trimm'd with vain
Embellishments, whose outside Flatteries
Abuse but blear and unconsidering Eyes,

326.

Yet sweeter was her *Third Days Work* than this,
For then her Speculation fix'd its Eye
Upon the *Goodnesse of her Lord*, which is
The *Fountain* of unbounded Suavity;
A *Fountain* which it selfe at home doth fill,
And springs through all the Universe doth thrill.

For

327.

For as the *Sun* on every *Star* doth poure
The bounty of his inexhausted Beams,
Making them rich with his illustrious store,
Who else could ne're have kindled their own flames;
So all the Rays of *Goodnes* which make fine
Created Eyes, are *Sparks* of the *Divine*.

328.

Meer *Sparks* indeed, who of their weaknes by
Their *twinckling tremor* plain Confession make:
But *Gods* supream original *Bonity*
From its own Home doth its Dimensions take;
It lives, and flames in his unbounded Breast,
And fils with sweetest fulnes all its nest.

329.

Heer *Thelema* leap'd in, who now had found
That *God* alone was absolutely *good*,
And fain she would her ravish'd self have drown'd
In this delicious *Attribute's* deer flood:
But *Psyche* reind her in, whose life she meant
Should in *another sacrifice* be spent.

330.

Her *fourth days Task* was wonderous hard and high,
For now her thoughts adventured to look
On the vast Volumes of *Immensitie*,
Which were the sacred admirable Book
Of her great *Makers face*; a Book which made
All Heav'n and Earth to lesse than *Nothing* fade.

331.

But as her *Contemplations* wander'd here,
The further they went on, the further they
Were from their end; and in their boundlesse Sphear
Lost both themselves, and their increasing way.
Yet *Psyche* found her Heart fill'd with Delight
Thus to be *lost* from Morning unto Night.

332.

Oft did she cry; What though by *Loosing*, I
Am fain to *finde*; and by being *Blinde*, to *See*?
What though I cannot *Comprehend*, but by
Granting mine own want of *Capacitie*?
I am content, dear *Lord*, since I by this
Negation, thy Greatnes doe *Confesse*.

333.

I see thou art *Immense* and *Infinite*;
Therefore I *see thee not*; yet see thee more
By this unable and denying sight,
Than they whose saucy Eyes dare by the poor
Comparison of whatsoe'r it be
Expresse the Measure of the *Deitie*.

334.

But since thou art *so great*, ô mighty *Lord*,
Whence is it, that Mans narrow Heart to thee
An acceptable dwelling can afford!
How is it, that thy *Love's Immensitie*
Shrinks up thy *Nature's* which is yet as *great*
As 'twas before; ev'n in this *litle seat*.

335.

The *fifth day* summond all her Might, to view
The matchlesse *Power* of the *Deitie*.
Strait, in her face the whole *Creation* slew,
With witnes of its *Author's Strength*, which she
Read from the fairest Heav'ns sublimest Crest
Down to the gloomy Centre's lowest Nest.

336.

And though the universal Fabrick were
The full Expansion of Magnificence;
Yet oft she chose the smallest Character
Of close short-writ *Epitomies*, and thence
Observ'd *Gods finger-worke* in little *flies*.
As great, as was his Arms in widest *skies*.

337.

But *Man* took up her deepest Admiration,
Man, the rich extract of all things beside,
The wondrous Juncture of the whole Creation
By which the Heav'n unto the Earth is ty'd;
Yea, more than Heav'n, for *God* unto the *Creature*
Is married by none but *Humane Nature*.

338.

Yet not content thus at the second Hand
To feed her hungry Meditations, she
Gallantly made a further venture, and
Gaz'd on her *Makers naked Potencie*,
Where she discover'd *strength* enough to build
More Worlds, than Atoms she in this beheld.

339.

No Bounds nor Bars she saw, which could forbid
The *pleasure of his Hand*, but onely those
Which *Contradiction* had established:
Yet they were not his Power to enclose,
But to demonstrate that his noble Might
Could nothing doe but what was *True and Right*.

340.

O how she pitied those *Princes*, who
Upon exterior helps misplace the Name
Of *strength*, and dread not what all foes can doe
If they have once prevail'd with vaunting *Fame*
To publish to the World their numerous Force
Of Castles, Ships, Arms, Money, Men and Horse.

341.

For what are those *swoll'n Names* unto a *King*,
Whose Arms as short, whose Sinews are as weak
As are his meanest *Servants*? who can bring
No Legions into the field, nor wreak
His challeng'd furie on his ready foe,
Unless *His*, be his *Subjects Pleasure* too.

342.

Can his sole Word the Battell fight, and wrest
The Laurell from his strugling Enemies?
O no; his Power doth in *Others* rest
More than *himself*; and if by *Mutinies*
Unhappy *Spark*, *Rebellions* flame breaks out,
By his own Strength his Overthrow is wrought.

343.

But *Psyche* saw how her *Creators Might*
Fast unto his own *Will* alone was chain'd;
Omnipotence, when e'r he pleas'd to fight,
Attended all his Marches, for it reignd
In his vast Hand, which doth support and stay
All other Arms from mouldering away.

344.

Yet though thus *Potent*, He is also *Mild*,
And She as *such* the *sixt Day* Him admired:
Deeply she weighed how all Ages held
One Principle of Boldness, and conspired
Against their *Patient God*, as if his strong
Right-hand were *bound*, because He *held his Tongue*.

345.

Amaz'd she was, to see how He kept under
Incensed *Justice*, who would fain have thrown
His ready Veng'ance dress'd in dreadfull Thunder,
In Warrs, in Plagues, in Drought, in Famine, down
Upon the wretched Heads and Hearts of those
Who durst in spight of *Mercy*, be his *Foes*.

346.

Indeed she saw *that Mercy* fix her Eye
Upon the *Rainbow*; where she seem'd to read
An Obligation of her Lenitie,
Though Heav'n-defying *Sin* bore up its Head
Never so high: Yet by her own Consent
Yea and Desire, that *Signall Bow* was bent.

347.

The *Bow* was bent; yet not to *shoot*, but show
How *Mercy* bound her self to doe her best
The World to shelter from a *second Blow*,
Which from the first her onely Love releast:
Else had the *Deluge* not repented, and
To *Earth* made restitution of *drie Land*.

348.

This *Speculation* inform'd her how
Much more heroick is the Victory
When *Sweetness* wreaths the Bay about the Brow,
Than when plain *force* doth snatch it thither: *He*
In whom both are supreme, takes more delight
In conquering by his *Mercy* than his *Might*.

349.

And ô may I, said she when Night at length
Warn'd this her *Meditation* to conclude,
Not by the Dint of thy all-conquering *Strength*,
Dear *Lord*, but by thy *Mercy* be subdu'd!
If on a *Worme* thy *Power* thou wilt trie,
O let it be the *Might of Lenity*.

350.

But then the *seavnth Day* gave her Thoughts their cue
To trace the Wonders of his *Glory*, which
Did from the antecedent *Week* accrew,
And with transcendent Brightnes Him enrich;
Brightness which gave *Heav'ns Quire* their task to sing
Eternal *Hallelujahs* to their *King*.

351.

And ravish'd heer with mighty Joy and Love,
She needs would take with *Them* her Part of *Praise*;
With utmost Zeals intension she strove
Her Acclamations to *their Key* to raise:
And though she could not sing so high nor clear,
Yet did her Musick please *Heavn's* candid ear.

352.

She *Thought*, and *Sung*, and then she *Thought again*,
For still new floods came rouling in upon Her;
God's other *Attributes* illustrious Train
Themselves in Homage pay unto his *Honour*,
In whose incomparable Vastness they
Can all their owne *Infinitudes* display.

353.

What ever breaths, or lives, or has the least
Share of Existence, constant Tribute brings
Unto this *Treasurie*, as well's the best
And brightest *Cherub*: yea ev'n empty Things,
Defects and *Sinns*, though not by *Doing*, yet
By *Suffring* what they merit, render it.

354.

And shall I onely be a barren Tree
When all the World besides so fruitfull is?
Forbid it mighty *King of Souls*, said she:
Let not thy *Psyches* Heart the glory miss
Of honouring Thee, although my life it cost;
That life's best saved which for Thee is lost.

Much

355.

Much time in this Imployment having ſpent,
She chang'd her *Task*, but not her *Induſtry*:
For, next, her *Contemplations* ſhe ſent
To wait upon her *Spouſes* Majeſty;
The Marvells of his mighty *Love* to read,
Which over her, and all the World was ſpread.

356.

And here with ſympathetick Exultation
And amorous fervor ſhe her Soule did melt;
For in the tract of every *Speculation*
His *Acts* and *Paſſions* in her Breaſt ſhe felt,
Which alwayes Sad or Cheerly was, as ſhe
His Sorrows or *his* Joyes in thought did ſee.

357.

A longer *Pilgrimage* ſhe now did make,
And travell'd all the way with more Delight,
Than when by *Phylax*'s Conduct ſhe did take
To holy *Paleſtine* her Zealous flight;
Longer ſhe dwelt on every Monument
Of what her *Lord* for her had *done*, or *ſpent*.

358.

A thouſand times ſhe ſigh'd and wonder'd why
Brisk generous *Spirits* who hunt noble *Stories*,
Through all *Books* elſe, ſhould not be raviſh'd by
The Luſtre of the *Euangelick Glories*,
But more exactly ſtrive to know the Liſt
Of *Cæſars Acts*, than what was done by *Chriſt*.

359.

She ſigh'd, and wonder'd how a *Chriſtian Heart*
Which did not give its bleſſed *Name* the lie,
Could poſſibly forbear to ſnatch its part
In its *Redeemers* noble *Hiſtory*;
How *Love* could quit its loyal ſelfe, and yet
Not know whatever of its *Spouſe* was writ.

360.

But all this while on *Logo*'s Wings ſhe flew;
(Though ſometimes *Thelema* did flutter by,)
And theſe were much too ſhort and weak, ſhe knew,
To towre, and double that Sublimity
Which makes *Perfections third*, and *higheſt Story*,
The *Crown of Saints*, and all the *Angels Glory*.

361.

She therefore taking *Thelema* apart;
With all the winning Art of Courteſie
Deviſed firſt to charm her mighty Heart,
And make it plyant to the Plot, which ſhe
Had laid to catch her into Bliſſe: And then
She gently graſp'd her hand, and thus began;

362.

O Thou the *deareſt of my Servants*, who
Doſt wear the *Keyes* of all that I poſſeſſe;
Yea and of *Me* thy native Soveraign too,
Who have no power to ſtir abroad unleſſe
Thou op'ſt the Door; How doe I wiſh that I
Had more to truſt with thy Fidelity!

363.

But ſince I neither *am*, nor *have*, no more;
Let this ſuffice to binde thine Heart to Me:
In gratitude thou canſt no leſſe reſtore
Than preſt Complyance, though I ask of thee
Some hard and coſtly Matter, ſo to prove
The rate and value of my *Steward's* Love.

364.

But I my proper Intereſt can bate,
And by my *Subjects* Gains account *mine own*:
What e'r advantage doth inhance their State
I take it as Accrewment to my Crown;
They are my Riches, nor can I be poor,
So long as they increaſe their teeming Store.

365.

All I deſire, ſhall onely be, That thou
Wouldſt venture to *imbrace* thy higheſt *Bliſſe*;
And now dull *Senſe* and *Paſſion* valiant grow,
Now *Logos* through all Heav'n ſo buſie is,
Not Flinch alone, nor be content to ſtay
In any lower Region, than *They*.

366.

Remember that thy *Wings* of *Strength* are made
And that no Flight's too high or long for thee;
That nothing ever made thy Courage fade
Unleſſe thy Selfe didſt timorouſly agree
To thy Defeat: Henceforth be brave and bold,
Thou canſt not fail, if thou but holdſt thine Hold.

367.

Jeſus the Soveraign Lord of Thee and Me,
Will give thee leave to make *Himſelfe* thy Prey;
Reach then thine Arms of noble Love, that he
Impriſoned in thy Imbraces, may
Thorough thy happy Heart his Sweetneſſe thrill,
And with the beſt of Heav'n thy boſome fill.

368.

If this Adventure thou eſteem'ſt too high;
Throw down thy Selfe before His bleſſed *Feet*:
He cannot let thee there deſpiſed lie,
But with his ready favour thee will greet;
And for that *Reſignation* of thine,
Hug and imbrace thee till thou prov'ſt *divine*.

369.

This gallant *Challenge* wrought so strong upon
The generous Heart of *Thelema*, that she
The forwardnesse of her submission
Forthwith profess'd upon her bended Knee:
And, *Heav'n* forbid, said she, I should deny
Your *Pleasure*, or mine own *Felicity*.

370.

Though not at *Jesu's* royal *Feet*, (ô no,
I am too vile to aime my Pride so high,)
Yet, Madame, here at *yours*, my Selfe I throw
To be accepted, and disposed by
Your Love and Wisdome; Use Me as you please,
Loe I return you yours, and mine own *Keyes*.

371.

Triumphant Joy straight flam'd in *Psyche's* Breast
The *Virgins* ready Loyalty to see:
Whom she embraced thrice, and thrice she kist,
And sweetly forced to rise from her Knee:
Then all her *Keyes* she took, which to her side
(Weeping and Smiling,) in one Knot she ti'd.

372.

And now I feel my Selfe a *Queen*, said she,
A Queen indeed: Yet be assured thou
O faithfull *Mayd*, shalt finde thy Selfe more free
By this Subjection, than when thou didst bow
To thine own *Inclinations*, which have
To *Vanity* full oft made Thee a Slave.

373.

Exalted thus unto her own Desire,
Into her pious Oratory *She*
More cheerfully than ever did retire
To celebrate a new *Solemnity*;
An *Holocaust* she hastes to sacrifice,
For which her own brave *Zeal* the *Fire* supplies.

374.

Did golden Mountains tempt her now to stay;
Did Millions of Worlds made up in one
Inestimable Bait, lie in her way,
And woo her but to let one Minute run
Before She fell to work; not all the force
Of those strong Complements could stop her Course.

375.

No: She of *joyous Love* in travell is,
And feels the dainty Pangs of Parturition;
Till she brings forth her mighty *Sacrifice*
'Tis not all *Heav'n* can ease her smart condition.
Speed, *Speed* alone, would usefull be she knew;
Whose Wings she snatch'd, and to her Bus'nes flew.

376.

A *Preface* then of thousand Sighs and Tears
Before her brave *Oblation* she spred,
As many Groans unto her *Soveraigns* ears
Like Harbengers of her Designe she sped:
Then prostrate on the ground her face she layd,
And of her humble Heart the *Altar* made.

377.

Upon this *Altar*, bound both Hands and Feet,
Her *Thelema* she for the Offring threw:
And bend thy gracious Eye said Shee, thou sweet
And gentle *Lamb of Heav'n*, to Me, who sue
For thy acceptance of this *Sacrifice*
Which at the footstool of thy *Mercy* lies.

378.

Thy royal *Bounty* gave it unto Me;
But I, alas perceive my Self too weak
To manage such a *great Estate*; To thee
I therefore render it: O gently take
It home again, and govern it for Me
The feeble *Handmayd* of thy *Majesty*.

379.

Doe with it what Thou wilt; so it be *Thine*,
I care not what betide it; for I know
Thy *Pleasure*, like *thy Self*, must be *Divine*.
O see, see how it pants and heav's! if Thou
Wilt not accept it, let it lie, for *Me*:
How can I love, what is despis'd by *Thee*?

380.

As when the Lightning flasheth from the Skie,
Down to the ground it flames without delay;
So did the fervor of this *Prayer* flie,
And snatch'd from earth to Heav'n its sudden way;
Nor made it there a stop at any Sphear,
But scour'd through all, and reached *Jesus* ear.

381.

Propitious *He* straight yeilded his Consent,
And opening wide his blessed Arms, embraced
The dear *Oblation* with as high Content,
As if *He*, more than *Psyche* had ben graced.
O *King of Sweetest Love*; who would not bring
To such a *God* as Thee, his *Offering*!

382.

But now, as zealous *Psyche* thought to send
Her *Altar* up, after her *Sacrifice*;
Behold a sudden Fulnesse did extend
Her bosome with such ravishing *Rarities*,
That she perplex'd with *unknown Sweets*, admired
With what strange *Paradise* she was inspired.

383.

At length examining her encroaching *Bliſſe*,
Another *Thelema* in her Heart ſhe ſpied;
But in ſo lovely and majeſtick Dreſſe,
That by her Looks ſhe inſtantly deſcryed
From whence *ſhe* came, and that *ſhe* needs muſt be
One of her heav'nly *Spouſe's familie*.

384.

His Will it was indeed: for Noble *He*
Diſdaineth, not to give more than he takes:
No ſooner *Pſyches Offring* He did ſee,
But he this *greater Preſens* ready makes,
Then with innumerable Bleſſings dreſt
Shoots it into her ſoft and pious Breaſt.

385.

This graſp'd her Soule ſo faſt, and knit it ſo
Intirely to her *Spouſe*'s Heart, that ſhe
Forthwith ſeem'd to have nothing more to doe
With what ſhe was her ſelf, ſince potent *He*
Was ſeized of her; and her Will being gone,
She to *Loves Tyranny* was left alone.

386.

Nor did *Love* looſe his time, but domineer'd
In her ſubdued heart with full carreer;
And ſhe as glad to be *his Slave* appear'd
As he rejoyced to triumph on her;
For by his Conqueſts ſhe did count her own;
Being by every *fall* far *higher thrown*.

387.

Thrown up into new ſtages of Delight,
And freſh Exceſſe of thoſe immortal things
Which never were debaſ'd to mortal ſight,
Nor ſtoop'd to pleaſe the Ears of proudeſt Kings;
Things which, the Heart of Man doth pant in vain
When it doth ſtretch, and ſtruggle to contain.

388.

And now her Soule, like a new weaned *Childe*
Which wholly hangs upon its *Nurſes* Will,
It ſelf not by it ſelf did move and weild,
But abſolutely reſting on the skill
And care of her dear *Lord* who tutor'd it,
Was carried whereſoever *he* thought fit.

389.

This made all *Sweets* and *Dainties* here below (them)
(For with theſe *names* our fond *miſtakes* doe grace
Diſrelliſh in her accurate Taſte, and grow
Truly *themſelves*; which was enough to chaſe them
From wiſe *acceptance*; for their borrow'd ſhape
Is that alone which doth our love entrap.

390.

On *God*, and onely him her joyes did feaſt;
His royall Pleaſure was her pretious Bliſſe:
So well did all *his* Laws and Statutes taſte
To her Hearts palate, that the Pleaſantneſſe
Both of the Honey and the Honey-combe
Had in her approbation no room.

391.

What grated hard upon her Soule before,
Wrong, *Slanders*, *Pains*, *Diſtreſſe*, *Calamities*,
Miſhaps, and *Sickneſſe*; tortur'd her no more;
For on her *Spouſes Will* ſhe fix'd her Eyes,
And ſtill embraced as the beſt, what he
Did either order, or permit to be.

392.

This kindled ſuch a Bonfire of Delight
Throughout her Breaſt, that had ſhe been invited
Ev'n by all *Paradiſe*, to yeild her right
In this Poſſeſſion, ſhe would have ſleighted
The mighty Bait, and triumph'd ſtill to be
The *Holocauſt* of *Loves Extremitie*.

393.

Yet was her Paſſions wonderous *violence*
Sweetned with ſuch divine *ſerenitie*,
That with leſſe undiſturbed influence
The Suns full Beams through all the World doe flie
To light the day; then did theſe *flames of Love*
Through all her calm hearts bleſſed Regions move.

394.

In dainty *ſilence* ſhe her Soule poſſeſt,
With firm *Adhaſion* unto her *Bliſſe*:
Ev'n all her *Motions* mingled were with *reſt*;
Becauſe they did concentricate with *his*
Whoſe Actions, though all *infinite* they be,
Their number is ty'd up in *Unitie*.

395.

Indeed the *World*, whom her *Auſteritie*
Severely chode and ſtung; by peeviſh ſcorn
Reveng'd themſelves: for lo, ſaid they, how ſhe
By *Melancholies* blackneſſe grown forlorn,
Eſteems her ſelf as fair as if the beſt
Of heav'ns bright beauties had her count'nance dreſt.

396.

She from her ſelf, by *wilfull Robberie*,
Plunders thoſe *honeſt Sweets*, which courteous *heav'n*
To check Lifes tide of infelicitie,
Hath into *Moderations* Boſome given;
And taxeth *Gods* own bounty by refuſing,
What we cannot approve, but by our *Vſing*.

Should

397.

Should any paltry *Begger* serve Her so,
Sure she would not believe He did despise
Her Almes alone; but was contemptuous too
Against her self; Nor would his humble guise
Perswade her that his stomacks inward Pride
Was by Devotions fervor *Mortifi'd*.

398.

Thus did the *Ravens* against the *Swan* inveigh:
But now no seeds of *Discontent* remaind
In *Psyche*'s heart, she let them *say their say*,
And from their Envie a new Laurel gaind;
Her *silent Patience* answerd all their *scorn*,
And to her *Crown* their *Calumnies* did turn.

399.

But as she rested in this *mystick Peace*,
Hers, and all pious Soules, eternal *Foe*,
Who counted his own trouble by her ease,
Tore his fell heart with studying what to doe:
At length resolved, haste he makes to dress
In a faire vizard his foule wickednesse.

400.

Time was, when he *Precentor* of that *quire*
Which all the Sphears with *Hallelujahs* fill,
Arrayed was in glorious attire,
Whose gallantry did then become him well;
But when a monstrous *Rebell* He became,
The *Crime* invested him, with hideous *shame*.

401.

Yet He, remembring his original guise,
And being well skil'd in *Hypocrisie*,
Patch'd up himself a coat of gorgeous *Lies*,
Wherein to shelter his Deformitie;
That though he were the *King* of blackest *night*,
He might an *Angel* seem of fairest *light*.

402.

His ragged Horns of steel He pulled in;
And on his rustie brazen looks he spred
A soft, a ruddy, and well polish'd skin;
His front, with envious wrinkles furrowed,
He planed over, sweetning all his face
With blooming *youthfulnes*, and smiling *grace*.

403.

Into a Knot he gather'd up his Taile,
And ty'd it at his back: of every Toe
And Finger carefully he cut the Naile;
And then his Hands and Feet he painted so,
That what before was harsh and soothe, now
Did cleanly, delicate, and beauteous grow.

404.

His bushie snarled Locks of fretfull Snakes
He shaved off; for which, to shade his Head,
Into the new-erected Tombe he breaks
Of an embalmed Virgin lately dead,
And stealing thence her fresh perfumed Tresses,
His *Baldnes* he with *Curles of Amber* dresses.

405.

An hundred *Swans* then having plundered;
Their fairest and their softest feathers he
In *two* brave *Combinations* marshalled,
And measured, and poised equalie;
Then to his shoulders them he fitted, and
A *Pair* of goodly *Wings* had at Command.

406.

A Roab he chose whose colour scorn'd the Milk,
And with his wings did correspondence hold;
Its texture was of light and pliant Silk,
Belac'd and fring'd with oriental Gold,
That both its *Pureneſſe* and its *Splendor* might
Profess that down from Heav'n he took his flight.

407.

Accouter'd thus: as *Psyche* wearied by
Her holy *Vigils*, yeelded unto *Sleep*,
The slie *Impostor* silently did flye
Into her Chamber, and with cunning creep
Under the ey-lids of her heart, where he
Himself presented in fain'd *Claritie*.

408.

But as the *Virgins Soule* began to start:
Fear not, said he, for *Phylax* is thy friend;
These Rays of mine did never terror dart,
But to thy *Weaknes*, *Strength* and *Comfort* lend;
And *Heav'n* forbid that I should prove unkinde
Now thou my favour most deserv'st to finde.

409.

The Gallantrie of thy *Devotion* I
Come to applaud, and to increase its Fire:
I grant thy zealous Wings have towred high,
But yet thy *Spouse* would have them labour higher,
And as *immoderate* in their answer prove
As is to thee the *Challenge* of *his Love*.

410.

The *Watches* frequent are, and long, which thou
In deer attendance upon *Him* dost keep;
Yet oftner generous *he*, and longer too
To purchase rest for *thee*, did loose his sleep.
Be noble now; remembring thou shalt have
Sufficient *sleeping time* in thy still Grave.

411.

Low hast thou pluck'd thy Bodies Plumes; but *He*
Was rent and torn, and furrow'd up with Lashes:
And can the Zeal of thy Austerity
More legibly appear than in such *Gashes*?
I know thou lovest not thy Skin, but yet
'Twere not amisse *thou much were writ on it.*

412.

Severe and resolute thy *Fasting* be
If scanned by the faint Worlds vulgar fashion:
But *Fourty Dayes* thy *Spouse* did *Fast* for thee,
And now expects thy faithfull *Imitation*:
As well He may, who an eternal *Feast*,
To quit a few Dayes *Fast*, in Heav'n has drest.

413.

Since then He means that thou with *Us* shalt reign,
Betimes it will become Thee to prepare
Thy Selfe for our *Society*, and strein
Out all the Dreggs thou hast contracted here,
That raised to the Purity in which
We *Angels* shine, thou mayst *our Region* reach.

414.

By *Moses*, and *Elias*, who beheld
At such vast distance *Jesu*'s glimmering face,
Shall *Psyche* be in *Abstinence* excell'd!
Can she on whom the *Evangelick Grace*
With such full lustre beats, by those whom blinde
And shady *Types* invelop'd, be out-shin'd!

415.

O no; dear *Pupill*; since thy generous Breast
Dar'd wish to be enflamed by that fire
Whose Aime's *Perfection*, Let no lazie *Rest*
Clog the brave Wings of thy sublime *Desire*.
What though thy *Death* it hastens? Thou and I
Shall but the sooner to *Lifes* Kingdome flie.

416.

Thus sought the wily *Tempter* to invite
The *Virgin* to a fatal *Precipice*.
But as the *Lamb* is taught by *natural Fright*
To fear and hate the *Wolfe*, though in the Fleece,
The honest Fleece of the milde Sheep he be
Array'd, and courts her with smooth Flattery:

417.

So *Psyche*'s Heart, [for heav'nly *Charis* there
Close in the Centre of her Soule did lie,]
Misgave her at the Sight, and quak'd for fear
Of this fair-tongued *Angels* Courtesie;
For all his dainty Look, and Skin, yet She
Assured was, it could not *Phylax* be.

418.

None of those soft and blessed *Heats*, she felt
Which sweetly, when her *Phylax* us'd to speak,
Did all her Breast into Complyance melt,
And way to their own gentle Conquests make:
Besides, the *Voice*, though wondrous sweet it were,
Yet something *out of tune* it seem'd to her.

419.

Too high it seem'd, and of too *loud* a Strein:
Still was the *Musick* of her *Spouse*; and She
No *Saints* remembred that did e'r complain
That *Jesus* call'd them to *Extremity*;
That *Trumpets* did the *Gospel* usher in,
And *Wars Alarm* the *Calme of Peace* begin.

420.

Had this great *Message* from her *Spouse* been sent.
She knew her Heart [which now did pant and move
By *His* sole Motions,] must needs relent,
And by Submission *His* Command approve:
But now she by reluctant *Nauseousnesse*
Felt, whose'oe'r it were, 'twas *none of His*.

421.

Awakning therefore all her Confidence,
And with *three* Invocations having sued,
Her *Saviour* to engage in her Defence,
Upon her faithfull Forehead she renued
His potent Signe, and then with courage cri'd:
In *Lights* fair *Looks* why dost thou *Darknesse* hide?

422.

Whate'r thy face doth preach unto mine Eye;
The language of thy Tongue unto mine Ear,
Sounds nothing lesse than *Phylax*: wherefore hie
Thee hence, false *Fiend*, and seek thy Booty where
A *beauteous Count'nance*, and a *snowie Pair*
Of Wings, the full Proof of an *Angel* are.

423.

As when the *Suns neer Beams* burst out upon
A waxen *Idoll*, straight its goodly Face
Too weak to bear that glorious Dint, doth run
Away in droiling Drops, and foules the place
Which it before adorn'd: So here the *Fiend*
Melted as soon's this *fervent Answer* shin'd.

424.

Off fell his *Coat*, his *Periwig*, his *Wings*,
His roseal *Vizard*, and his Milkie *Skin*:
And in the room of those usurped Things
His *proper shape of Horror* did begin
To clothe him round: at which, indignant He,
Least *Psyche* should triumph his shame to see,

425.

Tore his Way down to Hell, that there in Night
He might his Head, and Ignominie hide;
A thousand Stinks behinde him, as his flight,
He left: and being gotten home, he tri'd
Upon the *Soules* which in his Brimstone Lake
All yelling lay, his vexed Spight to wreak.

426.

Mean while, as *Psyche* those quaint Spoils admired
Which dropped from her *beauteous-hideous Foe*,
And with her Sacrifice of Thanks aspired
Unto the foot-stoole of her *Saviour*; who
Had in that fight her faithfull Champion been:
Her *true* and *genuine Phylax* flutter'd in.

427.

O how her Heart leap'd at the welcome sight,
And thus broke from her Lips! *Thou, Thou art He*,
I know thee at the dawning of thy Light
In which no *Fawnings*, no *Impostures* be:
Spare all Probations; Thou needst not tell
Me who thou art: I know my *Phylax* well.

428.

This said; Her selfe down at his feet she threw,
Which hugging fast, she welcom'd with a Kisse.
He gave her Passion leave a while to shew
The *meek Impatience* of this sweet Excesse:
Then up he took her, and return'd upon
Her *Lip*, what she unto his *Feet* had done.

429.

And, Joy, said he, *my deareſt Dear*, of thy
Victorious Encounter with thy Foe:
That goodly *Furniture of Treason*, I
As well as thou who art the Victor, know:
I saw the pilfering *Traytor* when he pick'd
It up, and when with it himselfe he trick'd.

430.

Close at his heels I followed, when he
His *forgerie* advanc'd, and hither flew:
I was Spectator when he set on Thee,
And in *Heav'ns Name* his *Hell* against thee drew:
Unseen, I saw the dangerous Battell; and
By it I stood, but aided not thine Hand.

431.

No: thy dear *Spouse*, who never doth forget
His humble faithfull Servants, did supply
Abundant Power, and conveied it
By ever-ready *Chari*'s Ministry.
I claim no share at all: thy Thanks to none
But *Him*, and *Her* are due, and must be done.

432.

Thou seest how bountifully They repay
The Loyalty of thy *Mortification*,
And what thou gainst by giving *Thelema*
To *Him* who will not be in Debt. Thy Station
Is now Secure, unlesse thou back dost start,
And fondly home again recall thine Heart.

433.

Surely thou never hadst so much *thy Will*,
As since thou *hadst it not*; for All things now
Throughout the Universe thy Minde fullfill,
And Natures Laws unto thy Pleasure bow:
Thy Pleasure, which is not thine own, but *His*
Who of *Omnipotence the Soveraign is*.

434.

The dainty *Peace* which thou didst prize so high
Hath now its Lodging taken in thy Breast;
Nor could the *Tempter's* potent Subtiltie
Disturb thy Calme, or undermine thy Rest.
Be then Content for ever to possesse,
By holding fast thine *Hold*, thine *Happinesse*.

435.

For if thou let'st it slip, and weary be
Of blessed *Ease*, it soon will flie away:
In this low flitting World, no *Certainty*
Was ever yet Inhabitant; and they
Alone be out of *Change*'s reach, who are
Infeof'd above in endlesse *Quiet's* Sphear.

436.

'Tis true, those everlasting Chains which tie
Heav'ns Destinations to their Ends, excell
All Adamantine Power, and can by
No opposition of Earth or Hell
Be forced to betray their Hold: yet this
No ground of *Confidence* to Mortals is.

437.

For those *Decrees* profoundly treasur'd are
In that bright Bosome which no *Angels* Eye
Can peep into. This maketh pious *Fear*,
Religious *Awe*, and holy *Jealousie*,
The onely Anchors which Assurance can
Afford unto the tossed Heart of Man.

438.

And 'tis *Heav'ns* mighty Favour too; least *He*
Should bold and careless grow, if once he saw
The *Patent* of his own Felicity
Were sign'd and seal'd so sure, that by the Law
Of absolute *Necessity*, he through
All *Tempests*, safely to his *Port* must row.

For

439.

For then were He no better than a *Slave*
Unto that Bliſſe, whoſe Crown prepared is
For them who *venture* at it by the brave
Ambition of humble holineſſe.
Then, if He would, his mighty *God* might Hell
Diſdain, and *dare Him with his own Decree*,

440.

O then with reverent *dread* march on, my dear,
In the deſigne of thy high virtue; and
Think it ſufficient happines, if here
Thy *Fear* can *Deſperation* countermand;
If thou by *trembling* canſt *Victorious* be,
And win at length ſupream Felicitie.

441.

As for theſe *Spoiles*, the Trophies they ſhall be
Of what by *Loves aſſiſtance* Thou haſt done:
This Memorandum of thy Victorie
May keep awake thy wiſe *Devotion*:
Lo, here I hang them up; and if again
The *Serpent* hither creep, ſhew Him his *skin*.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
Canto XVIII.

The Perſecution.

Argument.

SAtan makes war on Pſyche's *Conſtancie*
Both by his own, and Perſecution's *Hand,*
Tet ſtill impregnably-reſolved She
Their Ambuſhes and Onſets did withſtand,
Vntill her Guardian *by a* Bleſſed Cheat
Enforc'd her to a glorious Retreat.

1.

THough Joies, and Loves, and Bliſs, their Neſt do (make
In *Peace's* boſome; often times beneath
That ſurface of *Securitie* a Snake
His unſuſpected Venomous ſpight doth breathe.
For 'tis an everlaſting ſtatute, That
No genuine Reſt can here below be got,

2.

The Creatures courteous *Faithleſnes*, who ſtill
Shrink from our graſping Hands, and Cheat our Hope,
Admoniſh our deſires themſelves to fill
At thoſe pure Springs of fulneſſe, which ſtand ope
In *Heav'n* alone; and never fancie here
Compleat *Content's* and *Satisfaction's* ſphear.

3.

This maketh brave and hardy *Exercise*
Dearer to *Virtue* than is lazie *Quiet*;
This maketh her so highly *Patience* prize,
So constantly her selfe with *Suffrings* diet,
That this sharp Sauce may wholesomly represse
Of *Peace's* Sweets and Fat the *Fulsomnesse*.

4.

Affliction is the onely Schole where she
In *Magnanimities* high Rules is taught;
The Theatre on which her Gallantrie
Before the royal Eyes of Heav'n is brought:
For both the *Angels*, and their *Soveraign* there
Ernest Spectators of her Courage are.

5.

Full well she knows, that stealing *Rust* will creep
Upon the *briskest Sword*, if lazilie
In its blinde quiet Scabberd it doth sleep,
And be not rubb'd, nor chaf'd, nor vexed by
Harsh Scouring, churlish Whetting, or kept bright
By its perpetual Busines in the fight.

6.

That never *Horse* was made of so much Fire,
Nor temper'd for so proud impatient speed;
(Though a true *Pegasus* had been his Sire,
Or He of *Phœbus's Coursers* had been bred,)
But, if he from his Manger ne'r did move,
Would restie, lame, and illcondition'd prove.

7.

That when the *Air* by long tranquillity
Lies loytering in the Sun, it putrid grows:
But when 'tis startled and afflicted by
Thunder and Lightning; when it feels the Blows,
Of boistrous Windes, its *drowsy dull Disease*
Wakes at the frightfull News, and vanishes.

8.

That sluggish *Lakes*, which always sleeping lie
Upon their easy Beds of Mud, beget
Of Toads and Stinks a nasty Progeny:
But those brisk *Rils* which, though they be beset
With craggy Hindrances, still running be,
Preserve intire their Native Puritie.

9.

That never *Soil* was so ingenuous yet,
But if it were not often digg'd and plow'd,
Harrow'd and torn, and forced to be fit,
And *Weeded* oftner far than it was *Sow'd*;
Instead of Herbs, and Floures, and honest Corn,
With peevish Bryars and Thorns would be forlorn.

10.

That never *Tree* was known so thrifty, as
To spare its stock of Juice, and use it right;
But to loose idle Twigs would let it passe,
Which onely serv'd, and scarcely that, for Sight,
Till the strict Discipline of the *Pruning Hook*
Lopp'd off those Wantons, and reform'd the Stock.

11.

That finest *Roabs*, when they did idle lie,
Would gather nasty Dust, and fertile prove
In an ungratefull ever-fretting Frie
Of Mothes, unlesse the Wands and Brushes strove
Against their lazinesse, and day by day
Those busy bold Incroachers whipp'd away.

12.

That *Mariners* who in the easy Bay
Did both their Winter and their Summer waste,
Would never learn to steer their Bark, till they
Were by some Tempest into Danger cast,
And had accustomed their venturous Mindes
To ken the boystrous Language of the *Windes*.

13.

That *Soldiers* listed are in vain, and wear
Steel by their Side, and Brasse upon their head,
If in the pitched Feild they ne'r appear
To See the hostile Ranks, and Standards spread,
To meet the Shock, and bring away their Skars
As *Letters Testimonial* of their Wars.

14.

And though no *Life* scarce any Name doth merit
But that *of War*, (so many Enemies
Poor *Man* doth by his wretched Birth inherit,
Since all the World did in Rebellion rise.
Against unhappy *Adam*;) yet no State
More than the *Christian*, is beseig'd with Hate.

15.

The *Christian Life* the surest *Warfare* is,
And though a thousand Victories it gains
Yen still more and more Armies on it presse;
More Care, more Sweat, more Labour still remains,
Though *Peace* may an *internal* Calme beget,
Affliction still will Us *without* beset.

16.

Though all the stickling *Senses* and the *Passions*,
Which breed intestine Perturbations, be
Bow'd to the Yoke; though all the Insultations
Of *Will* and *Reason*, by the industrie
Of the untired *Soule* be tam'd, yet still
There is a *World without* to work her ill.

For

17.

For by her *Christian Course* against the Tide
Of all the World she rows; and therefore by
Eternal Opposition is tri'd
And hardned to victorious Constancy:
For had she floated down the willing stream,
No way was there *Magnanimous* to seem.

18.

But now her gallant *Metall* whetted is,
Her vain luxuriant *Twigs* are prun'd away,
Her *Clothes* are brush'd from Mothes and Dustinesse,
Her *Soile* is digg'd and dress'd; the lazie *Bay*
She changeth for the active manly *Main*,
And in *pitch'd Field* her Foes doth entertain.

19.

Her *Beasts* unto their Pace are strictly kept,
And rid hard every Day; her wholesome *Air*
By frequent Tempests of loud Sighs is swept,
And all her Bosomes Region made more fair;
The *Torrents* of her Eyes continue clear,
Because perpetualy they flowing are.

20.

Thus, though *Afflictions* Looks be sad and soure,
Her Heart is kinde, and she the best of Friends;
Whilst *Flattery* doth Poyson gently poure,
Her Antidotes *She* most severely lends:
Her Physick smart and searching Corsives be,
But their Conclusion's alwayes *Lenitie*.

21.

And *Psyche*'s *Spouse*, though dear to Him she were
As the bright Apple of his blessed Eye,
Unto *Afflictions* swindge abandon'd her:
That as the Sun through the Conspiracy
Of blackest Clouds doth break with fairest Rayes,
So might her *Virtue* pluck from Bryars Bays.

22.

As *Satan* from his late *Repulse* did flie
Stung with confounding Shame and fretfull Rage,
He in the Aire spi'd a *wing'd Company*
To heav'n returning in fair equipage,
Having their Embassies dispatched here
With which to Men they delegated were.

23.

This prompted him unto a new Device:
With sprightfull Speed he playd the *Thief* again,
And having stole a Tire of Gallantries,
After the *Angel Troop* he posts amain,
Trimming his cursed Feature as he flew,
Till like a *Bird* of that fair *Brood* he grew.

24.

Something behinde he lagg'd, least piercing *Thee*
His impudent Imposture should descry,
And intercept his Project by the Way
In just Disdain of his foule Company.
So at wise distance doth the *Traytor* sneak
When he with *Honest Men* doth entrance seek.

25.

But as he flutter'd through the Sphears, he bit
His Lips to see the fatal Way whereby
He once was tumbled headlong down: and yet
Though they with Curses and fell Blasphemy
Were big, he durst not ope them, knowing well
Heav'n ill would bear the dialect of *Hell*.

26.

Arrived at the everlasting Gate
Of the imperial *Palace* of the Skies,
The *Angels* entred in triumphant State,
Account to render of their Embassies:
But *Satan* started so, that he well neer
Shak'd off his Vizard by his trembling fear.

27.

The mighty Lustre of his *Makers Eyes*
Flashed such Dread on his, that swarthy He
Who had been us'd to *Nights* black Prodigies,
Was dazled at the naked Majesty
Of *more than Day*: Three times he wink'd, & then
With both his Hands his spurious Eyes did screen.

28.

Such fright upon the ougly *Bats* doth seize
When *Highnoon*'s darts of Lustre shoot her through:
The woefull *Ghosts*, who in Nights Shades doe please
Their gloomy Thoughts, thus terrified grow
If fair *Aurora*'s Curtains ope be drawn,
And she her selfe gets up e'r they be down.

29.

The gallant Spectacles which *here* he saw
Were greater Torments than he felt at *home*;
Each *Glorie's* Splendor which about did flow
Burnt him far more than his own fiery Doom;
Each holy *Joy* a *Torture* was, and He
Fri'd in the midst of this *Felicity*.

30.

He fri'd and flam'd, and straight his forged Wings,
His polish'd Looks, his curled Grove of Hair,
His dainty Coat, and all his stollen Things
A Sacrifice unto the Lightning were
Of *Jesu*'s *Eyes*, and in his naked Dresse
He now appear'd of *hellish Ouglinesse*.

31.

The *Angels* ſtarted from *Him* at the ſight,
And ſtanding in a Circle far away,
Gaz'd on the *Portent*; who try'd all the Might
Of deſperate Boldneſſe, yet could not gain-ſay
The guilty ſhame which now did Him aſſail:
Down hung his Head, his Tallons, and his Tail.

32.

Thus when the conſcious *Traytors* hatefull Face
Is in the Preſence of the *Prince* deſcry'd,
And perſecuted by the full diſgrace
Of all the loyall *Court*; againſt that Tide
Of Ignominy He in vain contends;
Such Horror all his Impudence tranſcends.

33.

As *Jeſus* ſaw the *Feind* abaſhed ſo,
He charg'd Him to relate from whence He came:
Nor durſt the thus commanded *Monſter*, though
Lyes were his onely Trade, a *Fiction* frame:
Yet ſcorning to forget his peeviſh Pride,
With dogged ſullenneſſe He thus repli'd:

34.

Whence can I come, but from beneath? Unleſſe
There be ſome higher Place than this your *Heav'n*;
This *Heav'n*, from whence by you, I muſt confeſſe,
(But let all judge how juſtly,) I was driven.
From viſiting the Earth I come, where I
Have far more Subjects than your *Deitie*.

35.

But mine, ſaid *Jeſus*, (for He ſcorn'd to chide
The ſtomackfull *Feind*, ſince ever-damned He
Sufficiently pays for his endleſſe Pride,)
Although ſo rare and few, yet *pretious* be:
Vain Multitudes to thee their Homage pay;
Mine not by *number*, but by *weight* I weigh.

36.

Let one Example ſpeak the praiſe of All,
My Hand-maid *Pſyche*: Hath thy watchfull Eye,
Which ſcoureth round about the terreen Ball,
Full notice taken of her Piety?
And how none live in all the World who be
Higher above it, than is Virtuous *ſhe*?

37.

Is not her Heart intirely fixed *here*,
Preoccupating *Heav'n* and endleſſe *Bliſſe*?
Nor *Earth* nor *Hell* can ſtrike her Soule with fear,
But *He* alone who her Creator is;
Of Him ſhe alway ſtands in dainty Aw,
For ſtill ſhe *Loves*, as much as *Dreads* His Law.

38.

But whereſoe'r ſhe reads the open face,
Or can diſcover but a Limb or Claw
Of hideous *ſin*, ſhe flyes the dangerous Place,
And into any hard ſhifts doth withdraw,
Rather than hazard to be over-run
With a *delicious Deſtruction*.

39.

Is not the Temper of her wary Heart,
Admoniſhed by wiſe inſtinct, afraid
Of every *Bait* which by the ſubtleſt Art
Of Spight and Wickednes for her is laid?
Or is there any thing which ſhe doth more
Than *thee*, ev'n in thy *faireſt looks*, abhor?

40.

Stung by theſe Words, with ſtrong inteſtine Pain
His heart-ſtrings ſtretch'd and torn the *Monſter* felt;
Yet that he might not bear theſe Pangs in vain,
But be afore-hand ſtill in ſhameleſſe guilt,
He reard his face of everlaſting *Braſſe*,
And what He ſpake, of the *ſame metall* was;

41.

Is not your mighty *Providential Arm*
Become that ſimple *Maidens* Hedge, ſaid he,
Infallibly to ſhut out *Fear* and *Harm*,
And make her Priſ'ner to *Securitie*?
Is not brave *Phylax* forc'd to be her *ſquire*,
And dance attendance upon her deſire?

42.

On all her Errands runs not ſervile *He*?
Has he not trotted from the furtheſt *Weſt*
In duty to her Curioſitie,
And ſpent his time in tracing of the *Eaſt*;
Where like a ſilly *Pilgrim*, up and down
Forſooth, the *Angel* went from town to town.

43.

Beſides, your Daughter *Charis*, (and yet who
Would think her ſo, who her imployment ſees?)
As though in *Heav'n* ſhe nothing had to doe,
Down to vile *Earth* is ſent, and ſet to pleaſe
This *Imp of duſt*, on whom her noble ſtore
Of ſweets, to win the *Urcheon*, ſhe doth doth pour.

44.

A proper purchaſe you have got; but I
For my part, would not buy *a worm* ſo deer;
If wretched *Pſyche's* price muſt be ſo high,
Surely you need no other *Chapmen* fear:
Onely by this proportion, I would know
To purchaſe *Me*, what rate you would allow.

But

45.

But as for *Her*, if I had leave to trie,
I soon would shew you of what kinde of *Clay*
She moulded is. Might *Phylax* but stand by,
And on her naked Shoulder let Me lay
This Hand of mine, no Touchstone you should see
Was ever nimbler at Discoveries.

46.

Upon your pampered Darling should *Distresse*
With full and free Commission domineer
That *Tongue* which now your Praises doth professe
(For to the Task 'tis hir'd, and hir'd full dear,)
Would change its Tune, & on your Face would spit
More Curses than *my Selfe* e'r did on it.

47.

If *Psyche*'s Breast doe harbour any seed
Of such profound *Ingratitude*, replyed
Almighty *Jesus*, 'tis no more than need
The ougly *Embryo* be in time descryed.
Goe, use thy Skill; full Power to Thee I give,
Nor *Phylax* shall against thy Project strive.

48.

But yet thy Tether shall not reach so fart
As to her *Life*; no, that belongs to *Me*;
For in my Hand th' authentick Volumes are
Of mortal and immortal Destinie:
Nor couldst Thou thy Experiment take, unlesse
She *Lives*, to spit out her *Unthankfulnesse*.

49.

As when the *Lyon*'s let loose to his prey,
With furious Joy he shakes his dreadfull Crest,
He mounts his sirly Tail, and tears his way
Into the Theater: So *Satan* prest (was cheap
Down through the Sphears, and thought his shame
He suffer'd there, since he his End did reap.

50.

At first he hop'd he might have reach'd his Aim
By the fell *Agents* he dispatch'd from Hell:
But when without their Errand home they came,
Himselfe thus to the cursed Business fell,
Resolv'd whatever labour or Disgrace
It cost Him, *Psyche* should not scape his chase.

51.

Down through the Sphears he prest, and proudly threw
Scorn on the Stars which He could not possesse,
Then through the Aire imperiously He flew,
And by his Looks proclaim'd *that Realm* was his:
The blackest Clouds which there did swimm, made
Away, till *He more black than they*, were past. (haste

52.

His swarthy Wings lash'd the soft *Element*
With violent speed, and made it roar aloud;
No *Winde* did ever with such furious Bent
Or hideous Noise through the milde Region crowd;
No Bolt of Thunder ever rent its path
With such impatient and tumultuous Wrath.

53.

Thus came the *Monster* to his dearest Place
On Earth, a Palace wondrous large and high;
For on *seav'n Mountains* it erected was,
All which it higher rais'd with Majesty;
Thus by its seav'nfold Tumor copying
The number of the *Horns* which crown'd its *King*.

54.

Of *dead Mens Bones* were all th' exterior Wals
Rais'd to a fair, but yet an hideous Height;
In answer to which strange Materials,
A Ditch digg'd wondrous deep and broad, did wait
Upon the Works, fill'd with a piteous flood
Of every sort of *holy harmlesse Blood*.

55.

Those awfull Birds, whose Joy is ravenous War,
Strong-tallond *Eagles*, perch'd upon the head
Of every Turret, took their prospect far
And wide about the World, and questioned
Each *Winde* that came that way, to know if they
Could tell them news of any *bloody Prey*.

56.

The inner Bulwarks were of shineing *Brasse*,
With *Firmitude* and *Pride* all Buttressed;
In at the Gate of polish'd *Steel* did passe
The whole Worlds Confluence, and offered
Their slavish Necks, to take the Yoke which there
That Places *Tyrant* did for Them prepare.

57.

But thick, within the Line, erected were
Innumerable *Prisons*, plated round
With massie *Iron*, and with jealous *Fear*;
In every one of which was a profound
And mirey *Dungeon*, where contagious *Stink*,
Cold, *Anguish*, *Horror*, had their dismall sink.

58.

In these, press'd down with Chains of fretting Brasse
Ten thousand innocent *Lambs* did bleating ly,
Whose woefull Groans, help'd by the hollow Place
Summon'd Compassion from the Passers by;
But every one they as relentlesse found
As was the *Brasse* which them to *Sorrow* bound.

For

59.

For they designed for the *Shambles* were,
To feast the *Tyrants* greedy Cruelties,
Who could be pleased with no other Fare;
So barbarous was her constant Luxurie:
Though other store she had for her repast,
She with an hundred *Lives* would *break her fast*.

60.

Vast were the Treasures of her House; yet she
Took pleasure in no other Furniture
But choisest *tools of Inhumanitie*,
Which might her bloody Ends to her assure:
This made her Palace thick with Engins ly,
And every Room become an *Armory*.

61.

Swords, Daggers, Bodkins, bearded Arrows, Spears,
Nails, Pinsers, Crosses, Gibbets, Hurdles, Ropes,
Tallons of Griffens, Paws and Teeth of Bears,
Tygres and Lyons Mouths, hot-iron Hoops,
Racks, Wheels, Strappado's, brazen Cauldrons which
Boiled with oyle, barrels of flaming Pitch:

62.

Yea things more barbarous yet than these were there;
Fairfaced *Promises*, but lin'd with *spight*;
High royal out-side *Courtesies*, yet meer
Traps and *Conspiracies*, which with Delight
To heedlesse Men the worst of Poisons give,
And stealing to their Hearts, slay them alive.

63.

Satan arrived here, strait entred in;
(For well He knew the Place, and well was known,)
The fawning *Courtiers* all were proud to win
His gracious Look, and in his way fell down
To beg his Blessing, and his Hand to Kisse,
As in unto their *Soveraign* He did presse.

64.

She then (for long within she could not stay)
Was marching out, her Chariot to take,
So loud her stomack bark'd for some new Prey:
But spying *Belzebub*, she started back,
Being surpris'd with reverence to see
The presence of her onely *Deitie*.

65.

Then down she fell, and pray'd him to ascend
Her throne imperial, which was standing there,
And thence his Pleasure unto her commend,
Prepar'd with all Humilitie to hear
What busines made her *God* vouchsafe to come
And visit worthlesse her in her poor home.

66.

But kindely *He* took up his loyall *Creature*
And in his scaley Arms did her embrace,
Enamor'd of her correspondent Feature
Which rendred Him his own Infernal Face.
Three times He Kiss'd and hug'd her close, and round
About her Waste his *royal tail* He wound.

67.

And, I have no such leisure now, said *He*,
To climbe *thy throne*, who must look to *mine own*;
I have discover'd in my *Britanie*
The Seeds of dangerous *Rebellion* sown,
Which, if it grow unto an Harvest, may
Disturb mine Empire, and thine oversway.

68.

The *Christian* spreading *Canker* there hath got
Deep footing in the Hearts of careless Men,
Who to the poore *Mechanick God* are not
Asham'd to pay their holiest Homage, when
With credit They might it to *Ade* prefer,
Who am, I trow, *more than a Carpenter*.

69.

Me thinks my *Scepter* should as noble be
As *Ax* or *Mallet*; and as brave my Train
Of Heav'n descended *Sparks*, the gallanty
Of whose high Soules did *Gods* own yoke disdain,
As those who leaping from their *Fishing Boat*,
Into the thred-bare Court of *Jesus* got.

70.

They use to cast it in our Teeth, that We
By the black Powers of Spels and Incantations
Do both support and spread our Monarchie:
As if there were not stranger Conjurations
In this besotting *Witchery* which can
Make more than Beasts of Reasonable Man.

71.

For canst thou pick out any Beasts among
The silliest Flocks, who would themselves commit
To *Him* who leaves them free to any *Wrong*,
And tels them plainly they must suffer it
For his *dear sake*? Right *dear*, indeed, if they
Their lives unto His Memory must pay.

72.

Mad were the *Sheep* which would attendant be
Upon a Sheepheard who did them assure
That for that onely *Cause* the Tyrannie
Of thousand *Wolves* and *Bears* they must endure:
Nay *Sheep* would never be *so sheepish*; yet
Men to this Paradox themselves submit.

Pract

73.

Grant Heav'n be in reversion their own;
What shall the fondlings get by being there,
Who must eternaly be crouching down
And paying Praise's tribute to *His* Ear
Who will requite them with a Chain which shall
Keep ev'n their *Wils* in everlasting *Thrall*.

74.

Were not their Soules more generous, if they
The gallant *freedome of our Hell* would choose,
Which knows not what it meaneth to *Obey*,
But lets full *Blasphemy* for ever loose?
Faint-hearted fools, who needs will *Vassals* be,
For *fear* least I should make them truely *free*.

75.

Thou see'st this sin is crying, and for high
Revenge beats loud upon my royal Ear:
And should my *Fury* wake, and instantly
Those mad Apostates all in peeces tear,
Surely my Justice I could well acquit;
However envious *Heav'n* would raile at it.

76.

But I (for this doth best become a *King*)
A better relish finde in *Lenity*:
I know the *Galileans* Tongues doe ring
With restlesse Clamours on my *Tyranny*,
Forgetting that their *Lord* did banish Me
From Heav'n, against all *Law* and *Equitie*.

77.

Yet shall not they Me so ignoble make
As to requite their *Basenesse* in its kinde:
No: let them henceforth Demonstration take
In what a pack of Forgeries combin'd
Unto my Charge they lay all *Cruelties*:
Judge all the World, who *Father is of lyes*.

78.

For I resolved am at first to try
Them by my royall *Mercy* to reclaim:
Far rather would I win them thus, than by
Stern *Vengeance* utterly extirpate them.
The Peoples fault alas, is not so great
As *His*, whose *Gospel Pipe* charm'd them to it.

79.

My pleasure therefore is, that thou mak'st speed
To *Britain*, and divulge my Proclamation
Of *Grace* and *Pardon* unto every Head
Which strait abjures that dangerous *Innovation*,
And, penitent for his *Christian Heresie*,
With orthodox Devotion Bows to *Me*.

80.

But if my princely *favour* be despised,
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* must needs my Rage approve;
Denounce all *Vengance* that can be devised
By scorn'd, and therefore most indignant *Love*:
Make all the stupid stubborn Rebels feel
That *Maries Son* cannot *my Wrath* repell.

81.

This said, The *Furie*, who had all this while
Smiled in hopes of her new Task, made haste
To take her Coach, and thought each step a Mile
As through the spatious House to it she past.
Then mounting at the Gate, they parced, *He*
Home to his Hell, and towards *Britain She*.

82.

Forthwith in terrible Magnificence
An hundred Trumpets sent their Voice before
To tell the People that their awfull *Prince*
Her Progress now began: That stately *Roar*
Through every street imperiously flew,
And warned All, this mightie sight to view.

83.

When lo the sweating throngs bespred her way
With admirations of her Pomp and Train:
Before the Chariot *two* road single, they
Suspition were and *Envy*; both did rein
Their fitting Steeds, the one a *Fox*, the other
A *Wolfe*, and forced them to march together.

84.

Next follow'd *Pride* upon a sirly Horse,
Whose stomack neer as high as *hers* did swell;
Fire sparkled in his eyes, and martial force
In the bent Bow of his large neck did dwell;
About he flung his Foam, and champ'd his Bit,
For both his Rider he disdain'd, and it.

85.

But she an *Ensigne* in her right Hand held,
Whose bosome she displayed to the Winde:
Forthwith the Flag with stately fulnes swell'd,
Wherein the *Tyrants* golden Scutcheon shin'd,
A wide-spred *Eagle*, whose faire Pinions seem'd
To bear her up still as the *Colours* stream'd.

86.

Then came the Coach, which two strange Monsters drew,
For one a dreadfull *Lybian Dragon* was,
Who from his Mouth did flaming Sulphure spew,
And poisned all the Way which he did passe:
The other an enormous *Crocodile*
The most accursed Son of happy *Nile*,

87.

On them two feirce *Postillions* mounted were;
Intolerable head-strong *Anger*, who
To lash her *Dragon* never did forbear
Though he with *Furie*'s violent Feet did goe;
And *Cruelty*, whose Heart was harder than
Her knotty *Crocidles* black iron Skin.

88.

Upon the Coachbox sate a *Driver* hight
Selfe-will, a mad-braind most outrageous *He*:
Who in impatient Speed doth still delight:
Though thousand Perils in his Passage be:
Never could Hils or Dales, or Sea or Land,
Or desperate Precipices make Him stand.

89.

The Metall of the Chariot all was *Brasse*,
Bright burning *Brasse*, which upon either side
With sharp and cruel Hooks thick platted was,
To mow down All it met: In this did ride
The dreadfull *Queen*, a *Queen* of mighty Fame;
Who hath not heard of *Persecutions* Name?

90.

Whatever makes the Tigres Faces be
Of ravenous *Crueltie* the hideous Book,
With indefatigable Industry
She had transcrib'd into her monstrous Look:
Heav'n sheild all pious Soules, and turn their *Fears*
To generous *Faith* when ever *She* appears.

91.

Her Coat is Steell, besmeared all with blood,
And in her Hand she holds a Twist of Snakes,
With which, though still her *Coachman* never stood,
Eternaly she threshes Him, and makes
His furious *Speed more speedy* grow, that she
Might at her Prey as soon's her *Wishes* be.

92.

Thus whirl'd she through the Popular Rout and flew
To her desired *Isle* the straitest way.
Behinde the Coach her cursed *Train*, she drew
All glad to tread her cruel Steps, for they
No other were but her own hellish Brood
Whom she had nurs'd and fatned up with Blood.

93.

Upon a *Goat*, more stinking far than he,
Rode *Ravishment*, who threw his licorish Eyes,
And they black fire, on every Company
Of *Females* of what ever age or guise:
The Chariots haste he curs'd a thousand times
Which snatch'd Him from the fuel of his Crimes.

94.

Perch'd on a Vultures back was *Rapine*, who
In length of Tallons did that Bird exceed;
Starv'd with Desire, though fat in Spoils, she so
Tormented was, that still she wish'd more speed
Had hurried on the Coach, that ravenous she
Might sooner at her *British* Banquet be.

95.

Upon an *Ostrich*, more unnatural
Than was her barbarous Bird, rode *Astorgie*,
Vowing aloud to tear in sunder all
Those cords of love which did together tie
The Soules of Parents and of Children, and
Break the sweet Links of every *Nuptial Band*.

96.

Mounted upon an *Hydra*, *Heresie*
With more and stranger heads than had her *Steed*,
Rejoyc'd in hope that now contagious she
Her Poison to another World should spread,
And *Albions* Sands which brideled in the Sea
Should by her *stouter Tide* o'r-flowed be.

97.

On a black grizlie *Dog* rode *Profanation*;
She who ne'r learn'd distinction of *Place*
Or *Time* or *Things*; who never yet could fashion
A modest Look, or paint upon her face
The least glimpse of a Blush; who would not hear
That *Altars* holyer then *Dressers* were.

98.

Bold *Sacrilegde* sate pertly on a *Kite*; (Wings,
And though her Claws were burn'd, and sing'd her
E'r since she from the Altar took her flight,
(For *vengefull Coals* stuck to the Sacred Things,)
Branding the saucy *Theif*,) yet shameless she
A robbing *Heav'n* and *God*, again would be.

99.

Upon a *Serpent* bred in Hell beneath,
Which belched fire at every Step he took,
Which reached Heav'n with his pestiferous breath,
Which fought with holy *Incense* by the Smoke
Of his foule Throat, rode fouler *Blasphemie*,
And dared all the way *Divinity*.

100.

But on an *Heifer* of *Ægyptian* Race;
Right proud of his Extraction, (for he
The Heir of *Apis* and of *Isis* was,)
Sate full as grosse a Brute, *Idolatrie*:
And yet *Devote's*, grosser than her Beast,
Or she, about her with their Offrings prest.

And

101.

And this was *Persecutions* royal *Train*,
Which all the way she went, stroke mortal fright
Into the Countries, travelling in *Pain*,
As she in *Triumph*, till her speedy flight
Had born her past them, and gave them release
From their dark Dens and hollow Privacies.

102.

Poor *Albion* thrice started as she drew
Neer to her shore, and would have further run
Into the Sea: but now the *Tyrant* flew
With cursed joy into possession
Of the unhappy *Isle*, where dreadfull She
Took up her quarters in a *Colonie*.

103.

From thence she issued out her Proclamations
Of *Pardon* unto all that would come in;
But back'd it with severest Denuntiations
To those who still continued in their *Sin*,
Who still would waste their Piety upon
The *Carpenters* poor *Crucified Son*.

104.

She summond all the *Isle* to *Reformation*,
That mighty *Jove* by whose high blessing she
Reign'd *Queen* of all the World, in worthy fashion
And like his supream *Self*, might Worshipp'd be;
That pleased *He* might rain his favours down,
And *Albion* with Peace and Plenty crown.

105.

For by her royal *Declaration* She (wars,
All blastings, mildews, droughts, plagues, earthquakes,
Laid to the sole charge of *Christianitie*;
Which impious *Sect*, said she, so boldly dares
The Wrath of all the *Gods*, that righteous They
Upon the Earth must needs this veng'ance lay.

106.

Forthwith, all *those* whose bosomes tainted were
With the rank Venome of *Idolatry*,
Luxuriously joy'd the news to heare,
And with immediate Confluence did fly
To doe their homage, and their thanks prefer
Ev'n in the Name of *succoured Jove*, to *Her*.

107.

Then *They*, who could have loved Piety;
Yet none but faint and timorous Virtue knew;
They in whose Hearts the *World* and *Self* did ly,
As well as *Jesus*; They who would have drew
In th' *Euangelick yoke* with patience, so
Mean while their *secular Plough* might also go;

108.

They who conceiv'd for *Wives* and *Childrens* sake,
Who were depending upon their sole Care,
(So dream't the faithlesse fondlings) they might make
A little bold with *God*; And they who were (be
In hopes *Heav'n* to their Prayers would courteous
And wink at what flow'd from *Necessitie*,

109.

Came in the Reare like Men who *Scarcely came*,
For not so much as half their Mindes were there;
Under the *Evenings* guilty veil their shame
They sheltered, for they *Days* Eys did fear.
Unhappy Men, what aile you thus to go?
Your selves condemn your selves for what you doe.

110.

But they whose loyalty was firm and sound,
They who to *Love* intirely had resign'd
Themselves, such sweetnes in his service found
As left the Baits of all the World behinde:
Such sweetnes as enforced to be sweet
That Gall which flow'd in *Persecutions* Threat.

111.

Sooner will They be charmed by the *Hisse*
Of a fell *Dragon*, to his Den to goe,
Than be perswaded to accept of this
So treacherous and destructive *Pardon*: no,
What e'r They loose, they from their *Losse* will reap
This noble *Gain*, that they *Themselves will keep*.

112.

Their Life, their Fame, Estate, and Liberty,
They can more easily than their *Conscience* spare:
They nothing count their Own, which cannot be
Without Impiety possest; and are
Content with any Thing *but God* to part,
Who onely can secure Them their own Heart.

113.

Psyche was one, and not the meanest One,
Of these brave Champions, who, since *Phylax* had
(Heav'n having so dispos'd) left her alone,
Her meek Addresses to *Uranius* made;
An holy *Priest* was He, and unto Her
An Oracle in any Doubt or fear.

114.

To you, said She, my reverend *Father*, I
Now *Persecutions* furious *Storm* doth rise,
As to my wise and faithfull *Pilot* fly,
Not to be steered where *Calamities*
May never reach my *Vessel*; but to know
The neerest way how I to them may row.

115.

Forbid it genuine *Love*, that I should fly
The noblest Testimony I can give
Of my, ô how deserved, Loyalty
Unto my *Spouse*, for whom alone I live:
For him I live; and must that *Truth* deny,
If in his Quarrell I refuse to dy.

116.

Was not *His* Life ten thousand times more dear
And pretious than *Mine*? yet generous *He*
The utmost drop of his Heart-blood could spare
Ev'n for the worst of Worms, vile sinfull *Me*:
Loud cries the merit of this Blood, and I
Could I dy *oft* for Him, in debt should dy.

117.

And, should I shrink from *one* poor Death, what Eye
Would not shoot Wrath at such Unthankfulnesse?
How should I hate my Selfe, and strive to dy
For shame of Fearing Death? yet, I confesse,
This Life so wretched is and poor, that we
By Martyrdome do Heav'n no Courtesie.

118.

Mine all the *Gains* will be; nor know I how
To scape this Profit: which if I could shun,
My Death more Solace would to me allow,
And to the Stake I cheerlier should run.
But since that may not be; since *Blisse* is still
Ti'd to these *Suffrings*, let *Love* have his Will.

119.

Let *Love* assert his own Magnificence,
And make Us for our very *Service* be
Deeper in *Debt* to him: yet I will hence
Revenge me of His Liberality,
And doe my best to run upon the Score
With this great *Creditor* forevermore.

120.

But sage *Uranius*, who was better read
In the cool *Gospel Discipline* repli'd,
The fire by which those flames of thine are bred
Is pure and genuine; but they blaze too *wide*:
Dear *Daughter* be content, and think that I
Can wish and dare, as well as you, to Dy.

121.

Yet I am not so hasty to prevent
My *Spouse's* pleasure, who, for ought I know,
Desires *Uranius* should rest content
To wrestle still with Sorrows *here below*;
Still to be exil'd from the blessed Sight
Of his dear Eyes, and grovell here in Night.

122.

Besides, if I before *His Call* should run,
This hot Impatience might out-strip his Grace:
And how should feeble I, thus left alone,
Finde courage to out-look the dreadfull Face
Of *Death*, when dress'd in martial Array
He gives the Onset to my *Dust* and *Clay*.

123.

What *General* will thank that *Captain*, who
Without Commission has presum'd to fight?
Into the Lists of any *Prisner* goe
With Tigres or with Bears to trie his Might
E'r He be call'd, what Eye will grieve to see
His torn Limbs pay for his *Temeritie*.

124.

It is enough if when We *challeng*'d are,
We flinch not from Professing his sweet *Name*,
Which in our Bosomes sits more neer and dear
Than Life it selfe. Mean while think it no shame
To balk the Tempest,, which will easily finde
Thy Haven, and Thee, if *Jesus* have a minde.

125.

As the *young Soldier*, who was more on fire
Than his fierce sparkling Steed, the *Charge* to give,
When by some *old Commander* his Desire
As rash and perilous, doth a Curb receive,
Almost as hard he findes it to subdue
His single *Selfe*, as all his *Hostile Crew*,

126.

So *Psyche* crossed in her venturous Way
By the grave bulk of the sage *Priests Advice*;
Found it an heavy troublous Task to stay,
And shun the winning of her dearest Prize:
Yet knowing He was wiser far than She,
She bravely yeilds, and gains *Selfe-victory*.

127.

Uranius well remembred now how He,
Then young and shiftlesse: by his Parents was
Into a Nest of silent Privacie,
To which they through a Wildernes did passe,
Hurri'd by Night, when such a *Storm* as this
Into the *Britain Hemisphear* did presse.

128.

Thither, when Ev'n had muffled up the Eye
Of Heav'n, and those of Earth, he *Psyche* led;
For by a Lanthorn which would not descry
More than he pleas'd, her way he governed:
And so arrived at the Cavern, where
Cheerly he bad the *Mayd* be of good cheer.

129.

It is no new Adventure this, said he,
But practis'd and well season'd to our hand:
Moses, that *Man of God*, was glad to flee,
And wander up and down a forreing Land:
No Partridge on the Mountains ever was
More than good *David*, chas'd from place to place.

130.

Noble *Elijah* in the Desert hid
His persecuted head, when *Jezebel*,
Our *Tyrants Type*, her threatnings thundered
Against his Life: there he alone did dwell
Having no kinde of Caterer or Cook
But a poor *Raven*, no Cellar but a *Brook*.

131.

Nay, even *Jesus* too himselfe did flie,
When bloody *Herod* drew his desperate Sword:
And never think it can discredit thy
Devotion to follow *Him* thy *Lord*
In any of his Steps, who onely was
The *Way* by which We to *Perfection* passe.

132.

Whilst thus the good *old Man* encourag'd her:
A Troop of furious *Soldiers* had by night
Beset their Houses, in presumption there
To finde their helpless Prey; But when their flight
They understood, their frustrate Expectation
Flam'd into most impatient Vexation.

133.

All rooms they ransack'd, where what Goods they met
Were hungry *Plunders* instant Sacrifice:
Yet still their Rage unsatisfied, set
The Houses too on Fire, and with loud Cries
Threatned to serve the *Owners* so, when e'r
Justice could make Discovery where they were.

134.

If any of the Neighbours, wounded by
The salvage Spectacle, but smote their Breast,
Or shak'd their Head, or mourned in a Sigh;
The barbarous *Caytiffs* took it for confest
That to their *Queen* they *ill affected* were,
And instantly to *Poison* them did tear.

135.

Yet by the way, the cruel Courtesie
Of hungry *Theeves* they freely offer'd them
Who ready were their lives and liberty
With *present summs of Money* to redeem:
Their *Queen* is safe enough, so *they* can line
Their greedy Purses with *Delinquents Coin*.

136.

But through the Eastern Rubie Portals now
Aurora op'd the Passage to the *Day*:
When loe an old and shaggie *Lyon*, who
Had busie been all night about his Prey,
Came panting Home, and roaring loudly when
He drew neer to the Entrance of his Den.

137.

This Den was that in which for shelter lay
The good *Uranius* and *Psyche*, who
Rouz'd by the Noise, but having now no way
To flie the presence of their salvage Foe,
Their Hearts to Heav'n with instant fervor sent,
Imploring Succour in this Perils dint.

138.

In came the *Beast*, whose dreadfull Mouth and Paw
Still reeked with the Blood of his torn Prey:
But those unwonted *Guests* when there he saw,
Stroke with the awfull News, he made a stay,
And as he wistly look'd, he smooth'd his frown,
And by degrees his Crest and Tail let down.

139.

Uranius musing what the *Lyon* meant
To melt so from himselfe, thus him bespake:
If *He* who is our *Lord* and thine, hath sent
Thee hither with Commission to take
Our lives, by *gentler Tyrannie* than that
From which We fled; loe we deny them not.

140.

Much Solace it will be to Us, that we
Augment not by our Deaths the *Guilt of Men*;
This bloody Trade doth better suit with *Thee*
Of salvagenes the dreadfull *Soveraign*, than
With them, whose softer Constitutions be
Temper'd and tuned fit for Clemencie.

141.

Yet if thou dost not on *Heav'ns* Errand come,
But the sole bus'nesse of thy *barbarous Thirst*;
Unarmed though we be, no Peril from
Thy Paws or Jaws we dread; doe all thy worst.
So faithfull *He*: and so said *Psyche* too;
And waited what the *Beast* would dare to doe.

142.

When loe, the trusty generous *Lyon*, who
No Vengance ought to *Men*, but where he saw
The print of *Guilt*, and of *Rebellion* to
Their common *Soveraign*; did meekly throw
Himselfe before these *Saints*, in whom he read
The Lines of reverend *Innocence* fairly spred.

143.

Then having humbly lick'd their holy Feet,
And seem'd to beg their *blessings* e'r he went;
What universal *Providence* findes meet,
Uranius cry'd, (perceiving what he meant,)
And usefull for thee, may it given be
In due requital of thy Pietie.

144.

Which said: the joyfull *Lyon* took his leave
With the best manners his rude Education
Could him afford. The sight made *Psyche* grieve,
Reflecting with a sober Meditation
On those *unmanly Men* she fled from, who
In Barbarousnes did *wildest Beasts* outgoe.

145.

And well she might: for now a trusty *Friend*
Both to the Priest and Her, who knew the Place
Of their abode, his way did thither rend
With Ashes on his head, grief in his Face:
He being entred, silent stood a while,
For Groans his breast, and sighs his Mouth did fill.

146.

But having prefac'd thus, alas, he cry'd,
That I have liv'd to bring this wofull *News*!
Your selves have by your flight escap'd the tide
Of Salvagenes which all our Town embrues;
But nothing else; for what behinde you left,
The Booty is of most *outrageous Theft*.

147.

Your Houses, turn'd to their own funerall Pile,
Now in their Ashes lye — vast sorrow here
Stifeled the rest. But then, thy stories stile
To Us is not so dreadfull; never fear
That what remains will trouble us, replies
The *Priest*, who dare embrace our Miseries.

148.

What e'r was ours, alas We never *Made*,
But by *Donation* did it Possesse:
All that We had, We but as *Stewards* had;
Well may our Master call for what was *His*.
And Blessed be his Name, who Us from these
Encumbrances so freely doth release.

149.

Chidden by this Heroick Braverie
The *Messenger* took heart, and thus went on:
Had furious Tyranny presum'd to flie
No higher than at you, and yours, alone,
Tears might have reach'd that losse: but who can (wail
Enough, when *God himself* it doth assail!

150.

The desperate *Catyffs* feared not to break
Into the sacred *Oratorie*, (where
Our Busnes We with *Heav'n* dispatch'd, for lack
Of publike safetie for our *Rites*,) and there
Made desperat havock, challenging, in spight,
God for his *Temple* and *Himself* to fight.

151.

The Sacred *Bible* they no sooner saw,
But in foule indignation they cry'd,
Behold these *Galileans* lawlesse *Law*,
Which doth all other *Statutes* break beside
Whether of *Cæsar* or of *Jove*: but We
Will try if this may now not *broken be*.

152.

With that, they in a thousand peeces tor 't:
Then, on *Devotions Prop*, the *Liturgie*,
They made their equaly malitious sport,
Crying, these are those leaves of Witcherie,
That Bulk of Conjurations and Charms
Which have occasioned the whole Worlds Harms.

153.

Next, all the *Altars* reverend Furniture
They snatch'd, and scrambled who should rifle most;
The sacerdotal *Vestments*, white and pure,
About the room at first in scorn they tost;
Then with new Insolence put them on themselves;
So in meek *Lamb-skins* walk the murdering *Wolves*.

154.

Upon the *Chalice* when they had espied
The *Shepheard* bringing home the strayed *Sheep*,
Like roaring Hel-hounds with one voice they cryed,
Look how these *Christians* set their *God* to keep
Their *Wine*: but fools they should have hir'd a friend
Which might his *Godship* from our hands defend.

155.

Is not our *Pan* more like a God than this!
Pan, who doth all the Tribe of *Shepheards* keep,
Whil'st this poor servile *Thing* contented is
To spend his time on silly rotten *Sheep*;
But since He's here of *Silver*, in our need
His *Deitie* may stand Us in some stead.

156.

When in these Contumelies they their fill
Had wantonized; one a dead Dog brings,
Which, having stopp'd his Nose, (for the rank smell
Reveng'd his Crime,) He on the Altar flings,
And with blasphemous supplication cryes,
Accept ô *Christ*, my bounden Sacrifice.

Then

157.

Then, said Another, We must not forget
Humbly to tender our *Drink-offring* too:
With that, upon the Altar thrice he spit,
And having fill'd a putrified shoe
With his vile Urine, on his bended Knee
He poured out his foule Impiety.

158.

But then a third, to make their sin compleat,
Yelling and rayling, set the Place on Fire:
For since, said he, this *Jesus* is so great
A God, his *Deity* may well require
An *Holocaust*: which Word, and Act, the Rout
Applauded with an universall Shout.

159.

No more, *Uranius* cri'd; dear *Friend* forbear,
Till We have pour'd out our due Tears for this.
That *Jesus* and his *Temple* wronged are,
Our *sins*, and ours alone, the reason is.
Our *Breach* of his Commandments is the *Gap*
Which let into *his house* this foule *Mishap*.

160.

This said; the Reins unto loud Lamentation
Both *He* and *Psyche* liberaly gave.
When loe a strong and mix'd Vociferation
Conquer'd their Cries, and triumph'd in the Cave:
They thought some *Huntsmen* were abroad, and so
It prov'd: for *hunting* they *for Men* did goe.

161.

It was that *Rout*, who when thy mis'd the *Priest*
At his own house, concluded he was fled,
And in the Desert sought some private Nest
Wherein to hide his Persecuted Head:
But They all bent and sworn to hunt him out
A Pack of *Bloodhounds* with them thither brought.

162.

Asup and down they trac'd the Solitude,
A busie *Cur* unto the Cave drew neer;
Who having found the wished Sent, persu'd
It close, and entred where those Weepers were:
Whom spying, wide He opened, and hould,
Till he to all the *Rabble* Tales had told.

163.

This brought them tumbling thither; where when they
Beheld *Uranius*, with a barbarous Crie
Up went their Voice and Hands, to pull *Dismay*
Down on their *Prisner*; whom forthwith they tie
Unto the *Hound* which found him out, that he
Might his contemptible Conducter be.

164.

The *holy Captive* knew it was in vain
To ask their Madnesse why it us'd Him so;
Or what Offence of his had ern'd that Chain:
But in meek Silence ready was to goe.
Thus harmlesse Lambs are in their Suffrings mute;
And never with the Butchers Knife dispute.

165.

As *Psyche* at his Back lamenting stood,
One who pretended to have something still
Of Man and Kindnesse, bad her stop that flood
Which poor seduced She amisse did spill,
And weep no more to see *Him* Prisner, who
Had by Enchantments her enslaved so,

166.

For this your lurking, and your wailing here;
Tell Us he hath bewitched you to his
Rediculous Religion; yet were
That *onely such*, said He, we would not presse
The Law against Him; but the whole World knows
That with the worst of Wickednesse it flows.

167.

Him, the *Ring-leader* of the Crime will We
To Justice sacrifice: but as for you,
Whose Guilt, we hope, is but Simplicity,
To your lesse fault we pardon will allow:
And to your silly *Servant* here, if He
Henceforth will doe his best, more Wise to be.

168.

Psyche with silent and with sad Disdain
Threw back his Courtesie into his face.
For though her heart at present did refrain
To speak it selfe, yet She resolved was;
Resolved not to leave her *Friend* that day,
Though *Death* and *Devills* did obstruct her way.

169.

And now the raging Caytiffs drew the *Priest*
Unto the Town with shameless Exclamations;
And all the way his Patience oppresst
With Kicks, and Stripes, and Taunts, and Accusations:
Which sad Procession terminated was
By the Tribunal, where the *Saint* they place.

170.

A *Deputy* of *Persecution* there
Was ready on the Bench, and standing by
A fair and new erected Altar where
Prepared Coals of fire did glowing ly;
Neer which stood one with incense in his Hand
To wait upon the *Deputies Command*.

Uranius

171.

Uranius thus presented at the Bar;
The *Judge* begins an insolent Oration,
In which He taken had sufficient care
To blast and to blaspheme the *Christian* Nation,
Unto whose charge He boldly layed all
The Miseries which did that Age befall.

172.

Nor those alone, (which his *Queens Declaration*
Prompted Him with,) but all that Calumny
Could possibly invent; the Combination
Of bloody and unclean Impiety
Which made the *Gnosticks Name* so horrid, He
Avow'd the *Christian Discipline* to be.

173.

His Pagan *Gods* He praised to the skies,
(A place which they, alas, could never reach,)
But heap'd on *Christ* all slanderous Injuries
Which Envy could suggest, or Hell could teach.
And at each Period the *Peoples Roar*
Pour'd proud Applause upon their *Orator*.

174.

But in the Close He gravely turn'd his Speech
With cruel Pitty to *Uranius*,
Whom by his reverend Age He did beseech
No longer to be fool'd and cheated thus
By silly Wickedness, but choose their ods,
And take for *One*, a *multitude of Gods*.

175.

He straitly Him conjured to prefer
The *Deities* the whole World did adore,
Before the single simple *Carpenter*
Who found no worship but amongst a poor
Few sneaking and despised Soules, which He
(Vain God) could not protect from Miserie.

176.

And if He now refused to present
Incense to *Jove*, upon that Altar there,
He theatned him the utmost Punishment
Which mock'd and scorned *Mercy* could prepare.
This said: He shrunk his fawning face into
A frown, and waited what the *Priest* would doe.

177.

But *He*, right brave defiance did return
Upon the *Judge* for this his treacherous Love:
And, sooner I, said He, my Self will burn,
Then Incense to an *Idoll*: Could you prove
Your favour would not surely me destroy,
I it would hug with humble Thanks and Joy.

178.

But Sir, I am not now to learn, that they
On whom you thrust the Name of *Deities*,
Are weaker far than We poore *things of Clay*;
And that the *Carpenter* you so despise,
Is He who fram'd both you and me, and all
The Fabrick of this universal Ball.

179.

And His revenging Arm it is which now
Lasheth the World with those Calamities
Which to the charge of our *Religion* you
So freely lay: your own *Idolatries*
Force Him to *Justice*, who had rather be
Known unto all his World by *Lenitie*.

180.

If he thinks fit to rescue Me, it is
Not all your Power, or your *Queens*, can stand
Against his Might. Yet though I must by His,
Permitted be to your tyrannick Hand,
His Pleasure dearer is than life to Me:
I durst Die, but dare not Apostate be.

181.

No Sea repulsed by a solid Rock
E'r swell'd, and foam'd, and roar'd, with more disdain;
Than now the *Judge* to heare the *Prisner* mock
His *Gods* and *Him*: His throat he wide did strain,
And cry'd, then let Him *Burn*; since He denies
To offer, make Him be, *Joves Sacrifice*.

182.

The Souldiers who where much afrayd least He
Should have accepted of the *Judges* Grace,
Rejoyc'd and clapp'd their cursed Hands to see
That to their rage he now condemned was.
Away they hale him to the stake, and there
A Fort of Fagots round about him rear.

183.

Then, with a Brand, they from *Joves* Altar brought,
The Pile they kindle, and blow up the flame:
Which as it rose, they bellow'd out a Shout,
And cry'd, May this Reward betide all them
Who scorn the *Gods*, and fondly trust in *Him*
Who from the *Crosse* could not himself redeem.

184.

But milde *Uranius*, having kiss'd the stake,
And every Fagot which his Lips could reach;
Strong supplications unto Heav'n did make
For pardon for his raging *Murderers*, which
Blinded with spight, and Superstition,
Perceived not at all what they had done.

Then

185.

Then purer than the Flame, and brighter far
Which mounted from his Pile, his *Soule* did fly:
Higher than that it flew, and reach'd the Sphear
Not of the *Stars*, but of *Felicity*;
Where it was welcom'd to its final Home
By the illustrious *Crown of Martyrdome*.

186.

So when brave *Gold* hath by the Cruelty
Of the incensed Furnace been refined;
Its genuine Substance is allow'd to be
With the *Imperial Image* fairly signed:
Free leave and full authority it has
Current through all its Soveraigns Realm to passe.

187.

Psyche, who with sweet Tenderneſſe attended
Upon this holy *Tragick-Comedie*,
No sooner saw how gloriously it ended;
But, gravid with her pious *Plaudit*, she
Forgetfull of the furious Standers by,
Thus eas'd her Soules exultant Ecstasie,

188.

Goe valiant *Saint*, thy Conquest is compleat;
Goe, where immortal Laurel ready is
With endlesse Triumphs thy brave Head to meet;
Goe and possesse thy *Masters* Realm of Bliſſe:
Thy *Name* and *Fame* shall reverend be beneath
So long as *Piety* on earth shall breath.

189.

O may poor *Psyche* but obtain the Grace,
Though at the price of all the Worlds worst spight,
To kisse thy glorious Feet, and win a place
Where on thy Triumph I may wait: O might
I through thy hottest Flames climbe after Thee,
And from this mortal Drosse refined be.

190.

This pious Passion well beseemed Her,
And made good Musick in all holy Eares:
But like flat Discord it did grate and jar
Upon the *Soldiers*, whose most studious Cares
Were how to tune their Curses to a Key
Of wilde impetuous Importunity.

191.

And how intolerable unto Them
Was this her Note, they make her fully feel;
For running on her in a furious Stream,
With headlong haste they hurry her untill
They come unto the *Judge*, in Hopes that He
Their bloody Hungers Caterer would be.

192.

Here they exclaim that this bold *Woman* was
As *manly* as the *Priest* in wickedneſſe;
That she nor fear'd nor blush'd to make his Case
Heav'ns Quarrel, and his cursed Death to bleſſe:
That she must needs as guilty be as He
Of Sins Perfection, *Christianity*.

193.

Yea of the worst and foulest Part of it;
Witneſſe the Shelter of the Night, and Cave
In which they took them napping: which could fit
None but *Lusts* filthy Work. And now you have
Just Sir, said they, arreigned here before
Your Judgment Seat, a *Christian* and a *Whore*.

194.

But she, commanded by the *Judge* to make
Her own Apologie, (which best, said he
Will be evinc'd, if you that Centre take,
And by your *Offring*, choak all *Calumnie*;)
With elevated Eyes thank'd Heav'n for this
Occasion to aspire unto her Bliſſe.

195.

Then spreading all her face with gallant Joy,
Like a brave *Champion* ready for the fight,
Or like a *Bride* dreſs'd on her wedding Day,
Or silver *Venus* smiling in the Night,
Or brisk *Aurora* garnishing the Morn,
Or goodly *Ceres* golden in her Corn,

196.

Or rather like that glorious *Deacon* who
First op'd the rubie Gate of *Martyrdome*,
Whom sweet and princely Beams embelliſh'd so
That Heav'n it selfe aforehand seem'd to come
And pitch upon his Face, which to his Foes
An *Angels* Count'nance did in *Mans* disclose,

197.

She thus began: No Confutation, I,
But Thanks alone to my Accusers owe,
Who charge on Me no vulgar Piety,
But rank me with *Uranius*, and allow
That simple I deserve no leſſe than he
With *Martyrdomes* fair Crown adorn'd to be.

198.

Onely I must take leave to tell my *Foes*,
Their Spight in one thing much mistaketh Me;
For if I freedome had my *Flames* to choose,
I rather would for ever schorched be
With all Hells burning Sulphure, than give way
That *Lusts black Fire* should make my heart its Prey.

199.

But how have I demean'd my Selfe, that You
Wiſe Sir, ſhould think this wretched *Life* to Me
Can be more pretious, than the *Faith* I owe
To *Him*, who can from Deaths Captivity
Redeem his Subjects; and a Courſe will take
Uranius from his Aſhes how to rake.

200.

If e'r this Tongue of mine was known to ſpill
The leaſt Conſent or ſeeming Approbation
Of *You* or of your *Gods*, (which ſure my Will
Was never ptivie to,) this Deteſtation
May wipe it off, and make my Guilt proceed
As high as my Accuſers it did plead.

201.

Jove is no more, nay not ſo much, to Me,
As you, or as the meaneſt Wight that lives:
He to your *Fancies* ows his *Deity*,
And from your Superſtition receives
His livelihood: and therefore well may you
Be bold with him, and what you pleaſe allow.

202.

Sometimes a *Bull* muſt ſerve, ſometimes a *Swan*,
For *King of Gods and Men*; ſometimes a *ſhoure*
Of Gold, and when you kindeſt are, a *Man*;
But ſuch a *Man*, as waſte's his *God-ſhips* Power
In Luſt and Luxurie, that prudent Yee
May by your *Gods* Example wicked be.

203.

And muſt I offer Incenſe to perfume
His Name, the *Name of Filth and Stinks*? muſt I
Tempted by ſuch a wretched Bait, preſume
On *Jeſu*'s pure and mighty Majeſty?
No: Him indeed I fear, but dread not you,
Which with my Life I ready am to ſhow.

204.

Were I as foule as are your Thoughts of Me,
Were I the worſt of horrid Things, a *Whore*;
I ſee not why your goodly Piety
Should not convince you forthwith to adore
My wickedneſſe, and Me, unleſſe you will
Deny your *Venus* is a *Goddeſſe* ſtill.

205.

What *Perſica*, *Pertunda*, *Mutunus*,
What *Cyprian Rites*, what *Ithyphallies*, mean,
What ſacred ſport old *Baubo*'s glorious
Invention made to cheer up *Harveſts Queen*,
You, and your Temples know: but pardon Me,
If I bluſh to declare ſuch Villanie.

206.

No: it ſhall never ſtain this Tongue of mine,
This Tongue which doth its utmoſt homage owe
To *Jeſu*'s *Name*; that *Name* of moſt divine
Unſpotted Sweetneſſe. Doubt not Sir; although
I am a feeble Female, His dear Sake
My Reſolution Maſculine can make.

207.

The *Judge*, ſtung by this valiant Reply,
And highly ſcoroing to acknowledge in
A Woman ſuch heroick Conſtancy,
With envious Cunning cri'd, Now I have ſeen
More than enough to quit *Fame* from a lie,
Which charg'd ſuch Charms on *Chriſtianity*.

208.

If ever ſilly Soul enchanted were
With fawning undermining Witchery;
This obſtinate and retchleſſe *Woman* here
Is captive to that curs'd Impiety,
Being ſo monſtr ouſly Transform'd, that to
The *Gods*, and to *her Selfe*, ſhe's open Foe.

209.

But we muſt not be fierce, 'cauſe ſhe is Mad;
Perhaps this Spell is of ſhort date, and ſhe
Tam'd by a Priſons Hardſhip, may be glad
To turn into herſelfe again, and be
Content (which may the Gods vouchſafe to grant!)
Her Blaſphemy and Boldneſſe to recant.

210.

Great *Jove*, who heard when ſhe did him defie,
Forbore to fling his Lightning at her head;
And by that ſweet and heav'nly Lenity,
Of Patience to Us a Lecture read.
To Priſon with her, and inſtruct her there
By *Chains*, to quit *theſe Bands* which captive her.

211.

Laden with Irons, but much more with Scorn,
Poor *Pſyche* thus unto the Goale is led:
There in a Dungeon dark, deep, and forlorn,
That ſhe might double be impriſoned,
She plunged was; where, as ſhe 'gan to ſink
Into the naſtie Mire, ſhe wak'd the *Stink*.

212.

A *Stink* which would have ſcorn'd what *Arabie*
And all its Odours could againſt it doe;
An aged *Stink*, which did a mellowing lie
In that foule Grot; for it wat long agoe
Since any Thing diſquieted the Heap
Of poiſnous Loathſomeneſſe which there did ſleep.

Fal

213.

Fast in this torment stuck, afflicted she
No succour could receive from any friend;
The Jailer barr'd out all their Pietie
Who willing were some help to her to lend;
And onely once a day her furnished
With puddle Water, and course mouldy Bread.

214.

Yet harder than this *Diet*, was the *Grace*
He said to it: *Repent* unhappy Wretch,
Repent, he cry'd: Why should this wofull Place
Be dearer to thee than the favour which
The gentle *Judge* doth offer thee, if thou,
With *Him*, and our great *Queen*, to *Jove* wilt bow.

215.

This cursed Preachment grated sore upon
The Bowels of her tender Heart, who in
This wofull Leisure set her thoughts to run
Over the Ages most unhappy *Sin*,
Which now with zealous superstition rung
From her destructive *Keepers* pittying tongue.

216.

No Member e'r with such soft Sympathy
The wounds of its fraternal Part did feel;
As She that most contagious Malady
Which now had tainted *Albions* Common-weal;
And, like the *Plague indeed*, into the Heart
Its desperate Poison did directly dart.

217.

Inestimable Soules, (for such the Price
Which *Jesus* payed, proved them to be)
Their own illustrious value did dispise,
Selling themselves to *poore Idolatry*,
And at no higher Rate then to escape
Some worldly shame, and temporal mishap.

218.

Their dear *Redeemers* most transcendent *Love*
They kick'd and scorned, and his *Heav'n* with it;
And gave their service to ignoble *Jove*,
Although no Guerdon, but the lowest Pit
Of everflaming Torments did attend them, (them.
Where ev'n that *Jove* himself no help could lend

219.

This stung her Soule so deep, that she could give
Her life ten thousand times to death, if she
Might at that cost be able to reprieve
Her *Friends* and *Foes*, from this mad Miserie.
But seeing this unfeasible, the sight
Redoubled her compassionate sorrows weight.

220.

This fair advantage envious *Satan* took
To work upon her rockie Constancy:
Trusting at length that He should her provoke
To kisse the *Judge's* offerd Courtesie:
He hop'd that *Desolation*, gall'd by *Grief*,
Would stoop at length, and not disdain *Relief*.

221.

And yet her Charitable Meditation
Highly displeas'd Him: wherefore crafty He
Resolv'd perforce to knit her Contemplation
Close to her own new sprung Calamitie:
For all her Body He with flames did fill,
Which into burning Perls and Boils did swell.

222.

Her skin which was so white and sleek before,
All rugged now with odious tumors is:
From head to foot one universal sore
Arrays her round in a tormenting dress:
Thus the renouned *Prince of Uz*, of old
Wore this sad raiment, for his Roabs of Gold.

223.

Yet on *dry* Ashes *He* had leave to sit,
And with a Pot-sheard scrape his scurfie skin;
A comfort which poor *Psyche* could not get,
Being a weak and helpelesse Captive in
The thick relentlesse *Mire*, where she is fain
To rub her torturing swellings with her Chain.

224.

And yet these Torments lesse tormenting were
Than those which now her Parents treacherous Love
Heap'd on her wounded Soule: The *Judge's* ear,
And then his leave, they got, to come and prove
What their Perswasions with their Childe could do;
And cunningly they did their busnes too.

225.

Upon the Dungeons brink their Lamentation
They poured first, and then this charming cry:
Psyche, *ô Psyche*, if thy Tribulation
Be yet too weak to make thee bow to thy
Own rest and quiet; let thy *Parents griefe*
At least, by thy consent, obtain Relicte.

226.

The staffe of our decrepit years art Thou
Alone, dear *daughter*; all our joys in thee
Are fresh and young: O do not rob Us now
Of that by which we live, thy libertie:
Thy liberty, which we would rather choose
By any Hand, than by thine own to loose.

227.

The *Judge* would yeeld thee back to Us again:
And wilt *Thou cruel* be, when *He* is *Kinde*?
By thee have We deserved to be slain,
Who from all others Love and Pitty finde?
Though *thine own* Life thou strangely scorneſt, yet
Abhor not *ours* to whom thou oweſt it.

228.

Surely thy *Chriſt*, if He as Gentle be
As thou didſt vaunt Him for, will never give
Thee thanks for this unnatural Pietie
Which both thine own, and Parents Lives doth ſtrive
To undermine: O no! His Grace We know,
And honour His Compaſſion more than you.

229.

Our Faith in His abundant Mercy makes
Us, till this ſtorm be blown away, *Comply*:
His Ey, which through all Hearts its Proſpect takes,
Beholds that ours pant ſtill with loyalty
To Him, and his dear Laws; and therefore He
Propitious to our *Out-ſide fault* will be.

230.

And ſo, ſweet *Daughter* will He be to thine:
O then *accept* of what thou ought'ſt to *Crave*;
Enjoy the courteous *Sun* whil'ſt it doth ſhine,
And let this Dungeon not foreſtall thy grave:
Speak, ſpeak; and bid Us live with thee; or by
Thy wilful ſilence, ſend Us home to dy.

231.

So pleaded *they*. But *Pſyche* with a Groan
Fetch'd deeper than the bottome of her Grot,
Firſt vanquiſhed their Lamentation;
Then, with this moſt athletick Anſwer, what
Artillery their crafty tongues had brought
From Pieties ſtrong hold to force her out:

232.

I now no longer can the *Jailer* blame
Who tempted me my Liberty to gain
By being ſlave to *Jove's* accurſed *Name*,
And ſcorning *him* who on Heav'ns Throne doth reign:
Why ſhould I look that *Pagan He* ſhould be
Kinder than you my *Parents* are to Me?

233.

My *Chriſtian Parents*; if you yet dare own
That holy title, who invite me now
To kick at *Chriſt*. Alas that I am grown
So execrable in your Eys, that you
[As if this Dungeon were not deep enough,]
Into Hels bottom Me ſhould ſtrive to throw.

234.

The ſacred Law of *Filial Duty* I
Hold dearer than this World; for well I know
(Nor ſhall all Torments force me to deny
This truth,) that unto you my Life I ow;
Which in your ſervice if I ſhun or fear
To ſpend, may I prove an *Idolater*.

235.

But that's the *Life* by which I Priſner am
In this unworthy World; A *Life* I have
Which truer is unto its *active Name*,
A *Life* ſo high and pretious, that to ſave
It from the Jaws of endleſſe Death, *his own*
The *King of Heav'n* thought not much to lay down

236.

That Life I mean, by which my *Soule* doth live;
A *Life* which from your Loins I never drew;
And therefore you doe but your ſelves deceive
To think that this is to your Pleaſures due.
God is my *onely Father* here, and I
Intire to Him muſt keep my loyalty.

237.

As faſt as in this Mire I ſtick, *the way*
Of His Commands I now am running; and
Though you your Prayers, or your Necks ſhould lay
Full in my path my paſſage to withſtand,
I would not hear my *mortal duty* plead,
But on your Necks and Prayers freely tread.

238.

Yet Heav'n forbid I ſhould be forc'd to take
This hard experiment of Pietie.
O rather help to lead me to the ſtake,
And of my Combat there Spectators be:
You'l ne're repent you to have ſeen your own
Childe climbing up to Martyrdomes fair Crown.

239.

But ſince you know ſo well the vaſt extent
Of *Jeſu's Mercy*; know it not in vain:
Your own decrepit years bid you repent
With ſpeedieſt ſpeed: The foule and cankering ſtain
Of your *Idolatrous Complyance* dares
The utmoſt Power of your fulleſt *Tears*.

240.

Miſpend not then thoſe pretious *Beads* on Me,
Your ſelves need all their Ornament: and I
This onely favour crave, that you would be
But ſo courageous as yet to rely
On Heav'ns Protection: Speak, ô ſpeak, and eaſe
My throbbing hearts tormenting Jealouſies.

I burnt

241.

I burn, I burn in Anguiſh, till I hear
You by a brave Profeſſion defie
Thoſe Baits of ſecular ignoble *fear*
Which lured you to your Apoſtaſie.
Speak then, and make my Life be ſweet, in ſpight
Of all theſe Tortures which againſt it fight.

242.

So pious *She*. But feeble-hearted *They*,
Leaving no Anſwer but a faithleſſe Sigh
Their Griefs and Fears to witneſſe, went their way,
Confounded by their *Daughters* Conſtancy.
Yet by this foule Retreat They gave her more
Soule-piercing Wounds, then They had done before.

243.

For now her ominous Meditations threw
Her down into that Gulfe of flaming Pain,
Which to *Apoſtate Wickedneſſe* was due;
Where every Torment, every Rack and Chain
To which her *Parents* ſeemed now to goe,
Pour'd on her tender Heart a Sea of Woe.

244.

But as She ſtruggled to maintain this fight
Of mighty Charitie, She gan to faint.
When loe a ſudden unexpected Light
(A Thing with which that Grot did ne'r acquaint,)
The Place, and Her, with Glory did ſurpriſe,
Offring a radiant *Stranger* to her Eyes.

245.

For at her right Hand She beheld a *Mayd*
On whoſe fair Head a diamond Crown did ſhine;
With gentle Majeſty She was arrayd,
And all her Ornaments appear'd divine:
Pſyche amazed at the heav'nly Sight,
Would fain have kneel'd to doe the *Virgin* right.

246.

But as her Soreneſſe, Mire, and Chains forbad
That reverence, She fetc'd a modeſt Sigh:
To which the *Stranger* this milde Anſwer made:
I ſee thy Minde in thy ingenuous Eye;
Thy Courteſie by thy Deſire is done,
And now my ear'nd Requital muſt come on.

247.

This ſaid; She hugg'd her with a ſtrait Embrace;
So ſtrait, that cloſer than her Chains or Mire
It ſtuck, and deeplyer imprinted was
Than her Diſeaſe, through which it did tranſpire
Into her Heart, and girt it up ſo cloſe
That now no *Anguiſh* there could interpoſe.

248.

As He who is ſome wager'd Race to run,
Having his Loyns girt up, and being ſo
Collected and ti'd to Himſelf alone,
With lighter ſtouter Nimbleneſſe doth goe,
Than when his waſte He looſe about him ware,
And there for Wearineſe had room to ſpare;

249.

Embraced *Pſyche* thus perceiv'd her Breaſt
Lace'd ſtrait, and ſhrunk into *Collections Strength*:
As firſt She wonder'd her importunate *Gueſt*
So much ſhould preſſe her Court'ſie, but at length,
As that freſh Vigour glowed in her Heart,
She knew She onely ſqueaſed out her Smart.

250.

And now ſuch Courage in her Soule did reign,
That She rejoyc'd She had ſo hard a Race:
Her gauntlet She dares give to any *Pain*,
And the moſt tedious *Death* look in the face;
Her Chains to her no more then Bracelets are,
Her boiling Sores as *Pearls indeed* appear.

251.

Her *Parents Caſe* She to Heav'n Soveraign *Will*
Can freely now reſigne; that *Will* which though
It bitter ſeem to worldly Taſtes, yet ſtill
Doth unto uncorrupted Palats flow
With all the Soule of Sweetneſſe, and can make
From ſprings of Gall a flood of Honey break.

252.

She ſeems as yet not to have gain'd her ſhare
Of Pangs and Sufferings, and fears not to pray
That *He* Who did ſuch Strength for her prepare,
Would ſtill more load upon her Shoulders lay;
More fewell ſtill unto her fervour give,
Who now by nothing but by *Pains* could live.

253.

Nor was it wonder; for the *Stranger* here,
(Thenceforth a *Stranger* unto her no more,)
Was ſent from Heav'n a ſpecial Meſſenger
To heal her Heart, beginning to be ſore
With her Weak Body: Willingly She came
And did her Work, for *Patience* was her Name.

254.

The Eyes of Lambs ne'r darted meeker Raies
Then ſtream'd from hers; and yet the Lyons face
With ſtouter Bravery did never raiſe
His royal Looks, nor with more Courage gaze
Upon, and challenge *Terrors*, than does She,
Though ſoft as honey, or as Oyle She be.

255.

All over she was nothing else but skars
Writ large and fair to testifie what she
Had undergone in *Heav'ns victorious Wars*;
And yet these Characters her beautie be;
For with such silver light they smile, that they
Much like a Tire of Stars do her array.

256.

Her busines being thus dispatched, she
The cheer'd resolved Prisner leaves: when loe
The *Judge's* Messenger repair'd to see
If *Psyche* yet were fully tam'd, or no:
And standing at the Dungeons mouth, he cryes,
Learn wretched *Maid*, at length, learn to be wise.

257.

The *Judge*, upon whose Will thy Fate depends,
In spight of thy perversenes, tender is;
And me on *Mercies* Errand hither sends
To offer to thee at an easie price
Thy Life and Libertie; and more than so,
If thou thy *Irreligion* wilt forgo.

258.

His noble Word, more sure than Bond or Seal,
He freely gives to change thy Povertie
Into a wealthy State; nor shalt thou feel
Henceforth what scorns and ignominies be;
But living in soft Peace and Plenteousnesse
His Favour, and the Worlds esteem possesse.

259.

But if you obstinately yet deny
To offer incense unto mighty *Jove*,
You dam the way unto all Clemency,
And a deserved Sacrifice must prove
To your own Madnesse: the *Decree* is past,
You must *Uranin's fate* to morrow taste.

260.

As when the tossed Mariner descries
The Promontories of his native Soile,
Within whose craggie Horns his Harbour lies;
He strait forgets his long Tempestuous toile,
And doth his new-revived Bosome finde
Swell'd more with *Joy*, than are his sails with *winde*,

261.

So *Psyche*, hearing that her *Doom* was past
Which to her long-wish't Hav'n would her convey;
Her arms in triumph up to Heav'n she cast,
With thanks and praises for that happy Day;
And in defiance of his offer'd grace,
Threw this *stout answer* at the *Serjants* face:

262.

My thanks unto the *Judge* go carry back;
High is his favour, and I it embrace:
But sure your errand you did much mistake,
Or foulie at the least, your Words misplace:
My *Life* and *Libertie* no favour is;
Death I accept with humble Thankfulnes.

263.

As for your vain and wretched *Jupiter*
Were He but half so *true* a thing as you,
I some respect would unto Him defer;
But unto *Nothing* what can I allow,
But what it is? and though your *Incense* be
But *Smoke*, 'tis more *substantial* than *He*.

264.

Deceive your foolish selves no longer, I
Am not *enchanted*, but all you are so:
What else should make you dream I fear to dy;
Who through *Deaths* door shall to *Lifes* Palace go?
A way, and pray your *Master*, if He be
An honest Man, to keep his Word with Me.

265.

This Answer, (which the Bearer fully did.)
Enrag'd the *Judge* to make his threatnings good:
But all in vain his wrath he marshalled;
Heav'ns milde, against his bloody Purpose stood;
Nor had fierce *Belzebub*, who set Him on,
Power to step further than he now had gone.

266.

Mean while such Joy in *Psyche's* bosome glow'd
Through expectation of the fire and stake,
That all her Pains and Torments to it bow'd,
And in sweet quiet she that Night did break
Her tedious Vigils, and permitted *sleep*
With its soft feet upon her eyes to creep.

267.

But *Phylax*, who had all this while withdrew,
(For *Heav'n* so order'd it,) now gained leave
His presence to his pretious *Charge* to shew,
And from the *Tyrants* fury her reprieve:
Down to the Dungeon he as gladly flies
As ever he had towred to the Skies.

268.

Where finding her not onely Prisner to
Her iron Chains, but in *sleeps* silken Bands
Tied as fast; He hasts his *Work* to doe
Whil'st she was yet at *rest*: His potent Hands
Upon her burning sores he gently laid,
Which quenched strait, as of his touch afraid.

269.

Her scurfie Rough-cast scaled off, and all
Her Skin to fresh and tender Smoothnesse left:
So when of old the *Syrian General*
In *Jordan* did exchange his leprous shift,
His Flesh appeard as soft and pure, as were
The Virgin Streams which smil'd and sported there.

270.

With like Facilitie he did but touch
The massie *Chains* which heavy on her lay.
And none of all their brasen *Locks* did grutch
To that strange virtual *Key* strait to give way,
But down they tumbled, clashing as they fell,
Which Noise to *Psyche* did their ruine tell.

271.

She startled up, and sought to understand
What that Sound ment, in hopes it had been Day,
And that the hasty *Judge* had sent Command
Unto the Stake to hurry her away,
That hungry He might other Charges save,
And Her for's Breakfast ready rosted have.

272.

When loe, her Selfe in *Phylax*'s Arms she found
Chain'd by a soft and delicate Embrace;
Her other *Gives* she saw upon the ground,
Confuted all and shatter'd: Bnt she was
Amazed most, to finde she had no Sore
To rub, for knawing her, as heretofore.

273.

But then, My Dear, said *Phylax*, We have now
No time to stay and look, but must away.
Three times she shak'd her head, & rubb'd her Brow;
But when she saw these wonderous Sights would stay,
She yeilded, fully to attend the *Dream*;
For unto her it nothing else did seem.

274.

Up from the Dungeon the *Angel* flew,
Proud of the Prize which in his Arms he bore.
The Bolts and Locks fled from his radiant View,
So did the Prisons seav'n-fold Brasen Door,
Yet durst not make the least Complaint, or bear
By any Noise, tales to the *Jailers* ear.

275.

Thus through the Town unseen unheard He past,
Leading his *Pupill* in an unknown Way:
Great was his Care of Her, and great his Haste
Till He had brought her into *Safeties Bay*;
This was a Place which in the Desert He
For her immured had with *Privacie*.

276.

A Place removed far beyond the Sent
Of any *Blood-hound*, whither *Man* or *Beast*;
A Place well furnished with sweet Content,
And all Conveniences ready drest:
Where, having brought her in, No more mistake
Thy Bliss, He cri'd, but know Thou art *awake*.

277.

Thy *Spouse* is pleas'd with this Experiment,
And doth accept thy faithfull Patience:
To free Thee from thy Chains and Sores, he sent
Me hither, and from all that Violence
The furious *Tyrant* hath prepar'd to day
Upon thine undeserving Head to lay.

278.

Psyche appall'd at this unlook'd for Word
And well perceiving that she *heard* and *saw*;
Was with such hearty Indignation stirr'd
Against her *Guardian*; that had not the Law
Of virtuous Modesty dwelt in her Tongue,
Full in his Face Defiance she had flung.

279.

And yet thus far she ventured to ease
Her belking Heart: O *Phylax*, how art Thou
Known hitherto to Me by *Courtesies*,
Into mine *Enemie* transformed now?
How art Thou made more *Tyrant* unto Me,
Than *He* from whom thou now hast set Me free?

280.

I by His Help, this Morning should have seen
That Day which from my *Spouse's* Eyes doth rise;
Nor had I any longer troubled been
Upward to looks, when I would read the Skies:
O no; *Uranius* now looks down when He
The region of the Sun and Stars would see.

281.

What is this Life of Banishment, to Me,
Who have no settled *Home* but that above?
What boots it that my Chains and Maladie
Are shaken off, if *Psyche* still must prove
A Pris'ner to this heavy *Flesh* and *Bone*,
Which more torments me than they could have done?

282.

Are the fair Palms, and ever-radiant Crown
Of *Martyrdome*, so poor and vile a prize;
Are Heav'n and *Jesu*'s Company now grown
Things so indifferent, that my longing Eyes
Should spare their Tears, when I am snatch'd away
From them, and forc'd on lordid Earth to stay:

283.

O *Phylax* Thou haſt not repreived Me
From any of my *Pains*: I'm at the Stake,
I burn, I burn; nor will my Agonie
But by my final Diſſolution ſlake.
She fainted here — But *Phylax* took her up,
And haſted thus her Sorrows Tide to ſtop.

284.

Courage, *my Dear*, and be aſſured I
Have not deceiv'd thee of thy Noble Aim:
Thy *Spouſe* deſigns a *Martyrdome* whereby
To draw thee to himſelfe, but not the ſame
By which he ſnatch'd *Uranius*: no; for thee
He treaſured hath a *braver Deſtinie*.

285.

More long, more ſtrong, and fuller far of Pain
Thy gallant Death ſhall be, than from the Spight
Of this, though raging, *Tyrant* thou canſt gain:
Thou art reſerved for a greater Fight
Than that *Uranius* fought; and this ſhall be
The Theater of thy mighty *Chevalrie*.

286.

Here in this very Place ſhalt thou maintain
The ſturdy Combat, whilſt thy *Spouſe* and all
His *Angels* waiting on his royal Train
Will be Spectators: O doe not foreſtall
Thy greater Fame by haſty Zeal, but ſtay
With patience for thy *Coronation Day*.

287.

This ample Anſwer ſuch Refreſhment blew
On *Pſyche*'s Heats, that meek and pliant ſhe
Cool'd her importunate Deſires, and grew,
Content to wait the full Maturity
Of her affected laurel, though as yet
She little knew how ſhe muſt Gather it.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
Canto XIX.

The Dereliction.

ARGUMENT.

PSyche *abandon'd to the* Solitude
Of Soule *and* Body, *by the resolute Might*
Of patient loyal Constancie, *subdu'd*
Hels Champion Dispair, *in single fight.*
Yet in her Conquest no free Joy could have,
Because she still was Dereliction's Slave.

1.

HOw grim, how cold, how comfortless foe't
I houlook'st, dear *Solitude*; sure in thy breast
Some worthy Sweets thou dost enshrined bear;
Witness that *Virgin-fire*, and that *high Request*
By which betwixt the lazie *earthly heart*,
And *Pious Soule* thou so divided art.

2.

He who when's his Conscience him doth take
Alone, it flies full on his guilty face;
A large Inditement doth against thee make,
And on thee poures the bottome of Disgrace,
Calling thee *Mother of* vexatious *Folly*,
Of *Horrors* and dispairing *Melancholy*.

3.

He no where but among his *roaring Boyes*
Can meet a quire whose Musick suits his Ear,
Whilst in the tumult of that boistrous noise (fear;
He drowns those thoughts which would his bosome
And in the throng of Sinners cannot finde
Free room to take a view of his own Minde.

4.

And thus, unhappy Man, he onely lives
In his *outside*, and therefore liveth not:
But when *sure Death* his woefull summons gives,
Strangely amazed, and not knowing what
To do or think, in vain for help he cryes;
And to himself a wretched *stranger* dies.

5.

He dies; and leaves that Body which would not
Endure to be a little while *alone*,
In the Graves tedious *Solitude* to rot;
Whilst in the *Tumult* of *Damnation*
His now uncloysterd Soule is fore'd to dwel
Amongst the *Roarers* of eternal Hell.

6.

But he who dares his Bosome ransack, and
Take a survey of every thing within,
That he may always ready have at Hand
An *Inventary of himself*, and win
Time upon *Death* by prudent Preparation
To entertain and kisse his Consummation;

7.

He who both Leisure and Desire can finde
To sequester *Impertinences*, that
His *proper busnes* he may onely minde,
And by industrious Thrift mend his Estate,
So that though naked he goes to his grave,
An endlesse *stock of riches* he may have.

8.

He, He's the Man whom all the Cities joyes
And proud excess; the Countries hearty sport;
The Licence, endlesse Fashions, glittering Toies,
And all the Pomp and Glories of the Court
Cannot so far enchant, but sober he
Can of plain *Solitude* inamored be.

9.

He there more store of Company can meet,
And of more high and worthy quality,
Than in the thickest Theatre doth sweat,
Where *Spectacles* professe to court the Eye;
Such Presses justle out all Heav'n, but He
Reads it at large in this Vacuitie.

10.

An undisturbed view he here can take
Of all its fairest and its loftiest stories;
His *Contemplation* here can freely break
Through all the Treasures of its boundlesse glories;
And in the Court where Blisse and Pleasures reign
With *Saints* and *Angels* brave Acquaintance gain.

11.

Here to the *Universe's King* can He
His free attendance pay from Morn to Night,
Whil'st in the everlasting *One and Three*
He learns both to *Divide* and to *Unite*
His *mystick Homage*, as the *Spirits* Gale
Makes him through this *Abysse of Wonders* sail.

12.

Here he doth always stand upon his Watch,
That when the *roaring Lyon*, who doth runn
About the World his careless Preys to catch,
Hunteth that way, his On-set he may shun;
Or with awakened and prepared Might
Confront his Foe, and entertain the fight.

13.

Here from the sapless *Worlds* enchanting Breast
Where nothing but the froth of Milk doth spring,
Himself he weans; and studies how to feast
Upon some masculine substantial thing,
Which may not mock him with *short false Content*,
But to his Soul yeeld *solid Nutriment*.

14.

No *Humor* of the Times, no *Garbs* or *Fashions*,
Can here take up his Care; No boistrous *News*
Of publike Wots, or fatal Alterations,
The Calm of this his Harbour can abuse:
No storms can rage, but in the open seas;
His private Bay the Cloister is of Ease.

15.

His righteous Soule is not afflicted here
To See and Hear how wretched *Worms* defie
Omnipotence's King, and scorn to fear
The Jaws of Hell, to which their Villany
Makes them apparent Heirs; but take delight
The Love and Blood of Jesus to despight.

16.

Here past the reach of those bewitching *Darts*
Which flash with radiant Bane from *wanton eyes*;
And make both timorous and martial hearts
Yeeld to fantastick self-made *Wounds*, He lies
Secure and safe, and undisturbed may
Prepare for his *eternal Nuptial Day*.

17.

Here leave and leisure he enjoys to weed
And cultivate his Heart, in which he plants
Each *Herb of Grace*, and sows the blessed *Seed*
Of every *Virtue* which his bosome wants;
In certain hopes his *labours* will conclude
In a full *Harvest of Beatitude*.

18.

With prudent foresight here he doth provide
An ample *stock* that he may ready be
To bear all Charges which may Him betide
In managing a *publike Life*, if he
Be called from his private Nest, and made
Against the thronging stream of Sin to wade.

More

19.

More furnished with strength of Argument
From learned *Athens* never Student came,
Though He his nimblest years and Spirits had spent
The Engins of most active Wit to frame;
Then doth this sagely-sprightfull Champion from
His *private Schole of publick Virtue* come.

20.

For having learned their due Scorn to throw
Upon those *Interests* and *Baits* which make
The bias'd Hearts of Men unmanly grow,
And cowardly Sins sneaking Bypaths take;
In spight of all the World which dares say No,
He in the *King of Heav'ns High-way* will go.

21.

Thus in all Sorts of high Advantage this
Life of Retirement, doth the Garland wear;
Which therefore onely dear and pretious is
To Them who *Sons of Heav'n* and *Wisdome* are:
And which, insipid timorous Soules, as They
Cannot beleeve, so never can enjoy.

22.

Psyche, who now conducted was into
This *solitary State*, though fervent She
Did in *Uranin's* Steps desire to goe,
Yet since it might not on the sudden be,
Appeas'd the flames of her Impatience by
The streaming Comforts of her Privacy.

23.

If in the tumult of the *World* She still
Had mingled been, the *Crowd* had surely slain her;
For all Earths furniture and friendlyest Skill
Could not with any Solace entertain her:
Her Heart already was in Heav'n, and She
Was best, where She could *least behinde it* be.

24.

And that was here, where by no secular *Care*
Or *Interruption* She molested was;
But dwelling in a calmie Hemisphear,
Upon free *Meditations* Wings could Passe
Aboye the Moon and Sun, and Troops of fair
Stars, which upon Heav'ns Plains embatled are.

25.

But as at length She gan to pant again
For that dear Day of *final Conflict* She
By *Phyla'x* Promise hoped to obtein,
And that alone; Loe, on the sudden He,
Call'd thence by other Businesse, takes his leave;
Yet telling her He would not her deceive.

26.

As She made haste to ask the reason; He
Took Wing, and instantly outfled her Eye:
A *Sigh* strait strove to follow Him, but She
Repulsed it with noble Constancy,
And cri'd, It must not, and it shall not grieve me; (me.
Did *Heav'n* not call Him, *Phylax* would not leave

27.

Then down upon her humble Knees She fell,
And casting upward her most loyal Eyes,
So long as *Thou* as truely here dost dwell
Sweet *Lord*, said She, as in the highest skies,
Though *Phyla'x Wings* now shelter not my head,
Yet *thine* are always o'r thine *Handmayd* spred.

28.

Though pretious is *His* Company to Me,
Yet not so dear as is *thy blessed Will*;
Though here alone a feeble Thing I be,
I can and dare be *more abandon'd* still,
If mighty *Thou*, who never wilt forsake Me,
With neerer Losses pleased art to rack Me.

29.

Fain would I quit the Debt in which to *Thee*
And mine own *Vows* I stand; fain would I prove
By combating with any Misery
The Truth of my (how deep-obliged) love:
Thou bidd'st Us *Follow with our Crosse*, and loe
I in thy bloodyest Steps desire to goe.

30.

I would not to a *Figures* Courtesie
Beholden be in my Affliction, nor
To such a tender *Crosse* condemned be
As must be helped by a *Metaphor*
To make its *hard Name* good; for that I'm sure
Was true and real which *Thou* didst endure.

31.

No golden *Plenty* do I crave of Thee,
No soft *Content*, or silken *Peace*: Impart
Those favours unto whome Thou wilt, for Me;
Thy *sharpest Blessings* best will please my Heart:
My heart, which burneth in profound desire
Of some *Heroick* and *consuming* fire.

32.

O do not slay Me by denying Death!
To suffer want of Suffrings, is to Me
The onely Dregs which from thy deepest Wrath
Can squeazed be: from this one Misery
Which is the Pith of all, I beg repreive:
I dy in torment if in ease I live.

33.

Jesus whose Ear is alwayes ope to them
Who speak *Loves Dialect*, straight heard her Crie:
Which made such welcome Musick unto him
That her Petition he could not deny:
His *sweetned Bitterne*ſſe apace he sent,
And *bleſs'd* her with her begged *Puniſhment*.

34.

Charis, accustom'd open House to keep
In her free Heart, he there shut up so close
That now no nimble glimmering Ray could peep
Forth from that *Neſt of Light*: Nor could she chooſe
But be ſuſpitious that the Spring was dri'd
From whence no Emanations did glide.

35.

When loe, the Welkin, which before was clear,
And flowed with the Suns transparent Gold;
Started from its fair Looks with sudden fear,
And did in swarthy Beams it selfe enfold.
Day was abash'd to see how boldly *Night*
Incroach'd upon her, and despis'd her Light.

36.

The *Aire* presageing what outrageous Pain
Would tear her tender weatherbeaten Sides,
With hollow Groans and Mournings did complain
Aforehand of the *Storm*; which as she chides,
She but awakes, and so provokes to rage
With louder furie on the whole Earths Stage.

37.

Forthwith the *Clouds* came tumbling one upon
Anothers back, for fear to loose their Place
And Office in that blinde Confusion
With which the Element now gravid was:
Close quaking in his Cave lay every *Beast*,
And every *Bird* lamenting in his Neſt.

38.

Strange *Phantoms* dreſſed in a spurious Light,
Fed by foule Sulphure, flashed all about;
Fell grizly *Ghosts* arrayed all in Fright
Both with themselves and one another fought;
Whole Troops of gastly *Fiends* and *Furies* rent
Their Snakes, as through the sable Aire they went.

39.

The labouring *Clouds* at length with open Crie
Brought forth their Griefe, and thunder'd their Com-
The most obdurate Rocks could not deny (plaint,
Their Pitty, but straight trembled and grew faint:
So did the massie *Earth*, which quak'd to hear
The woefull Outcrie of its *Neighbour Sphear*.

40.

Pſyche alone, as yet refus'd to melt
By any tremor; onely in her Heart
A kinde of Numneſſe creeping on she felt,
'Cause *Charis* there forbore her wonted Part:
When loe, an heavy black condensed *Cloud*
Down to the Ground before her face did crow'd.

41.

Where having op'd its hideous Curtains wide,
Forth at the Gap a Stream of Lightning broke;
Whose sudden dazeling, though now harmleſſe, Tide
The resolute *Mayd* with some amazement stroke:
But straight an *Hand* reach'd out it Selfe and held
A mighty *Cup*, with greater Terrors fill'd.

42.

It held it to her *Lip*, and what before
Was *Thunder*, now prov'd an articulate *Voice*;
And bad her drink up all that dreadfull Store,
Since she had been so *venturous* in her choiſe:
She nothing more than *Pleaſures* fear'd, and here
Was nothing leſſe than what her Heart did fear.

43.

Thus challeng'd by the *Voice*, whose Sound she knew,
And durst not disobey; She sent her Eye
Into the *Cup* to take a plenal View
Of the black Liquor which in it did ly.
Wherein such boyling *Horrors* she descried,
That down she proſtrate fell, and thus she cried:

44.

Weak Woman as I was, how has my Pride,
My silly Pride, betrayed me to Woe!
On *Confidence*'s Wings I needs would ride
Although I towr'd but to my Overthrow:
Had I remembred that a *Worm* I am,
I ne'r had crawl'd so high to mine own Shame.

45.

How is it *Jeſu*, that *Griefs* mighty *Cup*
Which thou didst once unto the Bottome drink,
Is to its woefull Brim now filled up!
What has renu'd this more than deadly Sink,
Whose Sorrows though to *thine* they shallow be,
Yet are too deep for poor unhappy *Me*.

46.

Alas thy *naked Anger* here I see,
In which no *glimpſe of Favour* mixed is:
What will become of weak abandon'd Me
Who in thy Count'nance read mine onely Bliſſe,
If I be drowned in this *Sea of Night*,
And cover'd up from my dear *Spouſe*'s sight!

Sweet

47.

Sweet was the *Cup* of which *Uranias* drunk;
For being swallow'd up in Streams of Fire,
Thrice happy Saint, to Heav'n he onely sunk:
But I in this black Gulfe of hideous Ire,
Must *downward* dive, and overwhelmed be
In *Dereliction's* vast Profunditie.

48.

I would not fear the most appalling *Face*
Of any *Sorrow*, which did not preclude
The sight of *Thine*; but now Thine Eyes, alas,
By these of Mine no longer must be viewd;
How shall I steer through this vast Sea, who may
Not see the Stars which are to guide my way?

49.

Here having knock'd her Breast, and turn'd her Eye,
Her generous Eye, three times unto the *Cup*;
She chid her Selfe profoundly with a Sigh,
And looking then with noble fervor up,
Yet why should I demur, she cri'd, since mine
Own *Will* is not *mine own*, but long since *Thine*?

50.

If any Title to my Selfe I had,
I might be tender of my Ease and Rest:
But since to Thee a Deed of *Gift* I made,
(Or rather of due *Pay*,) Thou art possest
Intirely of Me; nor must I refuse
That Thou what is thine own shouldst freely use.

51.

I am no further I, than thou wilt grant;
Propriety is no such Thing to Me:
And I who nothing have, can Nothing want
So long as I resigned am to *Thee*:
Thy *Will* in Sweetnesse alwayes equal is
Though our false Taste doe sometimes judge amisse.

52.

And now I know thy *Will* is mingled here
With this sad *Potion*, whatsoever be
The present Rellish, *Psyche* doth not fear
But it will end in purest *Suavity*.
I fear it not: and here she took the *Cup*,
And bravely to the Bottome drunk it up.

53.

As he who has in Poison quaffed deep,
And drownd Himselfe in what he swallow'd down;
Quickly perceives the groping *Mischief* creep
About his Heart; where being Victor grown,
Its fatal Chains of cold and heavy Lead
Upon its fainting Prisner it doth spread:

54.

So *Psyche* having poured down this sad
And horrid *Draught*, soon felt its woefull Force:
Upon her Soule its Batterie it made,
Which prov'd to weak to stop its mighty Course:
The Deluge broke into her Heart, and there
With uncontrolled Power did domineer.

55.

Forthwith the *Clouds* which had beset the Aire
Broke up their gloomy Seige, the *Phantomes* fled,
Serenity made all the Welkin fair,
The *Rocks* left Quaking, *Birds* began to spred
Their cheerly Wings abroad, *Beasts* ventur'd out;
So did the *Sun*, and pour'd his Gold about.

56.

The World to every Thing grew fresh and clear,
But unto *Psyche*; for distressed she
Perceived no mutation which could cheer
The cloudy Region of her *Agonie*:
The Brightnesse of the Day to her was more
Black than the Veil of Pitch She saw before.

57.

Thus cheerly Musick is but Torment to
A pained Ear; Thus Neighbours Liberty
With stricter Chains doth gripe the Prisners Woe;
Thus Candles to the Blinde but Mockings be;
Thus Gales, though cool and gentle, nothing slake
The boiling Flames, but them more furious make.

58.

Alas her *outward Selfe* long since had she
Forgot, and knew not what such Comforts meant;
Above the Sphear of *Sensibility*
She had established her sole Content:
What is't to her that *Phœbus* shineth fair
Upon her face, whose Joies *above him* were?

59.

This little glaring Thing, this mortal *Sun*,
Was not the King and Father of *her Day*:
Her Morning dawn'd with *Jesu's eyes* alone;
The glorious Fountains of her gallant Joy;
And how, how can she live, now she no more
Can feed upon that Blisse as heretofore?

60.

Her Soule look'd up, alas, but look'd in vain;
For on its Eye-lids sate so thick a Night,
That from that happy Prospect it did chain
And keep close Prisner her unhappy Sight;
And *lesse is Blinde Mens Grief, than theirs who see*
Nothing at all, but their own Misery.

61.

For unto *this*, and *this alone*, her Eyes
Wide open were, yea though she shut them close:
Still her importunate *Calamities*
And *Desolations*, would themselves expose
In full array unto her View, in spight
Of any Veil which could against them fight.

62.

Tortur'd by this *unsufferable Losse*,
(For she had never been alone till now,)
Spreading to Heav'n her woefull Hands actosse,
To her Devotions she her Knees did bow,
And in an helplesse lamentable hue,
Thus to her *Sponse's* wonted *Grace* did sue:

63.

My God, where e'r Thou art, Why, Why wilt Thou
Who every where canst thy great Selfe display,
Unto thine *Handmaid* not one glimpse allow;
Who once enjoy'd thy *Favours Highnoon Day*?
Which had I never done, my present Pain
With such excessive Anguish would not reign.

64.

Hath not thy boundlesse *Sweetnesse* taught my Heart
Compleat *Distrellish* of all Things beside?
Where grows the Balsame then which for my Smart,
And Me, can any Lenitive provide;
So long as most abandon'd I in this
Black Death, the *Life of thy sweet Aspect misse*?

65.

Strong was this Crie; for all the Heav'ns it rent,
But yet it could not make them hear; and She
Who never untill now had thither sent
Her Prayers in vain, amazed was to see
These which so loud about her *Sponse* resounded,
Back to her Breast with *Emptinesse* rebounded.

66.

Yet, as the noble *Palme*, though on her Head
A massie, churlish, sturdy Burden lies,
With valiant Patience still goes on to spread
Her indefatigable Arms, and tries
How she may both her sad Affliction bear,
And her ambitious Boughs still higher rear:

67.

So gallant *Psyche*, though now on her Back
This Load more ponderous than Mountains lay;
Bravely resolved not to let it crack,
Nor her most loyal *Patience* betray:
She knew what *Jesus* underwent before,
And that his Love deserv'd *thus much, and more*.

68.

Confirmed therefore to her *Task* she went,
And spurr'd up *Logos* to his daily Part;
Whom upon *Contemplations* Wings she sent'
To fetch some Comfort for her pined Heart:
Vnto Heav'ns Treasurie she sent Him, where
He us'd to meet with high and holy Chear.

69.

But every Night when he returned home,
Alas he nothing brought but *sapless Fare*,
Lank drie Results, whose Bulk and Total Sum
She never saw amount to more than bare
And flashie *Vselessenesse*, resembling that
Unfortunate *Prayer* she thither lately shot.

70.

This sad Miscarriage fully did awake
The fountains of her Eyes, which liberal were
In mournfull Drops, by that thick showre to slake,
Or empty out the Grief which flam'd in her:
Yet all this woefull Brine she thus did poure
But onely scalt her Cheeks, and vext her more.

71.

Thus cross'd and disappointed every way,
Though she a fair and full Temptation had
No more to Mock her selfe, and waste the day
In *fruitlesse Toile*: Yet she this *Statute* made;
Unto her Selfe, *Her Duty still to doe,*
Whether Heav'n would regard her Paine, or no.

72.

So when the unrelenting Storm hath driven
The *Mariner* into the boiling Main,
And with thick Clouds so veild the face of Heav'n,
That he direction from no Star can gain;
He yeildeth not to all those Miseries,
But plies his Oars, *whether He lives or dies.*

73.

Her Tears she poured still, her Sighs she blew,
Her Hands she Lifted up, her Knees she bent,
She knock'd her Breast, her Contemplations flew
Their wonted flight, her Groans her Bosome rent,
Her Heart did pant with Languishments of Love;
By Watching, Prayers, & Fasts, with *God* she strove.

74.

With *God* she strove, and with *her selfe*; for all
This while her Soule was out of tune and taste;
Those *Exercises* savoured now of *Gall*,
Whose Sweetnesse pos'd the Honey in times past:
Yet she this tedious *Gall* would not forsake,
Nor in exchange the Dew of *Hybla* take.

Thus,

75.

Thus, when ſpuſe Humors have uſurp'd, and reign
In his weak Stomach, ſtill the *hungry Man*
Ingeſts his wholeſome Diet, though in vain;
For every houre his Meat, doe what he can,
Onely miſpent, and half-corrupted is,
And then regorg'd with painfull Nauſeouſneſſe.

76.

Her heavy Breaſt was now become as cold
And dead, as if it ne'r had been the Seat
Of *holy Fire*, and *Heav'n*: and He that would
Have paralleld her Soules and Bodies State,
(Though wondrous drie this was,) might ſoon have ſpyed
How that, far more than This was *Mortified*.

77.

And this ſcru'd her Conditions Anguiſh high;
For ſtill ſhe neither thought ſhe Watch'd nor Pray'd,
Nor ſhed a Tear, nor heaved up a Sigh,
Nor managed her Contemplations Trade,
Nor Groand, nor Lov'd; becauſe ſhe never felt
Her *Heart* in any of theſe Actions *melt*.

78.

What Man upon the thankleſſe Rocks can plow,
Or found his Building on the faithleſſe Sand,
Or in the ſtormy Oceans Furrows ſow,
Or waſh the tawny *Æthiopians* Hand,
And ſtill be patient, though his Pains and Coſt
A thouſand times already have been loſt?

79.

Where's that ſtout He, who though He be imploy'd
In buſines of Fire and Flames, and ſet
With ſulphury fuel to keep up the Tide
Of iron Furnaces thraged Heat,
Can be content mean while Himſelfe to be
Shrivell'd and nipp'd up by *Froſts* Tyranny?

80.

Yet through theſe Riddles of *Diſconſolation*
Brave *Pſyche* waded, and bore up her Head
Aloft the Flood; whilſt far above all Paſſion
Her Paſſion ſhe imbrac'd, and wearied
Her Selfe with no leſſe *Quiet*, than if ſhe
Down ſtream had floated with facilitie.

81.

For *patiently* ſhe *tired* was; and found
No *Cenſure* in this *Conqueſt* of her *Pain*;
Yet though ſhe every day and houre were *drown'd*
Ev'n while ſhe *ſwoun*, ſhe ſtiffly did maintain
The mighty Conflict, and her Selfe did give
Up freely in this woefull *Death to live*.

82.

Long liv'd ſhe in it: and although her Faſts
She duely kept, yet did ſhe not forbear
When Nature challeng'd them, her ſpare Repaſts;
She being ſtor'd by *Phylax* s loving Care:
Although ſhe were ambitious to die,
She ſcorn'd to haſten on her Deſtiny.

83.

Long liv'd ſhe in it, for her *Spouſe* was now
Reſolv'd her Valours full Extent to trie.
But envious *Satan* who ran prieing through
All Quarters of this lower World to ſpie
Where He might finde new Booties for his ſpight,
Diſcover'd her in this *diſconſolate Plight*.

84.

But as a *Coward* who hath oft been beat,
Yet ſtill on baſe revengefull Hope doth feed,
Waits opportunity when He may meet
His brave Antagoniſt impoveriſhed
In ſtrength and ſpirits by ſome other Fight,
And on that *Weakneſſe* builds his ſtollen *Might*:

85.

So now *baſe-hearted He* the fight forbore
Till *Pſyches* Courage He conceived ſpent;
And then, with prouder Hopes then e'r before,
Unto his damned Home puffe up he went:
(Fool as He was, to let his Looks profeſſe
His Triumph, e'r the Victory was His.)

86.

Then haveing climb'd his Throne, and from his face
Wip'd off the coalblack Sweat, into a Smile
He forced it: The *Feinds* admir'd what cauſe
Their *Kings* Auſterity could ſo beguile;
Yet, in compliance every One begun
To ſhrivell up his Cheeks, and gently grin.

87.

When *Satan* thus: Hate and Defiance firſt
To *Heav'n*, and then all Glory to my *Selfe*:
You know to what expence of Pains that curſ'd
And though moſt feeble, yet moſt peeviſh Elfe
Jeſus his Miſtreſſe, long hath put Me, yet
Upon that *Worm* my Will I could not get.

88.

But now the feat is done, and wretched ſhe
Is by her goodly *Spouſe* divorc'd, and lies
To the juſt Vengance of our Majeſty
A moſt *abandoned* and woefull Prize.
I ſaw her as ſhe lay; but ſcorn'd to bring
Her with Me; No, *it ſuits not with a King*.

But

89.

But thou *Dispair*, (and here he turn'd aside,
For standing at his right Hand was the *Feind*,)
Shalt fetch her hither: Thou maist finde her hid
In that blinde deserts furtheſt cloſeſt end
Which lies next to that superstitious sink
Where *Arimathean Joſephs* bones do stink.

90.

The delegated *Furie* made no stay,
(*For what so headlong is as Deſperation?*)
But posted upward, snatching by the way
Her dismall Engins in such furious Fashion
That all her *Sisters* started at her haste,
And *Hell* was glad when she by it was past.

91.

Through the dark Bowels of the hilly *Peak*
There lyes a gloomy and disconsolate Way;
Through which with such impatience she did break,
That round about the Country trembling lay,
In whose deep bosome the dull sleeping *lead*
Awak'd for fear, and ran about its Bed.

92.

All Beasts which saw the *Monster*, as she flew,
Distracted at the horror of the sight,
Themselves down fatal Precipices threw;
All Birds unable to maintain their flight,
Let their Wings flag, and hung their Heads aside,
And having chang'd their *tunes* to *forelkings*, di'd.

93.

But still the frighefull *Furie* posted on,
Till she arriv'd at her desired Place:
Where finding sorrowfull *Pſyche* all alone,
She set her hideous self full in her face:
All shapes of horror which did ever fright
The stoutest Eys, must stoop unto this sight.

94.

Pale *Ghastlines* did in her Visage reign;
Which yet *ſelf-Rage* in part confuted had,
Black hideous Gore full many a wofull stain
Pump'd from her own accurſed Veins, had made;
For oft her madneſſe on her self she show'd,
And her Cheeks valleys with her nailes had plow'd.

95.

Her Locks were half torn off, so was her Gown,
And more by careleſs Naſtineſs was she
Array'd than by her Cloths: Her breasts hung down
All lank and torn, and flapp'd upon her knee,
Which gap'd, and shew'd the naked shatter'd Bone
She wilfully had dash'd on a sharp stone.

96.

But every Part did handsome seem and fair,
Unto her hollow, and yet staring, Eys;
In which such soveraign *Terrors* marshall'd were
As no Deſcription can equalize:
For one was like to nothing but the other,
And either strove which should outstare his Brother.

97.

These were the ominous Mirrours where each Wight
Whose Bosome was not innocent and clear,
No sooner look'd, but in a fatal Plight
He saw himself and all his Crimes, which there
Appearing *double*, did affright him so
That from his cursed self he wish'd to go.

98.

The direfull Basilisks mischievous Eys,
And those of fascinating Witches, be
Far safer Glasses, than these Prodigies
Which glare with *Danger's* worſt *extremitie*.
Heav'n shield the Man whose miſerable Chance
Dam..s him into the Compaſs of their glance.

99.

Nor was the furniture of this foule *Hag*
Unanswerable to her hideous looks;
For in her starved sharp Arms she did lag
A load of rusty *Swords*, *Knives*, *Daggers*, *Hooks*,
With *poiſnous Cups* and *Boxes*, all bound up
And hung in many a fatal *Withe* and *Rope*.

100.

Appointed thus, she stood a while and stared
On *deſolate Pſyche*; who at first was stroke
(For unexpectedly the *Fiend* appeared,
And with a sudden dint,) at her fell look:
And yet not so as to be beaten over;
For strait her strength, and self, she did recover.

101.

The *Tower* thus, which at the furious Blast
Of rushing Tempests yeilds a while to quake;
Forgetteth not withall to stand more fast
Than those *proud Buildings* which disdain to shake;
And therefore by an instant Ruine down
From their exalted Confidence are thrown.

102.

Dispair perceiving that her looks were vain,
Drew her more dangerous *Weapon* out; and this
Was her bewitching *tongue*, which she did strain
Unto the highest Key of *Craftines*;
And casting down her luggage, thus afraid
To doe as much upon the constant *Maid*:

103.

If I thy doubtfull Count'nance read aright,
Thou neither understandest who am I,
Nor who thy Selfe: But this thy *Desolate* plight
So charms my Pitty, that I must descrie
Both unto Thee; and if thou wilt befriend
Thy selfe, thou maist thy woefull state amend.

104.

I know my *Aspect* speaketh nothing lesse
Than *Courtesie*: But Things which fairest be,
Doe often veil in their enchanting Dresse
The lurking Stings of odious Treachery;
And *sober Wisdome alway doth commend*
Before a fawning Foe, a frowning Friend.

105.

Were it not so, thy Selfe hadst never strove
Against the flattering Tide of Things below,
Distrustfull alwayes of the soothing Love
With which the Worlds inviting Smiles did flow;
Were it not so, what Price could be so high
To hire Thee thus thy Selfe to *Mortifie*?

106.

Suspect not then my *Looks*, which needs must show
Like *Terrors* most abhorred *Book* to them
Whose vain deluded Bosomes overflow
With secular Pleasures frothy empty Stream: (to
These think each *Winde*, though it would blow them
The Haven, will prove a *Storm*, and them undoe.

107.

But thy Condition, if Thou weigh'st it right,
Will teach Thee better what concerns thy Blisse:
Remember then, that since Thou saw'st the Light
Thou ne'r had'st reason to be friends with this
Unhappy Life, which from thy Cradle to
This Houre, hath swarm'd with Nothing but thy wo.

108.

The dainty Budds of thy young Vigorous years
Serv'd not to trim a Garland for *Delight*;
By *Virtue's* rigid and untimely Cares
They blasted were; and Thou ev'n in despight
Of blooming *Tenderness* prevented'st *Time*
And provedst *old* and *withered* in thy *Prime*.

109.

Whilst other *Maydens* ripe for *nuptial joy*,
Gather'd the sweetest *Sweets* of cheerly *Nature*;
Thou joyn'dst thy self in marriage to *Annoy*
Living a *Comfortlesse* and *Single Creature*:
And thus of *Griefs* a numerous *Progenie*
Thou springing from thy *virgin Bed* didst see,

110.

For from this *Isle of Blisse*, thy native Home,
Thy fruitlesse *Zeal* drove Thee into the *East*;
Where Thou about curs'd *Palestine* didst rome
Both to the *Place* a stranger, and to *Rest*: (Thou
What found'st thou there but thine own Loss, whilst
Wert drown'd in *Heresies* which there did flow?

111.

Alas, the dear *Memorials* of thy *Lord*
Which with thine hankering Eys thou there didst read,
Did but Assurance to thy Soule afford
That *He*, its onely *Joy*, to Heav'n was fled:
And surely here *as home* Thou wert as neer
The skies, as thou wert in *thine Exile* there.

112.

Thus having wasted out thy Strength, and Time,
(And Credit too, with those who lov'd Thee best;)
Back wert thou hurried to thy *British* Clime
Like a fond wearied Bird to her poor Nest:
Where when thou countedst up thy Journeys Gains,
Thou onely foundst thy Labour for thy Pains.

113.

Then fired by *unhappy Piety*,
Upon thy Selfe thou didst the Tyrant play;
Thy lamentable Body sheweth by
Its ghastly Leanesse, how thou strov'st to slay
Thy guiltlesse Flesh, and what Pains thou didst take
Languid and *senseless* every *Sense* to make.

114.

And for no other End, but to refine
Thy Selfe from this dull clogging Earth, unto
A State which might thy *backward Spouse* incline
To love thy loyal Heart, which laboured so
To trace his hardiest Steps, and cheerly tosse
Upon her Shoulders his *most heavy Crosse*.

115.

Yet when thou justly didst thy Boon expect,
(Lesse due unto *Uranius*, than to Thee;)
Unto a *Dungeon* He did thee reject;
(A Place how far from *heav'nly Liberty*!)
Where thou who in the *Flames* long'dst to expire,
Wert forc'd to lead a dying Life in *Mire*.

116.

Remember what intolerable Chains
Into thy Soule their cruel Iron prest,
What Heaps of boiling Sores, and flaming Pains
Were pour'd upon Thee, and slew all thy Rest;
Whence when the *Romane Tyrant* had prepared
To set thee free, thy freedome *He* debarred.

117.

It was debarred by no other Hand
But that which rather ſhould have lent thee Aid:
What *Phylax* did, was by thy *Lords* Command,
When from that Gaole he ſtole thee, and betray'd
Thy Hopes of *Martyrdome*, which now was grown
Mature, and offred to thine Head its *Crown*.

118.

I grant thy torturing Sores *He* healed, but
Deſerv'd nor Pay nor Thanks for that his Cure,
Which did but thy repaired Body put
In a fit able poſture to endure
This greater Load, whoſe mercileſſe Exceſſe
Doth thy unpittied Shoulders now oppreſſe.

119.

Shoulders unpittied by *Him* from whom
Thou hadſt moſt reaſon to expect Relief
But in his cruel Ears there is no Room
To lodge and entertain the Suit of *Grief*:
Had there been any, ſurely *He* would not
Thy mighty Supplications out have ſhut.

120.

How has the Stroke of thy impetuous Crie
Taught this dumb *Deſert*, *Mourning*s *Dialect*;
Whilſt all its Rocks and Caverns ſhaken by
Thy Groans and Lamentations, them reflect
To Heav'n with doubled fervor, and agree
Fellow-Petitioners to be with Thee!

121.

And yet thy grated Throat is not ſo drie,
As are thy now exhauſted Eyes, from whence
Thy *Spouſe's* cruel Heart to mollifie
Thou freely pourdſt thine utmoſt Influence:
But ſtill the *Stone* which on his Breaſt doth grow,
Will not by all thoſe *Drops* be pierced through.

122.

O no! unkindly He doth turn away
His Face, leaſt any Glimpſe ſhould leap to Thee:
And thou long flatter'd by his Favours Day,
Art now betrayed to the Miſery
Of blackeſt Night. O may all *Soules* beware
How they *Heav'ns wiley Prince* doe truſt too far!

123.

Alas, thy *deſolate* Heart too well doth know
That thy Condition I doe not miſtake;
And with ſecure Preſumption, *Pſyche*, Thou
Maiſt from my Art this ſound Concluſion make,
That I who can diſcover all thy Grief,
May tell what Phyſick will yeild thee Relief.

124.

Thy *Phylax*, once eſteem'd thy truſtieſt Friend,
Well underſtands the depth of thy Diſeaſe;
Yet finding all his skill too weak to lend
Thee any real Aid, himſelfe he frees
From fruitleſſe Trouble, and is fled away,
Aſhamed now his Weakneſſe to betray.

125.

I know not how; but alwaies at a Pinch,
When great Extremities crave equal Aid,
Your *common Comforters* uſe ſtill to flinch,
And crie, *Heav'ns Will be done*: But I afraid
Of nothing am, no not Heav'ns Deſtination;
Diſpair alone can feel no Deſperation.

126.

I, I the onely able Doctreſſe, who
In deſperate Caſes certain Phyſick give,
In pitty of thy unregarded Woe,
Am hither come prepared to releeve
Thy helpleſſe Heart: Nor doe I aska Fee:
My ample *Guerdon* ſhall *thy Safety* be.

127.

Loe here ſtore of *Receipts*: When noble *Saul*
The field, his Kingdome, and his *God* had loſt;
No ſooner on this *Swords Point* he did fall,
But all the Plot of his Miſhaps he croſt,
And, maugrè all *Philiſtia*'s Powers, fell
Down to the *Reſt* of holy *Samuel*.

128.

Diſgrac'd by *Huſhai*, and rejected by
Fond *Abſalom*, profound *Achitophel*
Himſelfe to reskue from this Miſery
Conſulted with his own deep Oracle,
And found no wiſer way than by *this Rope*
His Breath, his Life, and his Contempt to ſtop.

129.

Great *Annibal* accuſtom'd long to ride
In *Triumphs* Chariot, being overborn
By *undeſerv'd Misfortunes* powerfull Tide;
Leaſt he ſhould prove the *Romane Song* and *Scorn*,
Sipp'd but a little of *that Poiſon* there,
And went in glorious Peace unto his Beer.

130.

Renounced *Cato*, when by peeviſh Fate
Thruſt into Straits too narrow to contain
His mighty Spirit; by a little hate
Of wretched Life, immortal Reſt did gain;
There lies *the Sword* ſtill with his brave blood foule,
By which he op'd the Way, and free'd his Soule.

When

132.

When base false-hearted *Fortune* had betrayd
The gallant *Antony* to overthrow;
Disdaining that it ever should be said
That noble He, though *conquered*, would *bow*,
He vilely *that Weapon* curs'd unhappy Thred
Of Life, and layd him down in *Honors Bed*.

133.

Say not that these were Men, and *Female* Thou
Too weak to manage *Masculine Bravery*:
Thy Sexe's high Exploits will not allow
That weak Excuse: Yet could I cite to Thee
No *Precedents*, thy most extreem Distresse
Might be thy Warrant for this *Manlynesse*.

134.

But see *that Dagger* rusty with the blood,
The *Manly* Blood, of *Female Lucrece*; she
Not trusting to her Tears, poor Womanish Flood;
Stoutly took her Directions from *Me*;
And with that Instrument broach'd from her Veins
Red Streams, to wash the blackness of her Stains.

135.

Brave *Portia*, when her Disasters grew
So thick and crosse that they had almost shut
The way to all Releif, found out a new
Road unto Death, and down her Throat she put
The *Fire* which made Her her own Sacrifice:
Part of the *Coals* still in that Casket lies.

136.

Although sweet *Antony* was wont to rest
In *Cleopatra*'s dainty Bosome; yet
When Losse her besieg'd, unto her breast,
Her lovely breast, an odious *Aspe* she set,
Which suck'd out her sad Life: and in that round
Box lies *the Serpent* up in *Circles* wound.

137.

Now that a *British* Hand as much may do
As any *forrein*, thou hast witnesse by
Thy late Compatriot *Boadicia*, who
Took Veng'ance of her own Calamity.
Loe there's *the Poison* by whose virtue she
Preserv'd her Selfe from *Romane Bondage* free.

138.

These and ten thousand more have I befreinded
With Freedome from their strait Extremities:
And though to any never I commended
Their *choise* of these Receipts; thy Miseries
Move my Compassion, so that I'm content
Thou shouldst have leave to *choose* thine Instrument.

138.

A burning, or a freezing Poison take,
A Sword, Stiletto, Dart, Knife, Dagger, Spear,
Fire, Water, Rope, or whatsoe'r will make
An end of these thy Torments: Ready here
They be; and if one will not serve, take Two;
Rather than fail, I'll *all* on Thee bestow.

139.

But hate not thou thy Selfe, cause I am kinde,
Nor scorn the Bounty of my Pitty: Know,
It stands not with a truely generous minde
To fear *her own*, more than *anothers Blow*.
If thou wouldst *Live indeed*; be Brave, and *Die*:
The Life of Fame doth reach Eternitie.

140.

Come then, and since thy *Spouse* so cruel is,
Give Him his due, and curse Him to his face:
Come choose the Way unto thy ready Bliss;
And nobly send thy Selfe unto the Place
Where *Hero*'s, who did this base Life disdain,
Safe in the Arms of endlesse Peace remain.

141.

Thou hast too long already waited on
The leisure of regardlesse *Heav'n*, since thou
Art able by thy valiant Hand alone
To give thy Self what that will not allow:
A *Martyrdome*'s thy Wish, and Thou mayst be
A *Martyr unto thine own Bravery*.

142.

So spake *Dispair*. But *Psyche* all the while
Stood firm and constant, as the resolute Rock:
For well she understood her fatal Guile,
And therefore arm'd her Selfe against the Shock
Of this Assault, which, as she made an end,
She thus rebounded back upon the *Fiend*:

143.

Take up thine Implements, mischeivous *Elf*,
And, since thou faileſt in thy deep Designe,
Goe and imploy them on thy curſed *Selfe*.
My ſtate is bad enough: I need not joyn
Thy damned Offer to augment my Greif,
And, *'cause I'm ſick*, *Dyſpair of all Releif*.

144.

What were thoſe *Hero*'s, whoſe preposterous Might
Thou gildſt ſo fairly with thine eloquent Lie,
But *venturous Cowards*, who in fear to light
With *Loſſe*, or *Shame*, or *Sorrow*; choſe to die?
Far be it I ſhould *Valours* Title give
To thoſe who durſt not *doe ſo much as Live*.

145.

'Tis true, my *Spouse* hath hid his joyous face,
And sure I have deserv'd He should do so:
Yet ne'r was *Night* so long, but did give place
At length to cheerly *Day*, but that which you
Grone in beneath; and therefore wonderous fain
Into that endlesse Darknesse Me would gain.

146.

Let *Jesus* use his Pleasure on me, I
His Dust and Ashes am: and so goe tell
Your envious *father Belzebub*; for by
Hts delegation you are come from Hell:
Tell him, though *Jesus* kill Me, yet I must,
And in *his Goodnesse* will, repose my Trust.

147.

The *Furie* to this Word made no reply,
But by an hideous Shreik, which split the Air
And rent the earth, rebounding on the Skie
And Heart of Hell at once: all Thunders were
But murmurs to this fragor; and the Sea
But Whispers when her Billows loudest be.

148.

Then snatching up her Baggage with one Hand;
And with the other tearing off her Hair,
Her Skin, her flesh; She curs'd *Jesus*, and
Ran bleeding to the gloomy Cavern, where
She shreik'd again, and shaked Hell before
She enter'd through the Gulf of its black Door.

149.

Great *Satan* started when the *Feind* he saw
Come thus lamenting home without her Prey:
Upon her throat he clapp'd his iron Paw,
And through it tore his *Indignations* Way;
For Pain *She* roared, so did *He* for Spight,
Whilst all Hell trembled at the dreadfull sight.

150.

But *Psyche*, though her victorie were great,
And might in other Hearts have *Triumph* bred;
No joy could relish in her glorious Feat,
For to all Comfort She was cold and dead,
And in her Conquest did remain as sad
As if her Self had been a Captive made.

151.

Her woefull Hands She wrung, and smote her Breast,
And cri'd, What is this *good Successe* to Me?
So long as *Heav'n* is deaf to my Request,
So long as I grope in Obscurity,
So long as from my *Spouses* Eyes the wide
Black Curtains of *Disfavour* mine do hide.

152.

Now now alas, by dear Experience I
Have learn'd that *Sweets* and *Pleasures* no where are
Truely themselves, but in the Treasurie
Of *Jesus* all-enamoring Countenance; there,
There are they lodg'd alone, and hid from Me
Who ev'n *in Joy* finde nought but *Misery*.

153.

As in the depth of this *Disconsolation*
She plunged lay, and saw no Way to Rise;
Phylax quite tir'd with his long sequestration
From his dear *Charge*, of whose Calamities
He jealous was; with importunitie
Wrested from Heav'n a Licence Her to see.

154.

No Winde its Wings more stoutly ever stretch'd,
Or flew with brisker nimblenesse than He:
But when his Speed this wished Place had reach'd,
Far from his Wishes He the Place did see;
Down fell his Plumes, and Eys, back flew his Blood,
And He, ô how unlike an Angel, stood!

155.

Such havock *Grief* had made in *Psyches* face,
That in *her Self*, *her Self* He scarce could spie:
Besides the blessed Beams of heav'nly *Grace*
Which us'd to sparkle in her holy Eye,
Were damp'd with deadish *Dulnesse*, and no signe
Peep'd forth of any Thing within *divine*.

156.

This further spurred on his Search to see
What kinde of Weather it was in her Breast;
Where finding thick and heavy *Darknesse*, He
Would to the Centre of her Heart have prest;
But *Charis* there so close lay locked up,
That all *his* sweet Powers could not charm it ope.

157.

At this Amazed, and amazed too
That She who with impatient Love had used
To bid Him welcome, and his feet to woe
With humble Kisses, stood like One amused,
And doubtfull whither now it were not best
To throw *Neglect* on her *unsent-for Guest*.

158.

And yet, resolv'd to trie the Strength of Love,
And not be dash'd out of his sweet Intent,
He kindely her imbrac'd, and gently strove
To warm and win her by that Complement:
He wrought with all his heav'nly Heats to thaw
Her Soule, where frost He domineering saw.

But

159.

But what can tardy Salves and Balsams do
If Life the Member once has bid Adieu?
In vain does *Phylax* hug his *Pupil*, who
Beyond the reach of *finite Comfort* grew;
In vain he blew those Ashes, in whose heap
No Embers, not no hopefull spark did sleep.

160.

This stroke into his heart so deep a Wound,
That he forgot with him he brought his Tongue;
And pitching sadly down upon the ground,
His anxious Thoughts and Eys on her he hung,
Whil'st *Silence* sate upon his Lips, and quite
Sealed them up for many a day and night.

161.

So when the *desolate Idumean Prince*
Not worth so much as his own skin was left;
(For by an universal Confluence
Of boiling Sores he was of it bereft;)
His dearest *Friends* sate by him on the ground
In *silent Grief* and *stupifaction* drown'd.

162.

But then perceiving this long expectation
Bred no relenting in her stiff Disease,
Into the Dialect of Consolation
He op'd his Mouth, and tri'd his best, by these
Most tender Lenitives to venture on
Her heart, and fight with its cold heavy stone.

163.

O *Psyche*, (if Thou yet remainest she,)
What means this strange avertnesse in thine Eye?
How hast thou lost thy memorie of Me
Who still am *Phylax*; and Calamitie
Me thinks should make thee not forget my *Name*,
Who by my Office thy *Protector* am.

164.

If ever thou hadst found Me *false*, when thy
Distresse has called for my helping hand:
Or if thy present heavy *Misery*
Doth not in need of my *Assistance* stand,
Well might'st thou by this strange deportment dart
Disdain upon the Comforts I impart.

165.

It was no busines of mine own which drew
Me from thy Company, most dear to me;
Witness the time when I so cheerly flew
To *Palestine*, and back again, with thee;
Forsaking all that while the sphear where I
In soveraign blessednes was wont to fly.

166.

But *He* who both my *Master* is, and thine,
Call'd me away; if yet it were away:
For my imployment was not so much mine
As thine, for whose sweet sake thy *Spouse* did lay
That charge upon me: Then be of good Cheer,
And to the happy news I bring, give Ear.

167.

When I in Heav'n had long attendance pay'd,
To *Jesu's* Soveraign pleasure; Gracious He
Hearing my sighs, in gentlenes array'd
His looks, and to his foot-stool beckned me:
Where having on my face ador'd him thrice,
He blessed Me as oft, and bad Me rise.

168.

Then looking to his own right Hand, at which
His radiant *Mother* kneel'd, who makes the light
Of heav'n it self with her sweet Lustre, rich;
Behold, said he to Me, my dearest sight;
Behold the *Queen* of all this joy and bliss
Which by my *Regal* title I possesse.

169.

But her *Retinue* is not so compleat
As she deserveth, and I needs must grant;
Soft Snowie Followers, answering her sweet
And *ever-virgin Self* she still doth want;
And from my Nurserie below must I
Her worthy Train with fitting Plants supply.

170.

And one of those is *humble Psyche*, she
Whose *Watering* and whose *Pruning* is thy Charge:
Her from unworthy Dusts Captivitie
And all her other straits, I will enlarge
E'r long, when I have proved her to be
By *Fires* true Witness, fitting *Gold* for me.

171.

In that bright Station shall her dwelling be,
(And he to *Maries* right hand pointed here,)
There shall the *Clouds* of her *Humilitie*
Break up into a *Day of Glory*; there
Her Sufferings all shall prove *Divine*: and go
And from my Mouth assure thy *Pupill* so.

172.

I prostrate fell and took my leave; and flew
More on *Joys Wings* than these, through the vast sea
Of glorious Blessednes; but as I drew
Neer thine old Friend *Uranius* (For he
Reigns on a lower throne than thine,) he cri'd,
What fortune *Phylax*, doth thy *Charge* betide?

173.

That shall you shortly see, said I; and flood
Posted directly hither unto thee.
And if this *News* cannot outlook thy *Woes*;
Tell me why thou disdain'st *Felicities*.
Why *Phylax* ne're so less welcome was, then now
He of thine *highest Hopes* the Dawn doth show.

174.

Why thou, against the meek ingenuous law
Of civil *Gratitude*, dost not embrace
With joyous heart, and with unfurrowed brow,
This mighty token of *Heav'ns* royall Grace:
Why thou thine *own Ambition* contradictest,
Whil'st, with his *Promise* thou *thy Spouse* rejectest.

175.

So spake the *Angel*. But the heavy *Maid*
Grown deaf to every Word that sounded *Joy*,
Her dolefull hand upon her Bosome laid,
And, pressed with the Burden of Annoy,
Hung down her Head, replying by a flood
Of tears, how little him she understood.

176.

But when she saw he was unsatisfi'd
With that dumb Answer, first an heavy Groan
She helped forth, then flinging open wide
Her lamentable Arms, Let me alone
She cri'd, and to my domineering *Grief*
Afford, at least in Pitty, this Relief.

177.

I know you were of old, and still would be
My faithfull *Friend*; I well remember you
Are *Phylax*, and what blessed Suavitie
You constantly did to my heart allow;
But that was when my heart alive you found,
Which now in *Desolation* is drown'd.

178.

What Comfort gains a Carkase cold and dead
By the warm Courtesie of Fomentations?
In vain are Tables sumptuously spred
And furnish'd with luxurious Preparations
To court a stomach, all whose *Appetite*
By *Nauseousnesse* is slain unto *Delight*.

179.

Blame me not *Phylax*, for I love you still,
And of your Presence fain the sweets would reap;
But now my *greater joy* is damp'd, my *Will*
Reacheth her Arms to *this* in vain; you heap
But Torments on Me, whil'st before my Face
You set those Pleasures I cannot embrace.

180.

Should I but strive to grasp them, envious *they*
Would shrink to emptinesse, and mock my hand;
Or from their own sweetselves quite fly away,
Degenerating into *Sorrows*, and
Right-down *Vexations*, rather than impart
One Taste of Joy to my afflicted heart.

181.

For ô what Relish can there be to Me
In any Dainties which you can provide,
So long's the *Lord of my Felicities*
From my devorced Eyes himself doth hide!
If *Phœbus* once withdraws his Soveraign Ray,
What can poor *Candles* do to cheer up *Day*!

182.

Did but the wonted Beams of heav'nly *Grace*
Vouchsafe to smile upon my Hemisphear;
They easily would out-look the foulest face
Of all the *Sorrows* which are frowning there:
But since sweet *Charis* is eclips'd to Me,
Phylax is Absent, though he Present be.

183.

Surely your News had glorious been, and sweet,
If carryed unto any One but *Me*:
But I in *Heav'ns* and *Blisse's Names* can meet
No *Melodie* at all, since *Miserie*
Hath seal'd, and frozen up my Breast, and I
Unto my self alone *abandon'd* ly.

184.

Though I were now pereh'd on the *Battlement*
Of highest *Glorie*, and beneath me saw
Each flaming *Seraph*; I should not resent
That Place as Glorious: still, still *below*
Should I esteem my self, so long as I
Am muffled up from seeing the *most High*.

185.

Yet now that *Jesus*, whose poor Worm I am,
Is pleased thus to leave Me to my Dust;
His *Pleasure* I must not presume to blame,
Which though it *bitter* seem, is surely *Just*.
His mighty *Name* I still adore and bless;
His heavy *Rod* which plows my Soule, I kiss.

186.

Here manly *Sorrow* stop'd her Mouth, and she
From *Phylax* having turn'd her gastly Eye,
Folded her Arms about her breast: Which *He*
No sooner saw, but deeply pierced by
Her mighty Wound, He hung his sad eyes down,
And answer'd all her Groanings, with his own.

PSYCHE:
OR
LOVES MYSTERIE.
CANTO XX.

The Consummation.

ARGUMENT.

RESTOR'D to Grace's *Light, and RAVISH'D by*
The Splendor of Beatitude, *which shin'd*
In her clos'd sleeping Eyes, Psyche *with* high
Desires Impatience *feels her fervent Minde*
Fall all on a light Fire; and thus she dies,
As she had liv'd *before,* LOVES Sacrifice.

1.

SWeet *END*, thou Sea of Satisfaction, which
The weary Streams into thy Bosome tak'st;
The Spring unto the *Spring* Thou first dost reach,
And by thy *inexhausted Kindnesse* mak'st
It fall so deep in Love with Thee, that through
All Rocks and Mountains it to *Thee* doth flow.

2.

Thou art the *Centre* in whose close embrace
From the wide wilde *Circumference* each *Line*
Directly runs to finde its resting Place.
Upon their swiftest Wings, to perch on thine
Enobling Breast, which is their onely *Butt*,
The *Arrows* of all high *Desires* are shot.

3.

All *Labours* pant and languish after *Thee*,
Stretching their longest Arms to catch their Blisse;
Which in the *Way*, how sweet so e'r it be,
They never finde; but with all earnestnesse
Presse further on, untill they can pull down
Upon their stout Heads, *Thee*, their onely *Crown*.

4.

The *Plowman* answers not the *smiling Spring*
With *Smiles* again, but jealous is untill
Thy happy Season his long Hopes doth bring
Unto their *Ripenesse* with his Corn, and fill
His Barn with plenteous Sheaves, with Joy his heart;
For *Thou*, and onely *Thou*, his *Harvest* art.

The

5.

The *Traveller* ſuſpecteth every Way
Although they traced and fair-beaten be;
Nor is ſecure but that his *Leader* may
Perchance miſtaken be, as well as He,
Or that his ſtrength may fail Him; till he win
Poſſeſſion of *Thee*, his wiſhed *Inn*.

6.

Nobely beſmeared with *Olympik Duſt*
And hardy ſweat, the *Runner* holds his pace
With obſtinate Celeritie, in truſt
That *thou* wilt wipe and glorifie his face:
His *Prize's ſoule* art *Thou*, whoſe pretious ſake
Makes Him theſe mighty *Pains* with *Pleaſure* take.

7.

The *Mariner* will truſt no Winde, although
Upon his Sails it blows all *Flatterie*;
The fawning Sea, when ſmootheſt it doth ſhow,
Cannot allure him to Security;
He credits none but *Thee*, who art his *Bay*, (*way*.
To which through Calmes and Storms He *hunts his*

8.

And ſo have *I*, cheerd up with Hopes at laſt
To double *Thee*, endur'd this tedious Sea;
Through the *Times* foaming *Tempeſts* I have paſt;
Through flattering *Calms* of private *Suavity*;
Through interrupting *Companies* thick *Preſſe*;
Through the vaſt Deep of mine own *Lazineſſe*;

9.

Through many *Sirens* Charms which me invited
To dance to *Eaſe's* Tunes, the Tunes in faſhion; (ted
Through many croſs miſgiving *Thoughts*, which frigh-
My jealous Pen; and through the Conjuration
Of Ignorant and Envious *Cenſures*, which
Implacabley, againſt all *Poems* itch:

10.

But cheifly Thoſe which venture in a *Way*
Unbeaten yet by any *Muſe's* feet;
Which truſt that *Pſyche*, and her *Jeſus* may
As well become a *Verſe*, and look as ſweet,
As *Venus* and her *Son*; that *Truth* can be
A nobler Theme than wanton *Forgerie*.

11.

And ſeeing now I am *in ken of Thee*,
The *Harbour* which enflamed my *Deſire*,
And with this conſtant Patience ſteered Me
To bring my Bark to reſt; I am on fire
Till I my Selfe in thy ſweet Arms doe throw,
And on the *Shore* hang up my finiſh'd *Vow*.

12.

Nor will thy Pleaſantneſſe leſſe welcome be
To *Patient Pſyche* who ſo long hath ſaild
Through the deep Ocean of Calamity,
And over many a boyſtrous Storm prevaild; (Heaven
Who through the *Smiles* and through the *Frowns* of
With *equal Meekneſſe* hath till now been driven.

13.

For ſtill on *Thee* ſhe fix'd her longing Eye,
On *Thee*, who wilt unto her Soule afford
The plenitude of her Felicity,
The dear Enjoyment of her pretious *Lord*,
And then exchange thy *fadeing Name*, and be
No longer *End*, but firm *Eternitie*.

14.

As ſhe ſate teaching *Phylax* how to greive,
Who faithfully her Sorrows copyed; (preiv.
The Time approach'd when *Heav'n* would her, re-
From this ſad Duty, and upon her Head
Let fall the Crown which in this noble Fight
She bravely erned by her conſtant Might.

15.

With *joyeuſe Horror* on the ſudden ſhe
Started and trembled, and leap'd from the ground;
The *Angel* wonder'd what the Cauſe might be,
Whoſe quick Effect did upon Him rebound;
For up he roſe, and in ſuſpenſe expected
What rais'd the *Mayd*, ſo much before dejected.

16.

When loe, the Joy which kindled in her Breaſt,
Broke forth and flamed in her cheerfull Eye:
For bleſſed *Charis*, who ſo long ſuppreſt
In the cloſe Centre of her Heart did lie,
Was now unlock'd by *Jeſus*, and had leave
To her ſweet Influence the Reins to give.

17.

So when thick Clouds have damned up the Day,
And dolefull Blackneſſe veild the Welkins face;
If *Phœbus* through thoſe Curtains rends his way,
And bids the Darkneſſe to his Beams give place,
The Aire ſurpriſed by her ſudden Bliſſe
At firſt with *frightfull Gladneſſe* ſtartled is.

18.

So when that unexpected virgin *Light*
Broke from the glorious Mouth of *God*, upon
The rude diſconſolate *Heap of firſt-born Night*;
That ſudden *Morn* with cheerfull Terror ran
About the univerſal *Deep*, which was
Amazed at the dint of *Luſtre's* face.

With

19.

With *Pleasures* strong Incursion *Psyche* thus
Being seiz'd and shaken; e'r she leisure had
To tell her Gladnesse, sweet and bounteous
Charis a passage through her Bosome made,
And in th' exuberance of Suavity
Her smiling Selfe presented to her Eye.

20.

But *Humane Soules* are in Capacity
So poor and dull while here they dwell below,
They know not how to bear ev'n *Courtesie*,
Unlesse by *slow Degrees* on them it grow:
Delights, if rushing in a sudden Stream,
A Deluge prove of Torments unto Them.

21.

This Spectacle bred such Extremities
Of over-flowing Joyes in *Psyche's* Breast,
That she, alas, too narrow to comprise
This swelling Sea of which she was possest,
Resign'd her Selfe to it, and by a Sown
In its delicious Depths sunk gently down.

22.

But *Charis* being *Mistresse* of the *Tide*,
So brideled in the pliant Floods, that they
Submitted to her Hand their dainty Pride,
And for her gentler Complement made way:
This was a soft Embrace, by which the *Mayd*
She girded, and her fainting Passion stayd.

23.

Then with incomparable Sweetnesse she
Her Eyes upon her fix'd, and thus began:
My Dear, and has *Diffuse* such Potency
That it upon my cheerly Ptesence can
Distrellish cast; or are my *Beams* too strong
For thee, who hast in *Darknesse* grop'd so long?

24.

Henceforth take Courage, for no more will I
(And here Thou hast in Pawn my royall Word,)
Leave thee to wade in *gloomy Misery*,
But *trustie Light* to all thy waies afford;
Full broad-day Light: for all this while I gave
Thee *secret Beams* which thou didst not perceive.

25.

And had I not done so; had I not lain
Close at the *bottome of thine Heart*, to keep
Thy Soules foundation firm and sure; in vain
Laborious Zeal had duely broke thy sleep,
In vain had all thy Sighs and Tears been spent,
In vain thy Prayers had to Heav'n been sent.

26.

Unto its dismall Name too truely true
Thy *Dereliction* had prov'd, had I
With never-sleeping Care not lain perdù
To watch the *Motions* of thy *Enemy*;
That *Enemy* whose fatal Company
Makes *Desolation*, *Desolation* be.

27.

When that infernal *Hag*, the damned *Queen*
Of Hideousnesse, advanced to the fight,
Armed both Hand and Tongue; had I not been
In thy *main Fort* (however out of Sight,)
Sure She had undermined it, and thou
Hadst by *Dispair* been quite blown up e'r now.

28.

Yet *close* I lurk'd, thy Courage so to trie
When thou no *Second* didst perceive at Hand:
This was the *Plot of LOVE himselfe*, and I
My Ambush placed but at his Command:
LOVE had my face; and so he did his own;
But all that while he weav'd for thee a Crown.

29.

The Crown which thy long loyal Patience
In the bright Realm of *humble Saints* shall wear;
And till Thou thither art translated hence,
I in thy Breast my Tent at large will rear;
That till the *greater Heav'n* receiveth thee,
Thou mayst contain it in *Epitomie*.

30.

This said: She gather'd up her Train of Light,
Which in an Orb was all about her spred,
And shrinking up her Selfe with heav'nly Sleight
Within her sprightfull Selfe, she entered
The *Virgins* Breast again; and there begun
To exercise her full Dominion.

31.

Forthwith a Tumult boild in *Psyche's* Heart;
But boild and foam'd in vain; for instantly
The Rout by *Chari's* most unconquer'd Art,
Was forc'd from that usurped Hold to flie:
Vain *Dread* was first which shrunk & turned head,
And so the se Cowards flying Armie led.

32.

For She, her Selfe no sooner shiver'd out,
But at her heels Lamenting *Sorrow* came
Tearing her hair and flinging it about;
Then leare-ey'd *Jealousie*, unworthy *Shame*,
Pale-fac'd *Disconsolation*, and *Frigiditie*,
With *Indevotion's* dead and stiffe *Ariditie*,

33.

But in the Rear rush'd out *Forgetfulnes*,
A dim and swarthy Thing; and hand in hand
Led her Compatriots and Associates: These
Were sluggish *Mists*, dull *Night*, thick *Blackness*, and
Whatever is of kin to them, whatever
Can block up heav'n, and Soules from light dissever.

34.

Compar'd with these, all Soot, and Ink, and Pitch,
Were Compositions of Milk and Snow;
So was the gross and triduan *Darkness* which
Did on the face of shameless *Memphis* grow;
Or that which lock'd up *Sodom's* Eylids more
Close than *Lot's* utmost Care had done his Door.

35.

Psyche admiring stood to see her Breast
So fertile in this hideous Progeny;
Which, as she veiwed them, directly prest
Downward into the Wombe of Earth, to be
Conveyed back unto their *native Home*;
For from *beneath* this *gloomy Fry* did come.

36.

And now she found her Bosome full as clear
As when to Heav'n she *Thelema* presented:
Now all her *Passions* unhamper'd were,
And every *Bond* to *Libertie* relented;
All things were sweet and fair *within*, and she
Releas'd into compleat *Serenitie*.

37.

Love, *Anger*, *Hatred*, *Jelousie*, and *Fear*,
And all the rest of that swift-winged Crew,
With holy sprightfulnesse revived were,
And to their proper Objects nimbly flew:
They flew, and clashed not their Wings together,
But kindely help'd and cheered one another.

38.

Hope, which had grop'd and languished till now
In deplorable Mists; new courage took,
And challeng'd every Winde its worst to blow,
Since she perceiv'd her *Cable* was not broke,
But that her trusty *Anchor* held its hold
Whilst *Desolations* Sea about her roll'd.

39.

And *Logos* too, sad heretofore, and drie,
Felt cheerly Vigor flaming in his Heart;
Which spurr'd him on to beg her leave to try
Whether he could not now perform his part (sures
With more *successefull strength*, and from the Trea-
Of Heav'n, fetch *Contemplations solid Pleasures*.

40.

His Motion she heard with joyns Ear,
And turn'd to *Heav'n* her gladsome Ey, to see
Whether the way to it, Companion were
In her brisk Bosomes new Serenity:
She turn'd her Ey, and in *Heav'ns* volumes read
More than her own desires had coveted.

41.

For lo the sullen *Clouds* which heretofore
Had damm'd the way to her rejected sight,
Drown'd in repentant Tears, themselves did poure,
And dash in sunder, to lay ope a bright
And undisturbed Passage to that Sphear
Where *Psyche's* Jewels all enshrined were.

42.

In bounteous Beams of royall Influence
Her *open Sun* bestow'd himself upon her:
And this awak'd her long astonish'd sence
To finde and feel the sweets of this dear Honor;
This swell'd her Bosom with such Ravishment,
That through her lips she hast's to give it vent.

43.

And now, ô my *delicious Lord*, said she,
I thank thee for that *Famine* I endured:
I little dream'd that this Felicitie
Could by this torturing anguish be procured:
But in the Wisdome of thy Love didst thou
Then make me *Fast*, the more to *Feast* me now.

44.

Thou with that wholesome Tempest tossed'st me,
That I might throughly understand the blisse
Of this sweet Calm: by the Ariditie
Of cold and tedious Death didst thou suppress
My secular Spirits, that revived I
Might live to thee, as to the World I die.

45.

Now, now, I *taste this life* indeed; which I
Though I enjoy'd it, did not know before;
Alas, We fools are best instructed by
Absence, and *Losse*, to prize the richest store:
These thanks I to my *Dereliction* ow,
That I can relish my *Fruition* now.

46.

So deep I relish it, dear *Jesu*, that
I would not for the *Cream of Paradise*
But have been drowned in that *desolate State*,
Whence to the *Blisse of mine own Blisse* I rise.
For what were *Paradise* to me, unless
I *feelingly* perceiv'd its Pleasantnes?

O thi

47.

O that more *Thelema's* I had, which I
Might sacrifice in witnesse of this Debt!
Since thy *revealed Countnance* upon my
Unworthy Head this mighty Score hath set:
Yet what doe our poor *Wils* by being thine,
But onely make *Themselves*, not *Thee, divine?*

48.

I now could covetous be, and wish that all
The Treasures both of Heav'n and Earth were mine,
That with this Offring I might prostrate fall
And dedicate it at thy *Favours* shrine.
Yet what were all the World to that which I
Ow to thy *Soveraign Benignity*!

49.

Had I ten thousand Lives to spend on thee,
That vast Expence would but my Gains augment.
How then, where *Gratitude* her Selfe must be
Ingratefull, can poor I due Thanks present?
Sweet *Lord* inform and help my Soule, which fain
Would tender *something* back to thee again.

50.

She ceased here: And *Phylax*, who attended
The leisure of her fervent *Exultation*;
With equal Joy and Ardor, where she ended,
Began her Praises, and Congrattulation:
Joy, joy, deer *Pupill*, of this Morn, said he,
Which hath dispell'd thy Night of Misery.

51.

I see what reason thou hadst to be sad,
Beyond my Comforts reach; because I see,
The sweet Occasion which hath made thee glad:
Such mighty Greif could onely chased be
By that *Meridian Almighty Ray*,
Which drives the *Life of Woe*, ev'n *Death* away.

52.

The high Excesse of his Triumphant Joy
Would let him speak no more; but spurr'd him on
With Kisses and Embraces to allay
The dainty *Wrath* of his strong *Passion*.
Full close he chain'd her in the tender Bands
Of zealous Love, his blessed Arms and Hands.

53.

The *Mayd*, who would not to this Complement
Be long in debt, thus, in a Smile, replied:
The begging of my *Pardon* you prevent;
But for my *Thanks*, they must not be denied
Free licence to be full and bold, since they
In their best height cannot your Love repay.

54.

Surely the other Day you were the same
Which you are now, in every Ornament
Of *gratious Sweetnesse*, when you hither came
And your best Cordials did to Me present:
But clowniſh Senseleſſe I could not embrace
You undeserved and yet offred Grace.

55.

Had this Behaviour quench'd your Love to Me,
To none but my rude Selfe had Blame been due:
Yet you with faithfull patient fervencie
More carefull still, and still more tender grew:
My Greif you to your Selfe aſſum'd as you
Were able, and for Me with Tears did flow.

56.

Though I by Heav'n and Earth abandon'd was,
And plung'd into the Gulf of *Desolation*;
To own Me in that despicable Case
You blushed not; but by your high Narration
Of what *Love* destin'd to releive my Smart,
Endeavored to cheer my drooping Heart.

57.

Well I remember how I then forgot
My selfe and you; how dead and cold I lay
Before that *flaming News*, which might have shot
Life into any Soule but mine: away
I turn'd my fooliſh head from that which through
A thousand Deaths I would run after now.

58.

For ô my *indefatigable Freind*,
I feel your sweetnesse thrilling in my Heart;
Which there with *Chari's* Influence doth blend,
And a *new Soule* unto my *Soule* impart:
Forbid it *Heav'n*, my Mind should e'r forget
Thee, who hast help'd to raise and double it.

59.

When *Earth* denies her Vapours to repay
To *Heav'n* whose Bounty sent her down the Rain:
When *Fountains* bid their posting *Currents* stay,
Whose Thanks were flowing to their mother *Main*:
When *Buildings* scorn their freindly *Pillars*, I
Will then neglect thy *Love* and *Constancy*.

60.

In this *Contention of Courtsie* they
Their Words and Kisses sweetly bandied;
Till the decrepit Season of the Day
Which common Mortals summoneth to bed,
Admoniſh'd *Psyche* of her *Compline*, who
Obey'd the Item, and to it did goe.

61.

And now her high and holy busines she
Perform'd no more with cold and fruitlesse pains;
But mounting up with cheerly Fervencie,
Reap'd, in the middle of her Work, its Gains;
For now she *knew* her Prayers welcom'd were
Into her *Spouse's* ready open Ear.

62.

Phylax, mean while by *Heav'ns appointment* flew
To learn her Parents fortunes out: which He
No sooner fully saw, but fir'd with new
Excess of Joy, he back return'd, when she
From her Devotions rose, and thus display'd
His blessed Message to the *reverend Maid*.

63.

News *Psyche*, happy News! for now I come
From *holy Valours Sceen*, that signal Place
Where thy *Uranius* his brave Martyrdome
Of late atcheiv'd, and finished his Race:
That Race thou fear'dst had been too hard for thy
Decrepit Parents limping Piety.

64.

But at the *Stake* I found them *Both*, where they
Before the face of Heav'n and Earth, to *thy*
Sole charge that *Resolution* did lay
Which fir'd them to contemn those Flames; for by
Our *Daughters Zeal*, said they, this sacred heat
In our old froazen fearfull Veins doth beat.

65.

That heav'nly Answer from the Dungeon she
Gave to our *cruel kindenes*, though with shame
It sent Us weeping home; yet instantlie
Those causeless tears it dried by this flame
Of Christian courage, whil'st admonish'd by
Our *second thoughts*, our *first* we did defie.

66.

And Heav'n requite her whereso'r she be,
Who, whil'st we tempted her idolize,
Did nobley fright Us from Idolatrie,
And teach Us how We safelier might *despise*
Both *Life and Death*, than *Jesus*, who alone
Holds over *both* supream Dominion.

67.

Then let Him shew it now, the *Soldiers* cri'd,
Kindling the Pile, and shouting loud, that they
In spight of Darknesse, thus could turn the Tide
Of Night, by *Christian Bonfires*, into Day.
O *Blessed pair*! said I, who in a new
Marriage thus joyned are, and hither flew.

68.

So *Phylax* spake. When *Psyche* ravish'd by
This unexpected Bliss, could not contain
The pious Fountain of her joyfull Eye,
Nor her Tongues sweeter stronger streams restrain;
Abundant Tears she shed, yet larger far
Her thanks to *Jesus*, and her Praises were.

69.

But as she oft had wearied been before
With *heavinesses* mighty Burden; so
Surcharged now with *joys* exuberant store
She laid her down in sweet submission to
This pleasing load, and sunk into the deep
But soft untroubled Gulfe of downy sleep.

70.

When *Charis*, upon whose eternal Eye
No Slumber ever creeps, begun a new
And heav'nly work; for with Activity
About *Imaginations* Orb she flew,
And cull'd and croppid those *Fancies* here and there
Which for her purpose serviceable were.

71.

Thus furnished withall Materials, she
In the fair Theatre of *Psyche's* Breast
By orderly Degrees the Gallantrie
Of her incomparable Pageant dresst:
She first reard up a goodly Throne, which might
Out-vie the *Hyperborean* Snow in White.

72.

Forthwith she placed on this royal Seat
A *Prince* who gave more Beauty unto it;
No Monark ever in more awfull State
On his imperial Chair of Gold did sit:
Indeed all Potentates but shaddows be
To this *authentick Soveraigns* Majestie.

73.

His copious Robe down from his Shoulders flow'd
Unto his Feet, with streams of gracefulnesse;
A Girdle of illustrious Gold, which ow'd
Its birth not unto Earth, but Heav'n, did kiss
And closely hug his blessed Paps, which yet
In goodly Richnes far outshined it.

74.

No Fullers labour ever made so white
The finest Wool, as was his daintier Hair,
Which poured down the volumes of its bright
And Silken Curles with curious careless Care
About his Alabaster Neck, which stood
Like a white Pillar in that Snowie Wood.

75.

As in their venerable Sockets on
The ſacred Altar glorious Tapers flame,
So look'd his Eys; whoſe reverend Beams alone
About the Temple of his Face did ſtream,
And made his Countnance like the Suns, when he
Is awfull in his *High-noon Claritie*.

76.

The moſt refin'd *Corinthian Braſs*, which in
The boſome of the flaming Furnace lies,
Doth not with more illuſtrious Terror ſhine,
Than from his burning Feet of Glorie flies.
Thus was this radiant *King* from Foot to Head
With ſupream Majeſtie embelliſhed.

77.

Innumerable *Angels* then ſhe brought
To furniſh out his Court and fill his Train;
Theſe all their Stations took as quick as Thought,
And with their golden Trumpets in a ſtrein
Which through the rouſed Univerſe rebounded,
The glory of their mighty *Soveraign* ſounded.

78.

But his bright Standard to the open Air
She poured out, in which embroyderd ſtood
Moſt dreadfully illuſtrious and fair
His *Arms imperial*, ſtained all with Blood:
For 'twas his *Croſs*, encompaſs'd now with more
Notorious Honour, than with *ſhame* before.

79.

As thus he ſate triumphant on his Throne,
He lifted up his Face, and look'd about:
Straitway the frighted *Earth* began to run
From his *intolerable Eys*; the ſtout
And hardy Rocks felt their hearts ſplit for Dread,
The proudeſt Hils and Mountains trembling fled.

80.

The Spheers above his Aſpects Power felt,
And breaking off their lofty Harmony,
In Diſſolutions Tears began to melt:
The Sun and Stars, abaſhed now to ſee
There was no need of them by Day or Night,
Fell head-long down, and choaked their own Light.

81.

Yet in this hudling haſte, the *Sea* and *Land*
Were mindefull of their *Faith*, and honeſtly
Reſtor'd the *Pledges* which into their Hand
Were put by *Fate*, *Sin*, and *Mortalitie*,
Giving up punctually a true and juſt
Account of every Dram of *Humane Duſt*.

82.

Forthwith *Corruption* ſtarted from the Heap
Of Aſhes, and fled after *Earth* and *Sea*:
When loe the *Maſs* threw off its deadly ſleep,
And waked into Lifes Activitie:
Each Peice awak'd, and nimbly roſe, and ſhew'd
For one cold Heap, a vigorous Multitude.

83.

Adam and *Eve*, the Springs of all the reſt,
Stood in the Front: on whom attended all
The *Senior World*. Then *Noah* forward preſt,
Who reimpeopled this whole ſhipwracked Ball;
And after Him, the Tribes and Nations which
Their Colonies through all the Earth did reach.

84.

Not one was miſſing who did ever draw
The breath of Life, and ſee the Face of Light:
But now the proudeſt bore his head as low
As did the pooreſt and ignobleſt wight:
This Day had raſed ſuch Diſtinctions out,
And all into one Size and Meaſure brought.

85.

Thoſe whom their tedious Age had bowed down,
Unto their briſker years were called back;
And thoſe who in their Bud were crop'd, and thrown
Into untimely Graves, did nothing lack
Of fulgrown and accompliſh'd vigour, which
Fix'd all and every one in equal pitch.

86.

And yet ſo different their Conditions were,
That now the ready *Angels*, who attended
Their *Soveraigns* Beck, with quick unerring Care
Parted the croud which was together blended;
With his right-hand the harmleſs *Sheep* they graced,
But at his left the ſtinking *Goats* they placed.

87.

Pſyche rejoye'd her *Parents* here to ſee
Rank'd on the Dexter Wing: But fuller was
Her holy Exultation, when ſhe
Perceiv'd her own *Effigies* had the grace
There to be marſhalled; for though ſhe ſlept,
Her waking Soule at the ſweet Omen leapt.

88.

When loe, as thus her Hopes and Joyes grew high
At this illuſtrious Spectacle; before
The Throne two *Books* of vaſt Capacity
Were open ſtung: No volumes ever bore
So huge a bulk as theſe, which written be
With the *whole Worlds eternal Deſtinie*.

89.

The one was black as *Harrors* darkeſt Face,
The *Book of Death*, writ with the Ink of Hell,
Wherein each Word ſome foule Tranſgreſſion was
Scor'd upon their Accounts who did rebell
Againſt their *Bliſſe*, and needs would labour to
Attain *Vexation*, and Themſelves undoe.

90.

The other was as fair, as this was foule,
The beauteous *Book of Life*, whoſe Words did ſhine
Clearer than thoſe bright Notes which make the Scroul
Of Heav'n appear ſo glorious and divine;
For here each Line doth part of *God* expreſſe
Character'd in his *Servants Holineſſe*.

91.

Theſe bleſſed Leaves the *King* no ſooner read,
But to the *Right-hand Troop* he turn'd his Eye,
Which with Majeſtick Sweetneſſe prefaced
Unto theſe Words: Come Yee, whoſe Piety
Is by my *Fathers* Benediction grown
Mature, and of full Age to wear its Crown:

92.

Come take your full Poſſeſſion with Me
Of that fair Kingdome, whoſe Foundations were
Laid upon ſtable *Perpetuity*
Long e'r the Earth ſunk down beneath, long e'r
The Air and Fire grew light and upward fled
Long e'r the Curtains of the Heav'ns were ſpred.

93.

For in this faithfull Regiſter I ſee
Your brave Deſerts recorded full and fair:
When I expoſed was to Miſery
Your pious Charity made Me your Heir;
The Debt I here acknowledge, and to Day
The *Principal* and *Uſe*, I muſt repay.

94.

Then turning to the *gloomy Book*, and to
The other Company which ſtood agaſt,
With frowns of *killing Wrath* He cried, *Goe*
Ye curſed Brood, this Evidence hath Caſt
You all; theſe Leaves ſufficient Witneſſe bear,
For all your hideous Crimes ſtand ſtaring here.

95.

Your Eyes no Pitty would afford to *Me*
When Priſon, Hunger, Thirſt, and Nakedneſs
Call'd for Compaſſion: and ſtrict Equity
Now ſeals up *mine* againſt your due Diſtreſs:
Goe, and the Places you have ſought for, take
Amidſt the ever-burning Brimſtone Lake.

96.

The Lake my Furie kindled to requite
With righteous Vengance that rebellious Pride
Which flam'd againſt my Selfe in open fight
When *Satan* and his Crew their Stomacks tri'd:
For you I meant it not, but you alone
Have ſnatch'd your Shares in their Damnation.

97.

The *Adamantine Sentence* thus being paſt;
The courteous *Angels* with impatient Joy
Upon the *Saints* their dear Imbraces caſt
Applauding this their *Coronation Day*;
And joyned then their Tongues with them to ſing
Eceſtatick *Praiſes* to their gratious *King*.

98.

But as this Melody was ſweet and high;
So were the Yellings horrid, which did tear
The throats and boſomes of that Company
Who to *Deaths living Furnace* ſentenc'd were;
For thouſand *Furies* ſtraight about them flew,
And in their face *Diſpairs* and *Terrors* threw.

99.

But dreſſed in more horrible Array
Than ever yet infernal Hag deformed,
Their monſtrous *Conſciences* on them did lay
Their Claws of everlaſting Wrath, all armed
With thouſand Stings, which through their Breaſts did break
And in their Souls outrageous havock make.

100.

When on the ſudden the eternal Pit
Opening its Mouth, and gaping for its Prey,
The firſt fruits of their flames on them did ſpit,
And warn'd the *Fiends* to haſten them away
To their full Harveſt. O what Tongue can tell
The Anguiſh which now on theſe Wretches fell!

101.

Upon their ſhreiking Throats, and frighted Hair
Damnations Serjeants clapp'd their flaming Paws;
Whilſt other Officers, who furniſh'd were
With Whips of fiery *Snakes*, and *Harpie* Claws
Laſh'd them ſo ſore, that they made haſte to Hell,
In hopes that leſſer Torments there did dwell.

102.

Down plung'd this mixed Rout, which almoſt ſplit
The greedy Throat of the ſulphureous *Deep*:
Loud was the Noiſe of this great Fall, but yet
Far louder was their Crie, who down the ſteep
Eternal Precipice ſtill tumbled, and
No *Bottome* ſaw, to bid their *Ruine* ſtand.

The

103.

The hasty *Fire* soon flew upon this Feast,
And with unbounded Riot gormandised;
Resolving thenceforth never more to Fast,
Nor yet with all this store to be sufficed;
But oft it gap'd and belch'd, whence upward broke
Black volumes of contagious stink and smoak

104.

About the Brink some *Devils* hankerd still;
So did two *Monsters* far more foule than they,
Thin gastly *Death*, and poisnous *Sin*; untill
The *King* design'd an *Angel* them to slay,
Who threw them head-long down the Pit; for this
And this alone, *eternal Slaughter* is.

105.

That done: the Sentence firm and sure to make,
Upon the *Caves* wide Mouth his Seal he set:
A Seal which no reluctancy can break,
For his Omnipotence had temperd it
Of such a Mixture, that *Eternitie*
It self, as soonas that, shall brittle be.

106.

The *Saints* and *Angels* seeing nothing now
But Joy, and Life, and Bliss, and Holines;
Themselves before the *Conquerours* Throne did throw
Meekly ambitious joyntly to express
Their Thanks and Praise in a triumphant Song,
Whence all the World with *Hallelujahs* rung.

107.

When lo, a Flood of new and gorgeous Light
Came sweetly pouring down, and chang'd the Sceen;
Which swallow'd up the former Pageant quite,
For nothing now but *Celsitude* was seen.
This fetch'd a sigh from *Psyche*, who had view'd
With hearty joy that holy Multitude.

108.

But *Charis* quickly her again did cheer,
For by her speedie skill she instantly
A wonderous *City* on the stage did rear,
Whose beauty to enamored *Psyche*'s Ey,
That she was sad no longer for the Change,
But joy'd about the spectacle to range.

109.

Square was the *City*, for it was the Seat
Of everlasting *Firmitude*; and this
Substantial Figure which it self doth meet
In every equal Angle, tyed is
Sure to it self: but the *Round rolling World*
Alas, before, was into *Nothing* hurld.

110.

The Fabrick of the Wall was fair and high,
Much higher than the proudest Battlement
Of the old Heav'ns, whose lofty Majesty
Down unto Mortal Eys such wonder sent:
For they were but the Type and shade of this,
Which *Heav'n of Heav'ns*, and *Crest of glory* is.

111.

And correspondent was it mighty Base
Unto that Height, for upon *twelve Foundations*
All most unmoved, it erected was:
No wonder that it fears no Perturbations,
No wonder that this onely City is
Of *Peace* and *Quiet* the *Metropolis*.

112.

The first Foundation is of *Jasper* green,
For Florid must this Building ever be:
The next of *Sapphire*, in whose face are seen
The proper Lines of heav'nly Claritie;
A Stone which doth corroborate the Heart,
And friendly help to Chastity impart.

113.

The third of Star-like *Chalcedonie*, which
Upon the *Sapphir's* Region being set,
With Constellations doth it enrich:
A cheerly Gem is this, and scorns to let
The tedious insultations of *Fear*,
Or of *Disconsolation* to draw neer.

114.

The fourth of *Emerald*, of Lust the true
And constant Foe, and of all Poisons too:
The fift of *Sardonyx*, of blushing hue;
The sixt of *Sardie*, antidote of Woe,
Quickner of Wit: The seav'nth of *Chrysolite*,
Which Melancholie's Mists away doth fright.

115.

The eight of *Beryll*, rich in modest grace;
The nineth of *Topaz*, full of flaming Gold
Which dares out-look black Night: Of *Chrysoprase*
The tenth, of kin unto the formers mould:
The next the cordial *Jacinth*, and the last
The sober and the healthfull *Amethyst*.

116.

On these Foundations stood engraven fair
Twelve honored *Names*, the *Names* of them who spred
The gentle *Lambs* Religion every where,
And stones to build this City gathered
From every Soile, and from the furthest Shores
On which the barbarous Ocean foams and roars.

As

117.

As *Psyche* reach'd her Wonder round about
This gallant Structure, she on every side
Three goodly Gates, of which each One was wrought
Out of a single massie Perl, espi'd:
With these did *LOVE* keep open House, and all
The *East*, and *West*, the *North* and *South* did call.

118.

Invited therefore thus, She enter'd in,
Where paved all with Gold she found the Street,
With Gold not of our earthly Metalls kin,
But of a purer nobler Breed, and meet
To kisse the Feet of *Saints*, it being as
Tralucid as the fairest virgin Glasse.

119.

But straight a purer Thing than that she met,
A *River* all of *living Chrystall*, which
Came smiling down the Street; and over it
A multiplying *Tree* its Arms did reach (strong,
From either side, whose Twigs though sound and
Bow'd with the blessed Fruit which on them hung.

120.

Twelve Sorts of *Fruits* it duely bore, and yet
Faild not each Moneth again to Bud and Blow;
Such endlesse Vigor reign'd all over it,
That to its smallest Leaves it did allow
More Virtue than *Arabia*'s Spices had,
Or all the famous Balm of *Gilead*.

121.

They never were applyed to the Wound
Of any Nations, but forthwith from Pain
Releas'd they were, and rendred whole and Sound,
When Humane Surgery had strove in vain.
O noble *Tree*! whose very Shaddow is
Th' eternal Roof of sure substantial Blisse.

122.

Under these verdant Boughs, and on this shore
Of flowing *Life*, walk'd *Psyche* to descry
The Spring which was the Mother to such store
Of pure and ever-teeming Suavity:
When loe a glorious Throne she spi'd, from whence
Gush'd out these vivid Blisse's Influence.

123.

A Throne of pure and solid Splendor framed,
On which the *Soveraign of Immensity*
With such intolerable Brightnesse flamed,
That none of all the purest Standers by
Could with *Cherubick* or *Seraphick* Eyes
His vast Irradiations comprise.

124.

But at his Right Hand, mitigated by
His Marriage with poor *Flesh*, did sit the *Lamb*,
Whose spotlesse Fleece was *sweetned Majesty*
Whose Sceptre with *Loves* gentle Rayes did stream,
Whose Hand to poure his Blessings forth, was spred,
Whose Crown was *Honor* wreath'd about his head.

125.

From his fair Eyes flow'd that eternal Day,
Which all this new *Jerusalem* doth gild;
No other *Phœbus* needed to display
Himselfe upon this Region, which was fill'd
With cleer enlivening Fires that did refine
And make ev'n grosse and mortal Eyes Divine.

126.

Here *Psyche* cleerly saw those things which she
Before by *Logos*, her Embassader,
Descri'd at distance and imperfectly:
Gods naked Attributes were marshall'd here,
Deep *Mysteries* in one another wove,
Infinitudes, and *Miracles of Love*.

127.

Here vast oraculous *Profundities*,
And wondrous *Words* from *Wisdomes* Lipps she heard;
Such *Words* as taught her where the Reason lies
Why *God* himselfe doth wear the Name of *Word*;
Words raised to so soveraign a Pitch
As mortal Tongues must never hope to reach.

128.

Here she beheld how from *Divinity*
Beatitude its glorious Selfe displaid,
And unto all the holy Company
Its unexhausted Influence convey'd;
For Millions of Millions at hand
With meek Attendance on the *Lamb* did stand.

129.

Right gallant was the Equipage in which
They were disposed: That symmetrious Grace
Which round about the World it selfe did reach,
To this far fairer order'd State gave place,
When, guilty onely of it selfe, it slunk
Aside, and into *Inanition* sunk.

130.

Never was *Grecian* or *Romane* Court
(Though *Fame* had trumpetted their Praises high,)
Contrived in such wise Majestick Sort
As this, *Perfections own Polity*,
Which by one universal Spirit doth move,
And by no Laws is governed, but *Love*.

All

131.

All *Saints* and *Angels* knew their proper place;
And lov'd it best because it was their own:
Among them all no difference there was
Of Inclinations, for each one had thrown
His Will down at his *Soveraigns* Footstool, and
Own'd no Desires but onely his Command.

132.

In him they liv'd, and lov'd, and joy'd, and by
That Resignation received were
Into some Portion of *Divinity*:
For *Jesu*'s Fulnesse had enough to spare,
Nor was his Diademe diminish'd, though
To all of Them their Crowns he did allow.

133.

They all were Crown'd, and yet not flattered
With titular and empty Soveraignty:
So wide the Circuit of this Glory spred,
That All with boundlesse Bounds it did supply;
This Realm of Blisse, of Kingdomes was the Spring,
And every Subject made a mighty King.

134.

For what was proper unto every One,
Proved the Joy and Riches of the Rest:
That supream Diademe which flam'd upon
The Head of *Jesus*, fully was possest
Of all this Multitude, for bounteous He
Did lay in Common all Propriety.

135.

Thus whatsoever Honor decks the Brow,
Or Consolation smileth in the Heart;
Its beams are not confined there, but flow
With Brotherly Affection to each Part,
That the *whole Body* may engaged be
To make a private Comfort, publike Glee.

136.

And yet these so united *Spirits* were
By several Stations distinguished:
Nine blessed *Orders* were divided there,
Which in three *Hierarchik* Classe's did
Conjoin again, and by their *single Three*
Thrice imitate th' *eternal Trinity*.

137.

With these the *Saints* did intermixed reign
And fill'd the Places of those *Spirits* who
Hoping against their *Maker* to maintain
Their sturdy Stomacks, into Arms did goe;
But over-whelm'd by his Almighty Tide,
Their Ruine onely gained by their Pride.

138.

By that proportion of Humility
And holy Love, they practis'd here below,
The Measures of their Recompence, the high
And righteous *King of Bounty* did bestow:
Which, though they in degrees much difference shew'd,
Yet every One enjoyed Plenitude.

139.

So when a thousand Vessells, great and small,
Into the Sea are thrown, though some receive
More of the Ocean far than others, All
Are fill'd *brim full*; nor can the Lesser grieve
Their Brethrens fairer Amplitude to see,
Since they no fuller than the Smallest be.

140.

But how to blazon these bright Honors, how
To sound this boundlesse Sea of equal Pleasures,
How to compute this vast Account, and know
The Total Summ of perfect Blisse's Treasures,
Posed their highest strength and deepest Wit,
Who were infeofed and possest of it.

141.

Yet all the Homage which they paid for this
Supremacy of Glory, was, to Praise,
Admire, and Love, and Blesse, and Chant out *His*
Eternal Name and Fame, who them did raise
To this Capacity of Exultation.
O blessed Life! whose Task is Acclamation.

142.

Through this illustrious Maze of Joy and Blisse
As *Psyche* laboured, and seem'd to be
In heav'n afresh at every Step; by this
Unwearied Quires Heroick *Peans* she
Perceiv'd the entertainment neer as high
Which cheer'd her Ear, as that which fill'd her Eye.

143.

And now her Wonder could endure no Rein,
She sacrific'd her Soule to Ecstasie;
When loe the *Seraphs* Pipes let flie a Strein
Of holy Triumph so exceeding high,
That starting at the mighty Song she shaked
Her pretious *Dream* insunder, and awaked.

144.

As when unhappy *Adam* was expell'd
Out of the Sceen of Blisse, sweet *Paradise*,
And on the sudden all the World beheld
Planted with desolate thorny Miseries;
Aghast He look'd, his woefull Hands he wrung,
And sigh'd and sobb'd to think whence he was flung:

145.

So *Psyche* having loſt this glorious Sight,
And raviſhing Muſick, (which perplexed Her
In ſweet confuſion, for by this Delight
She tempted was to wiſh her ſelfe all Ear,
By that, intirely Eye; or elſe that ſhe
Could teach her Eyes to Hear, her Ears to See,)

146.

Surpriſed was with lamentable Fright
To ſee the groſſe face of Mortality,
To ſee the glaring Beams of *Natures* Light,
To ſee her Selfe on her poor Pallet ly.
So far remov'd from Bliſſe's royal Sphear,
That on dull Earth She ſtill was groveling here.

147.

Alas, She cri'd what injury have I
Done unto *Sleep* that it ſhould mock me thus?
To heave me up unto the glorious Skie
Why ſhould my *Dreams* be ſo induſtrious,
If by ſo ſudden a defection They
Me back unto this Deep meant to betray?

148.

Unhapp *Life*! which, whilſt we are *Awake*;
With nothing elſe but *Dreams* doſt fill our Eyes:
The burly Show this Mortal World doth make
Is but a puffed Bulk of Vanities,
Where whilſt we hope ſubſtantial Worth to finde,
We mocked are with fooliſh empty Winde.

149.

But when by *Sleep* We robbed are of more
Than halfe our Selves, and in *Deaths Embleme* ly,
Then onely doſt thou ſuffer Us to ſore
To ſolid Joyes; which yet being carried by
Our *Dreams faint Wings*, by them betrayed be,
And ſoon forget their own Soliditie.

150.

Deceitfull *Sleep*, which wear'ſt the Name of *Reſt*,
Why wilt Thou never make it good to Me?
Why was I with thy higheſt Favours bleſt,
If they muſt onely torture *Waking Me*?
Why Slept I, if I needs muſt Wake, and miſſe
By ſetting ope mine Eyes, my Sight of Bliſſe?

151.

Phylax, who all this while with piercing Eye
Div'd through her Boſome, and Spectator was,
How *Charis* order'd all that *Pageantry*
Which through his *Pupills* wondering Soule did paſſe,
Stopp'd with a Kiſſe that tide of Grief which ran
From her complaining Lips; then thus began:

152.

To Joy this Morning ſacred is, my Dear:
If thine Eys bottles Thou wouldſt rightly ſpend,
On *Sorrow* laviſh not the Smalleſt Tear,
But all thy Streams to *Exultation* lend.
Thy *Dream* has not deceiv'd Thee; all was true
Which it diſplaid to thine admiring View.

153.

It is enough that *Heav'n* doth condeſcend
To Act it ſelfe aforehand unto Thee;
Nor canſt thou think thy *Saviour* doth entend
To put Thee off with this: No; *royal He*
Prepares thine Eyes by this ſhort glimpſe of Bliſſe
Henceforth to See its endleſſe bright Exceſſe.

154.

In patience then thine humble Soule poſſeſſe;
For ſure this prize is worth thine Expectation,
Although it ſhould attended be till this
Firm World grows Weak, & ſtoops to *Conſummation*:
Time at its utmoſt Tether cannot be
More than a Span unto *Eternity*.

155.

Eternity is that which ſhall enhance
Beatitude, and crown its Diademes:
In hopes of which, doe thou thy Soule advance,
And never troubled be to think that *Dreams*
Which on thin Fancie their Foundation lay
Are fickle fluid Things, and ſtart away.

156.

Courageous Friend, the *Mayd* to this repli'd,
Brave is the Metall of thy ſprightfull Heart,
Which eaſily beats back all Misfortunes Tide,
And can the Streams of Grief to Joy convert:
Full well thoſe cheerly Looks with thee doe ſuit,
Who all my Loſſe canſt with a Smile confute.

157.

But I cannot doe ſo; *Miſchances* throw
Their own upon my Smiles, with high diſdain;
My deep Paſſivity will not allow
Me any Art or Power to maintain
A fight with Suffrings ſo as not to feel
The Wound, when in my Heart I finde the Steel.

158.

It is but lately ſince unhappy I
Was quite loſt in the Miſt of *Deſolation*;
And heavy was that blinde Calamity
Which did both muffle up my *Contemplation*,
And clip thoſe Wings that had been us'd before
Unto the Pinnacles of Heav'n to ſore.

159.

But now her Eyes again unmasked are,
And unto their full length her Feathers grown;
No sooner I in Heav'ns illustrious Sphear
Or read, or flie, but I am tumbled down,
And by my journey (to compleat my Crosse)
No Profit reap, but *Knowledge of My Losse*.

160.

O I acquit my *Dream* from the least Guilt
Of fairfac'd Fraud; in every blessed Part
The genuine Pulse of *Truth* I cleerly felt
Beating right time with my exultant Heart.
I would not have it false for Heav'n, and yet
Its being true begetteth this regret.

161.

For had it not been the unfeined Sceen
Of brave *Beatitude* in full Display;
Without this stinging Torment that had been
Snatched from Me, or I from that, away:
But now what Comfort can breath Me Content,
When from my Heart, my Heart it selfe is rent!

162.

If *Lucifer* had never walk'd upon
Compleat *Felicities* transcendent Stories,
If He had never view'd Heav'ns radiant Throne,
And sweet *Eternities* excessive Glories;
His Losse had *finite* been; he had not fell
So low as now, nor had his Hell been Hell.

163.

I might have dwelt contented in dull Night
Had I not known and seen Lifes royal Day;
These rotten Raggs of Dust and Ashes might
Have pleased Me, had not the bright Array
Which clothe's the *Saints* with Immortality
Been open thrown before my mortal Eye.

164.

Yon' *Phœbus*, who with Virgin Gold doth gild
The *Mornings* cheeks, I might with some Delight
Have gazed on; if I had not beheld
The far more Sun-like Eyes of *Jesus*, bright
With Blisse, and Love, and Joy, and every Thing
Which can become the Looks of *Glories King*.

165.

Then since I fully understand my Losse;
O doe not envy Me, sweet *Guardian*, leave
Not to be fondly stupid; doe not crosse
My course of Woe, who have such cause to grieve;
For Grief their *Daughters* onely Dowrie is,
Whilst my dear *Parents* reign in joyous Blisse.

166.

These Words with such commanding Passion she
On facil *Phylax* blew, that he gave way:
Yet, prudent as he was, and piercing, He
Observ'd how wisely *Love* his Plot did lay,
And that for his sweet *Psyche* he this kinde
Of softest-hardest *Martyrdome* design'd.

167.

But *Charis*, (who still in her Breast did lie,)
Although the blessed *Dream* had taken Wing,
Yet on the Tables of her Memory
Fairly transcrib'd and fastned every thing;
There shin'd the total *Apparition* still,
And all her Thoughts With Ravishment did fill.

168.

With Ravishment, which proved fuel to
Her ancient Fire of Love; a fire which now
Flash'd resolutely out, and feasted so
On this vast Banquet, which did alwayes flow
With fresh Infinitude upon it, that
The flames all Bridles and all Bounds forgot.

169.

Like Wax which flows before the Summers Sun;
So in the presence of this scorching Heat
Her Bowells melted, and her Heart did run
About her bosome, labouring to get
Releasment from this Furnace: but in vain;
Heav'n still to her Sweet Torment her did chain.

170.

In dainty Agonie She lay and fried,
Till from her Lips at last the Flame did break;
And unto *Phylax* thus aloud she cried:
O why to *Persecutions* gentler Stake
Was I not bound; why might I not expire
In the milde bosome of that courteous Fire!

171.

That Fire would soon have drunk up all my Breath,
And into Ashes parch'd my Life; but this
Playes with my Pangs, and freshly Furnisheth
My fainting Heart with passive vigorousnesse;
This, woefull Immortality doth give,
Unto my Dust, and teacheth *Death* to *live*.

172.

Nor *Etna's*, nor *Vesuvius's* bowells were
E'r gravid with such teeming Flames, as mine;
Should *Humber*, *Thames* and *Severn*, by thy Care
Their everflowing Mouthes together join,
And empty out themselves upon my Heart,
Alas they could not quench my burning Smart.

173.

Nay flatter Me not with thy smiling Eye;
Compassion, is the utmost Thou canst lend:
He, he, alone can cure my Malady
Who did to Me this flaming Feaver send.
If thou canst hasten down His help, ô doe;
Or tell Me when he will conclude my Woe.

174.

The *Angel*, who her blessed Sickness knew,
Had now no longer power to pitty Her:
Into Invisibility He flew,
That her Seraphick pains might domineer,
And she, being left alone, might sooner prove
The perfect *Holocaust* of generous *Love*.

175.

But yet her modest tender Jealousie
Could not interpret his Discession so:
She fear'd that by *indecent Passion* she
Had urg'd his Patience, and forc'd Him to
Withdraw, till hastie she grew Calm again,
And fit his Company to entertain.

176.

This made her check her boiling Fervor by
Deep Recollection of her *Spouses Will*:
She knockt her Breast, which first made its Reply
In sighs and groans, then in these words: O still
This tumult of my Soule, dear *Lord*, whose heat
Doth all my Bosome in Combustion set.

177.

Although my long'd-for *Union with thee*
Be dearer than a thousand Lives; although
Desire and *Languor* all my Essence be
Till to Fruition of thee I grow;
Yet since thy *Will* prolongs thy Banishment
From Heav'n and thee, (peace heart) I am content.

178.

I am content: For All I Am, is *Thine*;
The freedom of thy Pleasure use on Me,
If I thine Arrows smartest Dint decline,
Then say I lov'd my self, but lov'd not Thee:
Upon this Heart poure all thine amorous Might,
And slay Me, if thou wilt, from Morn to Night.

179.

But if I still must live this Death, ô may
I live it unto *Thee*, and *Thee alone*,
O let some hard heroick Task allay
This Fervors edge which thou hast set upon
My ravish'd Soule, that being busied, I
May lesse perceive the Flames in which I fry.

180.

Shall I to *Persecutions* Court, and there
Erect thy *Standard* in the *Tyrants Face*?
Shall I her Racks and Arts of Torture dare?
Her Altars and her *Gods* down shall I raise?
Against her Proclamations shall I
Promulge the Pleasure of thy *Majesty*?

181.

Shall all the Bruises, Wounds, Boils, Sores and Pains,
Shall every Grief, Distemper, Maladie,
Shall all the Hungers, Thirsts, and Stripes, and Chains,
Which through the whole World the sad Portion be
Of thine abused patient *Members*, joyn
And domineer in *this sole Corps of mine*?

182.

Shall I be made the Hate of Man and Beast?
Shall I be scorn'd and kicked round about
Th' insulting Universe? shall I be prest
Down to the dismall ever-yelling Rout
Of *Feinds* and *Furies*, and be dragged through
That Deep where torments in their kingdom grow?

183.

Surely *all this, and more*, for thy dear sake
To whom I ow it, I could well sustain:
Speak then, ô most deserving *Soveraign*, speak,
And by some sufferings mitigate my pain.
Set Me my hardy Task, that I may prove
On any Terms, *how much I love thy Love*.

184.

Thus panted loyal she: till tired by
Her Fervors high Intension, she descended
Into her self again: But instantly
That strong Combustion she hop'd was ended,
Met her amidst her Breast, and did conspire
As high as ever by enflam'd Desire.

185.

By *Resignation* to her *Spouse* she hasted
To quench it; but in vain: Still Day by Day
Her self she found in amorous Languor wasted,
And waking Night by Night, and longing lay:
For whilst she ran from place to place, to win
Some ease, she bore her Torments Spring within.

186.

As the quick *Book of Conscience* flying in
Their guilty Faces who have stained it
With the Pollutions and Blots of Sin,
Allarmed *Vengance* in their Eyes doth set,
With Snakes, and Furies, Dread, and Desperation,
And all Attendants of compleat Damnation:

187.

So did her restless *Memorie* to Her
The beauteous Wonders of her *Dream* object,
With all *Beatitudes* bright Furniture:
In vain her Eys she studied to deflect,
Which were in every Corner crost by this
Intrusion of strange importunate *Bliss*.

188.

When to her Prayers she went, she could not Pray,
Heav'n and *Amazement* strait were crowding in:
When to her Book she went, she could not say,
Loves Langnor stopp'd her as she did begin:
When to her Psalms she went, she could not sing,
The *Angels Anthem* in her Ears did ring.

189.

When to her Meat she went, she could not Eat,
The *Tree* of endlesse *Life* her thoughts took up;
When to the Fountain of her Drink, the sweet
River of Heav'n her Course and Thirst did stop:
When to her sleep, she was disturbed by
The undisturb'd *Rest of Eternity*.

190.

The dear Remembrance of her *Soveraign Lord*
Boild in her Soule, and would not slaked be:
So that while tortured she could not afford
Unto her Body, what Necessitie
Crav'd at her Hands, she faint and feeble grew,
And by Degrees her *Mortal self* she slew.

191.

She slew her *Flesh*, which pin'd and sunk away;
She slew the Vigor of her *Senses*, which
Like unbent Bows, all damp'd and useless lay:
But by these *Slaughters* she did but inrich
The *Life* of her afflicted Heart, which still
With stouter and more active Fire did swell.

192.

So high it swell'd that whatsoe'r came neer
The mighty Torrent, strait became its Prey:
Yea ev'n the Bridles too subdued were
Which still she hop'd and strove on it to lay;
Her *Meditations* all to *Passion* turned;
And whatso'er she Did, or Fancied; *Burned*.

193.

Since Man receiv'd Capacitie to be
The Vassal of *Diseases*, He was ne're
In Bondage unto such a *Maladie*,
As when imperious fiery *Love* doth bear
The Sceptre of his Thoughts, and is possest
Of the full Realm of his soft yeelding Breast.

194.

Inamoration, be it of a Thing
But weak and mortal, and Dust's wretched Heir;
Doth with immortal Pains and Wishes sting
And spur the Soule unto unwearied Care:
Discouragement in vain doth muster up
All Troops of Obstacles its way to stop.

195.

No, no; the *generous Lovers Heart disdains*
Not to approve his Passion infinite;
With gallant Obstinacie he maintains
Against the Will of Heav'n and Earth, the fight
To win his Idol; for whose sake, had he
Ten thousand Lives, they all should ventur'd be.

196.

For in her Image, which He hath enshrin'd
High in the Temple of his loyal Breast,
Such Charms and strong Attractions He doth finde
As rob Him of all Power to resist:
He runs; and in such strange and furious wise,
That *Love* is slandered with want of *Eys*.

197.

The whole World knows how *Hamors* royal *Son*
Scorn'd his *Religion* and his *foreskin* too,
When *Dinah's Love* had full possession
Of his subdued Soule: How *David*, who (spise
Was Heav'ns choise Darling, durst Heav'ns Law de-
For what he read in *Bathsheba's* fair Eys.

198.

Who hath not heard what Power *one Hellen* had
Upon *two mighty Nations*, both content
For love of her, to run so strangely mad
Upon a mortal War, whose furie rent
Up *Ilium* by the roots; which to the flame
Of *Lust*, a woefull Holocaust became.

199.

No marvel then the Fire of *heavnly Love*
With such intolerable Fervor reigns,
Whose ravishing Sweetness is so far above
All sublunary Charms; whose royall Chains
Draw with almighty Force, and cannot be
Outvi'd by feeble Mans Reluctancie.

200.

Sick, desperately sick is *Psyche* now,
And findes no Physick to asswage her Pain;
Did any Medcine in the *Indies* grow,
Through all the Seas she thither would amain:
But Earth breeds no such Herb as can relieve
The Wounds which Heav'ns enflamed Dart doth give.

201.

For all those *Wounds* bleed nothing else but *Fire*;
Fire, which remembring its original Flame,
With never-wearied struggling doth aspire
Back to the radiant place from whence it came:
Its proper Element are *Jesu's eyes*,
And thither in heroick Zeal it flies.

202.

And what can tortured *Psyche* doe, who by
This most unruly Heat, to Heav'n is haled;
And yet by Mortal Lifes repugnancy
Fast to her Body, and dull Earth, is sealed?
What can she doe in this Extremity
Of raging Life and Death at once; but *Crie*?

203.

Hardy and bold she grows in her Complaint;
For lifting upward her enamored Eyes,
Although her sickly Voice were low and faint,
Yet full of sinews were her serious *Cries*:
Which thus she, suiting them unto her Passion,
Tun'd by the stout Key of *Expostulation*.

204.

O *Lord of Gentleness*, ô why dost Thou
Make *Love so cruel* to tormented Me!
Why would thy bounteous Justice not allow
Me any other Rack, but *Suavitie*!
Why must my Gall be onely Honey! why
Of nothing else but *Life* must *Psyche die*!

205.

Why didst Thou not permit Me to decease
When thou hadst left Me to my Selfe alone?
So had thine Handmaid been repriev'd from these
Extremities of Pangs; so had I gone
Whole to my Grave, who now must *Melted* be
By thine *unsufferable Sweets*, and *Thee*.

206.

And am I not a *Worm*, or worse than so?
Why dost Thou build such Triumph then on Me?
Why dost thou not pick out some *Seraph*, who
With this sublime and blessed *Misery*
Might bravely grapple? or why might'st Thou not
At *Phylax's* nobler Breast my Dart have shot?

207.

O be not angry! 'tis not I that speak;
But tortured *Necessity*: my Heart
A thousand times desir'd, but cannot break;
Else had my Lips not dared thus to part
And ope themselves into *Complaints*: but now
Excuse together with my *Faults* doth flow.

208.

Not for innumerable Worlds would I
Have been without that *Apparition*: but
Should full as many Worlds their Tyranny
Combine against my Soul; they could not put
Me unto any Torture so extream,
As the Remembrance of my blessed *Dream*.

209.

In Sweetness why art thou so *Infinite*!
Or why must that *Infinitude* appear
Unto a Soule, to fire it with Delight,
If to the Fountain it must not draw neer
To quench its burning Thirst? O *Jesu* be
Still what thou art; but then *be so to Me*.

210.

Be so to Me; and ô, be so with *Speed*!
Death is not Death, compared with Delay.
Alas one Moment now doth far exceed
All those long years which I till this sad Day
Have tediously measured; and now
I older by an *Age*, *each Minute*, grow.

211.

Fain fain would I *Let thee alone*, and be
Content to wait thy *longest Leisure* still:
But ô, *all-lovely Thou* still urgest Me
And violently dragg'st my *Conquer'd Will*.
Thou dragg'st me; yet wilt not permit that I
Should follow home to my *Felicity*.

212.

If thou wilt Kill Me, loe I am Content!
But ô, vouchsafe to let my Slaughter be
By *Death*, not by this *breathing Banishment*
From *my best Life*, *most ameable Thee*!
O pitty, pitty thy poor *Handmaids* Crie, (drie!
Whose Tongue cleaves to her Mouth, whose Throat is

213.

Fain would she here have fainted; but her Pain,
Whose load so heavy on her Shoulders lay,
With courteous Cruelty help'd to sustein
Her parched Vigour, that it still might prey
Upon her Patience, and consume her still.
O strange Disease, which doth by Curing Kill!

214.

Phylax, mean while, unseen, perceiv'd that she
Unto *Heav'ns Suburbs* was arrived now,
And that the Springs of her Mortality
By this high Stretch began to crack: for though
Her Selfe her *Change's* Dawn could not descry,
He saw her final Houre was drawing nigh.

This

215.

This rous'd his Love in due time to prepare
For his dear *Pupills* neverending *End*:
About her funeral he took decent Care,
Because himselfe could not stay to attend
Those *Rites*, when she had once Expir'd, for he
Her noble *Paranymphus* was to be.

216.

He was to be her Convoy when she flew
Unto her royal *Spouses* marriage Bed:
This made him dresse his Count'nance with a new
Festivity; his Wings this made him spread
With fresh and snowie Down, that his *Lords Bride*
In that soft Coach of triumph home might ride.

217.

And in this joyous Hue to her he came:
Yet his sweet Presence She regarded not,
For Burning in her more delicious flame,
She of all other Things the Sense forgot:
The *Phœnix* thus amidst her funeral fires,
See's nothing else, and nothing else desires.

218.

The double Fountain of her Tears was drie,
Her Groans were weary, and her Languishment
It selfe did languish: But her Ecstatie
Outrageous grew, and, like a Gyant, bent
The mighty Bow of her Desires, by which
The Mark of all her Hopes She was to reach.

219.

Then, having bid unto the Earth adieu,
And firmly fix'd her loving longing Eye
Upon the Heav'ns, to keep *her Aim* in view;
Her Flames triumphant Tempest swell'd so high,
That She, unable to contain its Tide,
With a deep Sigh, cri'd out, *O LOVE*, and *dy'd*.

Δόξα Θεῷ.

FINIS.

Correct the Errors of the Presse thus:

Canto 11. read the 198. *Stanza* before the 197.

Stanza. Line. Read.	Stanza. Line. Read.	Stanza. Line. Read.	Stanza. Line. Read.	Stanza. Line. Read.
Canto 1.	171. 1 Gate	220. 2 fat	211. 3 Enſignes	*Canto* 16.
34. 4 Take	184. 1 deep-ſet	225. 6 carreer	224. 3 gaping	36. 6 veſſell
122. 1 Morn.	205. 2 thorough	246. 3 where on	301. 2 own	72 1 her
143. 4 Waken's	226. 6 untri'd	*Canto* 10.	314. 3 pleaſe theſe	90. 1 skill
152. 1 mak's	248. 6 every	85. 1 holier	349. 3 poiſed	112. 4 ramm'd
4 heaving	258. 3 Parlan	93. 4 *Etnai*	352. 1 leaſt	127. 3 ſo
Canto 2.	274. 1 thorough	107. 5 thy	428. 5 meditating	*Canto* 17.
79. 2 Aſſiſtance	*Canto* 7.	110. 3 his	438. 3 War	59. 5 ſtrict
110. 3 wroth	213. 4 ſtirr'd	118. 5 Sun	442. 4 amorous	131. 4 then
Canto 3.	*Canto* 8.	125. 3 hand as	*Canto* 14.	183. 3 dirt
69. 3 all wayes	74. 3 Sorrow's	160. 2 to	15. 4 vanquiſhd	311. 4 *dele period*
97. 6 Fathers	139. 3 more	*Canto* 11.	73. 3 prize	324. 1 launcheth
Fames	157. 5 what	4. 1 the	78. 2 preys	*Canto* 18.
178. 3 here	159. 5 Expects	45. 5 ſtream	92. 3 teach	69. 3 Gallantry
190. 4 Flame	173. 2 of windows	47. 5 fall ſhe	170. 2 own	87. 6 crocodiles
Canto 4.	262. 3 grow	52. 4 Riches	255. 5 requited	112. 4 was
25. 2 of an	283. 5 be cauſe	83. 2 pil'd	262. 3 his	273. 6 for
54. 1 crownd	*Canto* 9.	144. 4 by	263. 5 thorough	*Canto* 19.
115. 5 Gueſts	16. 1 Theſe ſend	173. 2 it	288. 2 When	54. 4 too
Canto 5.	83. 2 are	196. 3 one	304. 4 feuel	135. 3 Croſſes
66. 2 An	97. 5 Break	197. 2 Lord's	*Canto* 15.	146. 4 His
115. 1 rigid fate	112. 3 beſtdeſerving	*Canto* 12.	79. 2 Song	*Canto* 20.
Canto 6.	123. 2 Devoto's	80. 4 *dele* (?)	132. 2 wept	101. 4 Harpies
26. 2 hath	147. 5 Some time	157. 4 meet	156. 1 Flood	
190. 2 was	159. 1 Bows	*Canto* 13	163. 2 firm perſp.	
213. 4 vales	201. 4 loth	61. 5 *dele* (?)	299. 6 Antichriſts	

